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ously, a collision seemed inevitable. Quick the eye, steady the hand, unerring the judgment required. The fours neared the rope together. Ben-Hur was on the extreme left of the six. At Messala, who was more than an antagonist to him, he gave one searching look, and saw the soul of the man, cunning, cruel, desperate, in a tension of watchfulness and fierce resolve.

(4) In that brief instant all his former relations with Messala came before him. First, happy childhood when, loving and beloved, they played together. Then manhood that brought a change in Messala, and the Roman's inborn contempt of Jews asserted itself and broke the friendship. Then the bitter day when, by the accidental falling of a loose tile, the Roman procurator was nearly killed, and he, Ben-Hur, was accused of wilfully throwing the missile. One word from Messala would have saved the family from ruin, but the word was not spoken. Nay, more, it was Messala that urged on the Roman authorities and prevented even a fair trial of the case. It was Messala's influence that had banished him to the galleys for life, that had consigned his mother and sister to an uncertain fate, whose very uncertainty was more torturing than their certain death would have been. It was Messala that had stolen his property and with it bought the silence of the authorities on the cruel deeds; and was it not money that belonged to the House of Hur that Messala was betting with in this very race? (5) Was it human nature to resist an opportunity for vengeance like this? (6) No. (7) At whatever cost he would humble his enemy.

He saw that Messala's rush would, if there was no collision, and the rope fell, give him the wall. Therefore he yielded it for the time. (8) Just then the trumpeter blew a signal. The judges dropped the rope, and not an instant too soon, for the hoof of one of Messala's horses struck it as it fell. (9) The Roman shook out his long lash, loosed the reins, leaned forward, and (10) with a triumphant shout, took the wall.

(11) "Jove with us! Jove with us!" yelled the Roman faction, in a frenzy of delight.

(12) "Jove with us!" screamed a young nobleman.

(13) "He wins! Jove with us!" answered his associates.

(14) Messala having passed, the Corinthian was the only contestant on the Athenian's right, and to that side he tried to turn his four; but the wheel of the Byzantine, who was next on the left, (15) struck the tail-piece of his chariot, knocking his feet from under him. (16) There was a crash, a scream of rage and fear, and the unfortunate Athenian (17) fell under the hoofs of his own steeds. Sanballat, a friend of Ben-Hur, turned to a group of Roman noblemen.

(18) "A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" he cried.

(19) "Taken!" answered one of the group.

"Another hundred on the Jew!" shouted Sanballat. Nobody appeared to hear him. The situation below was too absorbing, and they were too busy shouting, "Messala! Messala! Jove with us!"

(20) While the spectators were shivering at the Athenian's mishap, and the Sidonian, Byzantine and Corinthian were striving to avoid involvement in the ruin, Ben-Hur drew head to the right, and, with all the speed of his Arabs, darted across the trails of his opponents, and took the course neck and neck with Messala, though on the outside. And now, racing together side by side, a narrow interval between them, the two neared the second goal. Making the turn here was considered the most telling test of a charioteer. A hush fell over the circus. Then, it would seem, Messala observed Ben-Hur, and recognized him; and at once the audacity of the man flamed out.

(21) "Down Eros, up Mars!" he shouted, whirling his lash. "Down Eros, up Mars!" he repeated, and gave the Arab steeds of Ben-Hur a cut the like of which they had never known.

(22) The blow was seen in every quarter. The silence deepened, and the boldest held his breath. The affrighted four (23) sprang forward as with one impulse, and forward leaped the car. (24) No hand had ever been laid upon them except in love. (25) The car trembled with a dizzy lurch, but Ben-Hur kept his place (26) and gave the horses free rein, and called to them in soothing voice, trying to guide them round the dangerous turn; and before the

fever of the people began to abate (27) he had back the mastery. Nor that only, (28) on approaching the first goal, he was again side by side with Messala, bearing with him the sympathy and admiration of every one not a Roman. (29) Even Messala with all his boldness felt it unsafe to trifle further.

(30) On whirled the cars. Three rounds were concluded; still Messala held the inside position; still Ben-Hur moved with him side by side; still the other competitors followed as before. The contest began to have the appearance of a double race—Messala and Ben-Hur in the first, the Corinthian, Sidonian and Byzantine in the second. In the fifth round the Sidonian succeeded in getting a place outside Ben-Hur, but lost it directly. The sixth round was entered upon without change of relative position. Gradually the speed had been quickened; men and beasts seemed to know alike that the final crisis was near. The interest, which from the beginning had centred chiefly in the struggle between the Roman and the Jew, with an intense and general sympathy for the latter, was fast changing to anxiety on his account. On all the benches the spectators bent forward motionless.

(31) "A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" cried Sanballat to the Romans.

There was no reply.

"A talent, or five talents, or ten; choose ye!"

"I will take thy sestertii," answered a Roman youth.

(32) "Do not so," interposed a friend.

"Why?"

"Messala hath reached his utmost speed. See him lean over his chariot-rim, the reins loose as flying ribbons, then look at the Jew!"

(33) "By Hercules!" replied the youth, "I see, I see! If the gods help him not, he will be run away with by the Israelite. (34) No, not yet! Look! Jove with us, Jove with us!"

(35) If it were true that Messala had gained his utmost speed, he was slowly but certainly beginning to forge ahead. His horses were running with their heads low down; from the balcony their bodies appeared actually to skim the earth; their nostrils showed

blood-red in expansion; their eyes seemed straining in their sockets. The good steeds were doing their best! How long could they keep the pace? It was but the commencement of the sixth round. On they dashed. As they neared the second goal, Ben-Hur turned in behind the Roman's car. The joy of the Messala faction reached its bound. They screamed, and howled, and tossed their colors, and Sanballat filled his tablets with their wagers. (36) Ben-Hur was hardly holding a place at the tail of his enemy's car.

(37) Along the home-stretch—sixth round—Messala leading, next him, pressing close, Ben-Hur. Thus to the first goal, and round it. Messala, fearful of losing his place, hugged the stony wall with perilous clasp; a foot to the left, and he had been dashed to pieces; yet, when the turn was finished, no man, looking at the wheel-tracks of the two cars, could have said, here went Messala, there the Jew. They left but one trace behind them.

And now all the people drew a long breath, for the beginning of the end was at hand. First, the Sidonian gave the scourge to his four, and they dashed desperately forward, promising for an instant to go to the front. The effort ended in promise. Next, the Byzantine and the Corinthian each made the trial with like result, after which they were practically out of the race. Thereupon, all the factions except the Romans joined hope in Ben-Hur, and openly indulged their feeling.

(38) "Ben-Hur! Ben-Hur!" they shouted. (39) "Speed thee, Jew!"

(40) "Take the wall now!"

(41) "On! loose the Arabs! Give them rein and scourge!"

(42) "Let him not have the turn on thee again. Now or never!"

(43) Either he did not hear, or could not do better, for half-way round the course and he was still following; at the second goal even still no change!

(44) And now, to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left-hand steeds. (45) His spirit was high; the Roman genius was still president. (46) On the pillars only six hundred feet away were fame, fortune, promotion, and a triumph (47) ineffably sweet-

ened by hate—all in store for him! (48) That moment Ben-Hur leaned forward over his Arabs, and gave them the reins. (49) Out flew the many-folded lash in his hand; over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, and hissed and writhed again and again; (50) and though it fell not there were both sting and menace in its quick report. Instantly not one, but the four as one, answered (51) with a leap that (52) landed them alongside the Roman's car. (53) Messala, on the perilous edge of the goal, heard but dared not look to see what the awakening portended. (54) The thousands on the benches understood it all. They saw the four close outside Messala's outer wheel, Ben-Hur's inner wheel behind the other's car. Then with a cunning touch of the reins Ben-Hur (55) caught Messala's fragile wheel with the iron-shod point of his axle, and crushed it. (56) There was a crash loud enough to send a thrill through the circus, and out over the course a spray of shining white and yellow flinders flew. (57) Down on its right side toppled the bed of the Roman's chariot. There was a rebound as of the axle hitting the hard earth; another and another; then the car went to pieces, and Messala, entangled in the reins (58) pitched forward headlong, and lay still, crushed, bleeding, and crippled for life. Above the noises of the race arose one voice, that of Ben-Hur:

(59) "On, Altair! On, Rigel! What, Antares! dost thou linger now? Good horse—oho Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear the children singing, and the women—singing of the stars, of Altair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, victory!—and the song will never end. Well done! On, Antares! The tribe is waiting for us, and the master is waiting! (60) 'Tis done! 'tis done! Ha, ha! (61) We have overthrown the proud. The hand that smote us is in the dust! (62) Ours the glory! Ha, ha!—steady! (63) The work is done—soho! Rest!"

(64) And Ben-Hur turned the goal of victory and revenge, and the race was won!

RECITATION LESSON-HELPS.

F. TOWNSEND SOUTHWICK.

MANIACS and barn-stormers make faces and yell; artists in expression do neither. Please remember this when you feel an impulse to harrow up your audience with this or any other selection. Let the full significance of every scene sink into your mind, and if you yourself are fully impressed with what is supposed to be going on about you, your natural and inevitable excitement will communicate itself to your hearers. Practise this piece occasionally in the softest voice you can command, but keeping always the greatest intensity of feeling. Whenever you are tempted to "let yourself out," as the saying is, put a little extra pressure on the safety-valve, as the engineers used to do in those famous Mississippi steamboat races. If you have never done this before, you will be astonished to see how the emotion will boil up within you, and diffuse itself through nerves and muscles that have hitherto been inert, until you feel it tingling from head to foot. Then you will communicate your emotion to the audience, hardly being conscious of effort of any kind. Remember that this does not mean that you are to be tame, but that you are to substitute intensity for noise.

Begin with the weight well on the retired foot, but not entirely so. The retired foot should be toward the audience, the advanced foot toward the scene, which should be imagined as going on at one side, let us say the right. Should you find it necessary at any time, for convenience's sake, to locate the action on the other side, simply substitute right for left and *vice versa* wherever the words occur in the following directions.

Raise the arm very slightly, if at all, in the beginning. Let the hand, however, be very active, at a right angle to the wrist, as if suppressing. The condition here is of suspense, which, indeed, is the dominant emotion throughout the piece.

(1) Strong action of both hands, with palms a little out, pushing aside the imaginary doors. Then draw back the arms until the hands are drawn near the body, but with the elbows well out, to *rushed*, when the right arm should develop to its fullest extent with expanded hand. Indicate with the same excited condition the chariots, as they are named. Remember that they are very near together. At *and up*, throw both hands up and out; *and leaping*,

bring palms down; drop the arms at the conclusion of the sentence.

(2) Wherever gesture is not indicated, it is understood that the writer deems it unnecessary. All of the following paragraph should be given with great repose both of body and voice, but with a degree of suppressed excitement visible throughout. I do not indicate each turn of the head, as to do so would occupy too much space. The general principle which applies to indications by the head and eye may be stated in these words: We must see or hear everything that occurs, and everything that occurs must make its impression on us before we describe it to the audience. Glance toward the racers at every incident, and be sure that your head and eye return to the audience before you begin your speech. Do not address remarks intended for the audience to Ben-Hur or the other characters in the story; on the other hand, do not put the actors in among your hearers. On the occasion of one very successful reading of the Chariot Race, I had an audience all about me, and found it most convenient to place the action in the broad aisle directly in front, the only available open space in the hall. A reader must exercise his ingenuity on such occasions, but there may be times when he is compelled to violate all rules.

(3) Indicate and sustain with increasing excitement in the hand to the end of the paragraph. The vocal delivery should be abrupt, with frequent pauses. As a rule, the description of the pantomime suggests the proper vocal expression. When this is not the case, I have specially noticed it. At other times, the correspondence may be taken for granted.

(4) This paragraph should be conversational, but with much sympathy. The various shades of emotion should color the voice and manner. Indignation predominates, growing stronger and stronger to

(5) When make a gesture of appeal to your audience.

(6) Strong affirmation (downward movement) with clinched fist.

(7) Attitude very strong upon the retired foot.

(8) Suspense, *i. e.*, weight on both feet down to 10, the body facing the racers, the head alternating between them and the audience. The hand and arm should be as in the beginning, but with more excitement. Unless otherwise mentioned, this is the appropriate attitude of the hand where suspense is indicated, the height to which the arm rises depending on the degree of excitement; but the hand is always kept near the body, ready for action, the elbow out in proportion to the degree of energy required.

(9) Imitate.

(10) Throw the arm up in triumph, but with clinched fist, for it

holds the whip. Pause before *took*, come forward upon the right foot, with strong, active chest, and point with enthusiasm to Messala. The eye should brighten and the whole attitude express Messala's exultation and that of his friends.

(11) Many unrestrained actions are appropriate here; that noted under 10 having just been used, it would perhaps be well to throw both hands out and up to about the height of the head, somewhat to the front, with open hand at first, and exultant shutting of the fist at the repetition. Emphasis on *us*.

(12) As at 10, but with open hand.

(13) Point eagerly to Messala and look exultingly and joyfully at those about you.

(14) Suspense.

(15) Outward movement of the edge of the hand.

(16) Shrink back and draw in the elbow somewhat.

(17) Pause, look, become horrified, and then indicate with a strong gesture the Athenian's position as you turn to the audience. Remember that you view events from a position on the benches of the circus.

(18) Look upward and with a certain amount of arrogant defiance in your attitude. It was not every day that a Jew might triumph, as Sanballat hopes to do, over his haughty oppressors. Extend the hand toward the Romans, of course. I suggest here a little of the Jewish manner in voice and gesture (not in dialect, which, of course, would be in the worst of taste). Be careful, if you undertake this, not to "o'erstep the modesty of nature." Action here at the left side. The suggestions here given apply also to Sanballat's succeeding speeches. His intensity and confidence increase as the race progresses.

(19) As if leaning over the railing of the balcony, make a downward movement of the hand toward Sanballat, the palm downward, forefinger pointing and the other fingers much contracted. Eagerness expressed by advanced head and in the face.

(20) Indicate and describe the various incidents of this paragraph by suggestive action of the right arm and hand. Keep the suspensive attitude throughout.

(21) Carry the right foot back with great energy, defiant attitude of the whole body, weight on right foot, head erect, the brows threatening, a slight smile of scorn on the lips, the lines of the face hard; speak through the teeth. Time the whirl of the lash, which you are supposed to hold in your right hand, so that the arm is at its lowest altitude at *down Eros*, and rises to its full extension at *up Mars*. End the movement with the arm well back as if prepared to strike. At the repetition, repeat the action,

holding the attitude as before to the words *a cut*, when you strike down and outward with a vigorous movement; then expand the hands in the attitude of surprise. Express indignation in the face. Those who have read the story will remember that Messala is quoting his motto here.

(22) Suspense, with broad base and very excited hand. Watch and sympathize with each incident that follows.

(23) Outward leaping of the right arm. Keep suspensive attitude in the left; develop still further as you depict the leap of the car.

(24) Draw back the right hand in a caressing attitude, that is, as if about to stroke the horses with the second and third fingers. Keep suspense everywhere else. The voice takes on a shade of tenderness.

(25) Sway the torso slightly.

(26) Caressing attitude of the hand again.

(27) Fist.

(28) Indicate; at *bearing*, bring the palm up. (When not specially directed, make your indications throughout the piece with palm "to earth.")

(29) Arm as before; turn the wrist down again, bringing the palm well up and toward Messala, in an attitude of repulsion.

(30) Similar action throughout this paragraph, breathless suspense predominating in voice and manner. Use both arms where the text will allow of so doing, if you desire.

(31) *Et seq.*, much as before under 18, 19.

(32) Touching his friend's arm, warning tone and anxiety in the voice.

(33) The jaw falls, eyes open in surprise. Descending melody of the voice, expressing dejection, but without losing the excitement. Body gradually draws back. Give the word *dog* with a shade of contempt, not departing, however, from the fundamental tone of disappointment and disgust.

(34) The eye brightens, then a triumphant smile; the body poises forward on the right foot, which is toward the scene; the head advances, the hand points eagerly as you say *no!* At *look*, you turn your face toward your friend, then back again at once, and exultantly repeat the cry *Jove with us!* with increasing intensity and volume.

(35) Back again to suspense, full of excitement; indicate as in similar paragraphs.

(36) Drop the hand or hands despairingly. Let the voice indicate great dejection.

(37) Suspense.

(38) *Ben-Hur!* Action much as if you threw up your hat. The succeeding speeches should be given in different voices and rhythms, leaning over the imaginary balcony as Ben-Hur passes beneath.

(39) Well to the left, encouragingly. Extend the left hand imploringly with palm toward Ben-Hur, tremolo of the hand. Act as if you were trying to push him forward.

(40) Point this time with the forefinger, clinching the other fingers tightly.

(41) As in 39, but with both hands.

(42) To the right; right arm stretched to its fullest extent, the left supporting by action in the opposite direction, but on a lower plane, about the line of the hip. The body, from 38 to 42, leans farther and farther forward, until at the last the attitude is that of explosion, *i. e.*, the weight on the right foot; knee bent, the left foot straight, the greatest energy everywhere. Imploring tone.

(43) On the retired foot. Tone and manner expressing disappointment.

(44) Suspense again. Draw back the left hand to suggest Messala's action. Do not try to make the action too literal, however. Hold this to 48.

(45) Raise the head and expand the chest.

(46) Indicate with right hand and arm, at 47 bring down the arm with slow controlled motion, clinching the fist and finishing the gesture with an emphatic downward movement on the word *hate;* then return to 46 with acceleration of rhythm in voice and action. The weight gradually comes forward during this description until, at the conclusion, the hip is well advanced, the torso drawn back, the whole attitude suggesting arrogant exultation.

(48) Lean forward and extend the left arm, slightly opening the hand to suggest giving the horses the reins.

(49) Imitate with right hand.

(50) Hold the arm suspended in the air well out at the side to

(51) When the arm leaps forward, the hand expanding.

(52) Indicate with the arm fully extended, enthusiasm in the eye and voice, but no noise.

(53) Suspensive.

(54) Forward from 53 into suspense, with the right foot advanced. Indicate as formerly with the right hand.

(55) Suggest the turn of the reins by a slight drawing back of the right arm, bringing the thumb and middle fingers together. At *caught,* extend the arm again, and clinch the fist as if you literally seized the axle. At *crushed,* draw the arm back and somewhat down, with a twisting movement as if wrenching off the wheel.

(56) Draw back the arm, the shoulders rising slightly, the hand suddenly expanding as if startled. At *out*, the right arm extends with tremolo of the hand to suggest the splintering of the wheel. The attitude of the legs is still suspensive, but the weight tending more and more forward.

(57) Indicate with very strong hand. Draw back the arm at *rebound;* draw back still further at *another and another.* Hold the attitude to

(58) When the arm leaps out with the greatest possible energy. Draw back the body as you point out Messala lying *still, crushed and bleeding.* Pause before going on, holding the attitude as you do so.

(59) As in 49. Do not, even here, indulge in mere shouting. Feel the necessity for urging on your steeds and encouraging them, but by no means for scolding. The utmost intensity in the first lines; then affectionate encouragement with crescendo to the word *victory*, sustaining to *end. Well done*, exultation mingling with the encouraging tone. *On, Antares*, etc., urging the slowest of the four. Be careful to make this passage manly, strong, and with the ring of certainty in it. No anxiety or hysterical excitement.

(60) Poise for an instant on the left foot; carry the right foot well back and out, making a strong base; then transfer the weight to the right foot, the left leg being straight, the attitude of the body expressing exultation, the head well lifted, the right arm raised exultingly with clinched fist. Do not make the facial expression too ferocious here. Practise the movements described above until you can make the change from the previous attitude instantaneously. *Ha, ha!* Not a laugh, an exclamation like "hurrah!" and to be given in like manner.

(61) Extend the arm still further, or describe a half circle in the air. Look down toward the imaginary wreck of Messala's chariot; bring down the arm from its previous attitude with a strong affirmative movement, pointing with the forefinger to Messala. The face expresses triumph and hatred. *Dust*, inverted emphasis, that is, emphasis in which the words preceding the emphatic word move upward melodically as in ordinary expression, but the emphatic word itself is given with low pitch. Save yourself for this word; give it with extraordinary consonantal explosion, and try to infuse into it the hatred, contempt and exultation that Ben-Hur feels at that instant.

(62) Exultation. *Steady*, warning.

(63) Forward on the left foot, gentle animation, the voice softening, taking on something of tenderness toward the gallant steeds. Caress of the left hand at the word *rest.* Do not hurry this paragraph. Much in the latter part of this selection depends upon the reader's knowledge of rhythm. Beat out the emphatic words with a definite accent, letting subordinate words take care of themselves. Do not drag or push your words.

(64) Indicate. At *Ben-Hur,* the weight comes fully upon the advanced foot, the chest expands, the head rises, the hand points triumphantly toward the goal. *And the race,* raise the arm with palm out to an angle of about 45° in front. *Was won,* bring the arm down with strong affirmative gesture. Have a powerful falling inflection. A suspensive pause after *race* will add to the effect here.

Pronunciation: Messä'la; Byzantine or -teen; Sidō'nian; Ben-Húr; Sănbăl'lăt; Ester'tī-ī (ti like shĭ); Eros; presī'dent (presiding, dominant); Altair'; Antä'res or -ā'res; Aldĕb'aran; Rī'gel or, better, Rē'gel.

The older pronunciation of the long *a,* in Latin and Greek words, is like *a* in *ate;* modern usage, however, leans toward the broader sound of *a* in *father.* Similarly, long *i* is often given its "Continental" sound of *e* in *eel.* In words that have become thoroughly anglicized, like "Byzantine," I deem it better to adhere to the English pronunciation, and am not sure that we should not do so invariably.

'TWAS Harry who the silence broke;
"Miss Kate, why are you like a tree?"
"Because, because—I'm board," she spoke.
"Oh no: because you're woo'd," said he.
"Why are you like a tree?" she said.
"I have a—heart?" he asked, so low;
Her answer made the young man red:
"Because you're sappy, don't you know?"
"Once more," she asked, "why are you now
A tree?" He couldn't quite perceive.
"Trees leave sometimes and make a bough,
And you can always bow—and leave."

WHISPERIN' BILL.

IRVING BACHELLER.

SO you're takin' the census, mister? There's three of us livin' still,
My wife an' I an' our only son, that folks call Whisperin' Bill;
But Bill couldn't tell ye his name, sir, an' so it's hardly worth givin',
Fer ye see a bullet killed his mind an' left his body livin'.

Set down fer a minute, mister. Ye see, Bill was only fifteen
At the time o' the war, an' as likely a boy as ever this world has seen;
An' what with the news o' battles lost, the speeches an' all the noise,
I guess every farm in the neighborhood lost a part of its crop o' boys.

'Twas harvest-time when Bill left home; every stalk in the fields o' rye
Seemed to stand tip-toe to see him off an' wave him a fond good-bye;
His sweetheart was here with some other girls—the sassy little miss!
An' pretendin' she wanted to whisper 'n his ear, she gave him a rousin' kiss.

His mother she often told him, when she knew he was goin' away,
That God would take care o' him, maybe, if he didn't fergit to pray;
An' on the bloodiest battle-fields, when bullets whizzed in the air,
An' Bill was a-fightin' desperit, he used to whisper a prayer.

Oh, his comrades has often told me that Bill never flinched a bit
When every second a gap in the ranks told where a ball had hit.
An' one night, when the field was covered with the awful harvest o' war,
They found my boy 'mongst the martyrs o' the cause he was fightin' fer.

His fingers were clutched in the dewy grass—oh, no, sir, he wasn't dead,
But he lay sort o' helpless an' crazy with a rifle-ball in his head;

An' if Bill had really died that night I'd give all I've got worth
givin';
For ye see the bullet had killed his mind an' left his body livin'.

An officer wrote an' told us how the boy had been hurt in the fight,
But he said that the doctors reckoned they could bring him around
all right.
We waited an' watched fer a month or more, an' the summer was
nearly past,
When a letter came one day that said he'd started fer home at last.

I'll never fergit the day Bill came—'twas harvest-time again—
An' the air blown over the yellow fields was sweet with the scent
o' the grain;
The dooryard was full o' the neighbors, who had come to share our
joy,
An' all of us sent up a mighty cheer at the sight o' that soldier boy.

An' all of a sudden somebody said: "My God! don't the boy know
his mother?"
An' Bill stood a-whisperin', fearful like, an' starin' from one to
another:
"Don't be afraid, Bill," said he to himself, as he stood in his coat
o' blue;
"Why, God'll take care o' you, Bill, God'll take care o' you."

He seemed to be loadin' an' firin' a gun, an' to act like a man who
hears
The awful roar o' the battle-field a-soundin' in his ears;
I saw that the bullet had touched his brain an' somehow made it
blind,
With the picture o' war before his eyes an' the fear o' death in his
mind.

I grasped his hand, an' says I to Bill, "Don't ye remember me?
I'm yer father—don't ye know me? How frightened ye seem to
be!"

But the boy kep' a-whisperin' to himself, as if 'twas all he knew,
"God'll take care o' you, Bill, God'll take care o' you."

He's never known us since that day, nor his sweetheart, an' never will;
Father an' mother an' sweetheart are all the same to Bill.
An' many's the time his mother sets up the whole night through,
An' smooths his head, an' says: "Yes, Bill, God'll take care o' you."

Unfortunit? Yes, but we can't complain. It's a livin' death more sad
When the body clings to a life o' shame an' the soul has gone to the bad;
An' Bill is out o' the reach o' harm an' danger of every kind—
We only take care o' his body, but God takes care o' his mind.

UNCLE DICK'S VERSION.

SOME folks tells dis story one way, an' some tell hit ernuther. I'm gwine ter tell hit des like hit come ter me straight fum de nigger dat was deir, fer ef deir wan't no nigger deir, how come niggers hyah? Nigger was deir, an' 'es name was Ham. I heah tell es how 'es wife named M'randy, but I dunno 'bout dat. Dey was both pow'ful skeered fum de time dey got out er sight er lan' till lan' come ergin; ev'body know dat, 'cause niggers was only 'tended ter move 'bout on de water in er bateau, and keep in close ter der willers.

Noray buil' de ark, an' he buil' 'er strong, he buil' 'er wide, an' he buil' 'er long, an' he put 'er roof on top. After he got de work all done, a voice say, "Let er rain come!" an' er rain hit come An' hit rain, an' hit rain, an' hit rain! 'T warn't no littl' ha'f-way rain, but er good ole po'down rain; yes, littl' chillun! Yes! Hit rain forty days an' hit rain forty nights. De creeks all riz, an' de

ribbers riz, an' de low groun's soon got wet. Den de fiel's went out er sight an' de hills 'gin ter shake, and folks cry fer he'p; but no he'p come.

Bimeby de lan' all gone, but Noray fix fer dat. He had er pair er evvy kin' o' all de animals an' de reptiles too, an' er ev'ting dat wears fedders. But de fish outside tek kyar deyselves. An' de ark ride on de waters den, fer he buil' 'er high, an' he buil' 'er long wid room inside fer all, an' plenty ter eat. Bimeby long cum er dry spell, an' ole Noray he op'n de window an' put 'es head outside. Nuthin' deir 'cept pu' water far as he could see. Den Noray tek ole Buzzard an' say ter him — he tek him an' he say: "G' 'long out er hyah and fine dat lan'." An' buzzard flop er wing an' fly erway, roun' an' roun', till bimeby he plumb gone. Den Noray go back en de sittin'-room an' tell 'es wife:

> "Keep er-knittin', honey, Brer Buzzard gone.
> Keep er-knittin', honey, an' der lan' come er long."

But buzzard gone fer good an' er-flyin' yit, 'cep'n' when he fine sumpin dead. Ef yer go out deir an' look up en de sky, spec' ye see 'im still er-searchin' wid 'es eye fer de lan'. He'll fool mos' anybody; but dat ole Missis Buzzard. An' ef yer look mighty close, yer gwine ter see sumpin dead close by. Sh' know dat de ole man be 'long atter while, an' sh' gwine ter wait deir fer 'im. An' ain' nobody gwine ter tech dat dead till he come.

Atter while Noray git tired er waitin' an' he tek Sist' Dove ter de winder an' he sez: "Sist' Dove, g' 'long out er hyah an' fine dat lan'." An' Sist' Dove flop er wing an' sh' fly, but no lan'. An' bimeby sh' came an' circle round de ark t'ree time, an' dey heah 'er sing: "Coo! Coo! Coo! Noray-ay-ay-ay-Noray-ay-ay-ay. No lan' kin be foun'." An' Noray put de meal back en de saucer, an' hit de winder-sill wid 'es fist, an' sez en er loud voice, sez he: "Sist' Dove, I's wantin' yer ter g' 'long erway fum hyah 'bout yo' business an' fine dat glitterin' lan' and don't yer come back hyah no mo' till yer fine hit sho." An' ole Sist' Dove sh' g' 'long ergin, an' sh' fly, sh' do. Sh' fly t'ree days an' sh' fly t'ree nights, an' one mornin' sh' come back, sh' did, an' light right en der winder an' er green leaf was en 'er mouf. An' sh' sing out: "Coo! Coo! Coo!

Noray-ay-ay-ay-ay-ay, Noray! I'se foun' de lan'! I'se foun' de lan'!" Den Noray spill littl' meal deir fer 'er, an' he say, "Glory ter de Man!"

'Bout dis time de word went 'roun' an' de big dog down en de cellar say, "Boo! woo! woo!" an' de littl' dog up-stairs say, "Bow, wow! wow!" an' de cow sh' low, an' de sheep sh' bleet, an' de ole goat fairly scream fer joy, "Baa-a-a-ah!" An' de birds 'gin ter sing; but no lan' yit, an' de rooster 'fuse ter crow.

Den 'long come sumpin floatin' by way out yonder, an' bimeby Noray see hit was de buzzard ridin' on er dead mule all by 'esself, an' he holler out: "'Whar dat lan'? Oh, whar dat la-n-n'!" But buzzard can't talk, an' Jim Crow, his fus' cousin, up an' say, "Dat's all de lan' he want. Dat's why he ain' come back ter de Ark-Ark-Ark."

But long erbout light nex' day, Noray was ercombin' 'es hair 'fo de glass, when he staggered, an' all de bottles cum er tumblin' down fum de she'f. An' den he heah de rooster way out on de pilot house sing out: "Ook-kook-kook-kook-koo-o-o! Noray-ay-ay-ay-ay-ay, Noray-ay-ay, ole ark done run er groun'." An' Noray drop 'es brush an' sav, "Dah! Glory ter de Man!"

Dat as far as my story goes. But I once heah er ole man named Black Bill, what used ter live ov'r ter de Bell place, tell hit a littl' diffunt. He sez dat when Noray run out de room, de fus' t'ing he seed was dat boy Ham grab both de chickens and break fer de woods; and Black Bill up an' say dat fum dat day ter dis, niggers own all de chickens en de lan'!

THE COW.

THE cow is a good animal. She has two horns and two eyes and gives milk which is good to drink. She has four legs and eats grass and hay. Some are red and they have long tails. Some cows hook and boys run when they see them. Boys ain't usually much afraid of anything, but they don't like rattlesnakes, especially when they have no shoes on. Cows make beef and they make leather too. They make more beef than sheep because they are bigger. The cow gives sweet milk, bnt it gets sour in hot weather. Boys don't like to churn, but they generally have to.

IPSISSIMUS.

EUGENE LEE HAMILTON.

THOU priest that art behind the screen
  Of this confessional, give ear:
I need God's help, for I have seen
  What turns my vitals limps with fear.
O Christ, O Christ, I must have done
More mortal sin than any one
  Who says his prayers in Venice here!
And yet by stealth I only tried
  To kill my enemy, God knows;
And who on earth has e'er denied
  A man the right to kill his foes?
He won the race of the Gondoliers;
I hate him and the skin he wears—
  I hate him and the shade he throws.
I hate him through each day and hour;
  All ills that curse me seem his fault:
He makes my daily soup taste sour,
  He makes my daily bread taste salt;
And so I hung upon his track
At dusk to stab him in the back
  In some lone street or archway vault.
But, oh, give heed! As I was stealing
  Upon his heels, with knife grasped tight,
There crept across my soul a feeling
  That I myself was kept in sight;
Each time I turned, dodge as I would,
A masked and unknown watcher stood
  Who baffled all my plan that night.
What mask is this, I thought and thought,
  Who dogs me thus when least I care?
His figure is not tall nor short,
  And yet has a familiar air.

But, oh, despite this watcher's eye,
I'll reach my man yet by-and-by,
  And snuff his life out yet, elsewhere.
And though compelled to still defer,
  I schemed another project soon;
I armed my boat with a hidden spur
  To run him down in the lagoon.
At dusk I saw him row one day
Where lone and wide the waters lay,
  Reflecting scarce the dim white moon.
No boat, as far as sight could strain,
  Loomed on the solitary sea;
I saw my oar each minute gain
  Upon my death-doomed enemy,
When lo, a black-masked gondolier,
Silent and spectre-like, drew near
  And stepped between my deed and me.
He seemed from out the flood to rise,
  And hovered near to mar my game;
I knew him and his cursed guise,
  His cursed mask: he was the same.
So, balked once more, enraged and cowed,
Back through the still lagoon I rowed
  In mingled wonder, wrath, and shame.
Behind St. Luke's, as dead men know,
  A pale apothecary dwells,
Who deals in death both quick and slow,
  And baleful philtres, withering spells;
He sells alike to rich and poor,
Who know what knocks to give his door,
  The yellow dust that rings the knells.
Well, then, I went and knocked the knock
  With cautious hand, as I'd been taught;
The door revolved with silent lock,
  And I went in, suspecting naught.
But, oh! the self-same form stood masked

Behind the counter, and unasked
  In silence proffered what I sought.
My knees and hands like aspens shook;
  I spilt the powder on the ground;
I dared not turn, I dared not look;
  My palsied tongue would make no sound.
Then through the door I fled at last
With feet that seemed more slow than fast,
  And dared not even once look round.
I thought: "At dusk, with stealthy tread
  I'll seek his dwelling, and I'll creep
Upstairs and hide beneath his bed,
  And in the night I'll strike him deep."
And so I went; but at his door
The figure, masked just as before,
  Sat on the step as if asleep.
Bent, spite all fear, upon my task
  I tried to pass: there was no space.
Then rage prevailed; I snatched the mask
  From off the baffling figure's face,
And, oh, unutterable dread!
The face was mine, mine white and dead,
  Stiff with some frightful death's grimace.
What sins are mine, O luckless wight,
  That doom should play me such a trick
And make me see a sudden sight
  That turns both soul and body sick?
Stretch out thy hands, thou priest unseen
That sittest there behind the screen,
  And give me absolution, quick!
O God! O God, his hands are dead!
  His hands are mine, O monstrous spell!
I feel them clammy on my head.
  Is he my own dead self as well?
Those hands are mine—their scars, their shape;
O God! O God, there's no escape,
  And seeking Heaven, I fall on Hell!

AUNT PEGGY AND HIGH ART.

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

AUNT Peggy, coming down from her place in the country to visit a niece in the city, writes home an account of her condition to Sister Becky Jane. She says:

"I always loved Letty Maria, you know, and when I heard she'd got married to a real nice young man—Eben Stillwell—I was 'most tickled to death, and jest as soon as I could I come down to see her. But to-night, as I sit up in my bedroom writing, the tears keep a-droppin' on the paper, I'm so disappointed and kind of upsot.

"Firstly, instead of a nice, two-story house, as I expected, the poor child has got a floor through. She calls it a flat, and it's clear at the top of the house, and you have to go up to it in a kind of a hist like that over to the mill. When you get there the ceilings are high, I don't deny, and the windows ain't bad; but, deary me! the landlord has put a kind of dirty black green paper on the walls, and there ain't no doors. Oh, Becky Jane, think of that! No doors at all! And the poor thing has had to hang striped horse-blankets on rings to divide the rooms off, as poor Aunty Mole, the washwoman, fixed a bedroom for her Ike, with a quilt on a clothes' pole.

"The floors, dear, are all blackish, too, kind a painted, I guess, and she hasn't got a carpet anywhere, only some dirty-colored, frizzy rugs. And jest think how she has fixed her parlor! She's got the old things that have been tucked away years and years in her pa's garret, and rubbed 'em up—the spindle-legged table, and the queer old chairs, and the chest of drawers we kept the carpet rags in, and the old spinning-wheel, and—if you'll believe it—those big blue dishes of her Grandma Peters's hung up on the wall!

"The only decent thing is the piano. And she's stuck the old brass candlesticks, off the kitchen chimney-piece, on *that*, and had a wood fire on the old dog andirons.

"She was dressed in dirty-colored green flannel, with old style

puff caps on the sleeves, and a lace shoulder shawl like an old Quaker woman's, and what looked like a pewter bar for a bosom pin; and her hair was fastened up with a pewter screw.

"She kissed me, and begged me to take off my things, but all I could do was cry.

"'What's the matter, aunty?' she asked.

"'Oh, Letty Maria,' I said, 'if he's a good Christian young man, it don't matter in the sight of heaven, *but I'm so sorry you've come to this!*'

"'To what?' she said, surprised like.

"I p'inted about, and the tears burst out afresh. 'And you've allers been used to such a nice parlor,' said I—'pale blue walls, and nice Nottingham lace curtains, and a set in green rep, and a nice Brussels carpet, and all the family photographs on the walls, and a marble-top table, and a basket of wax fruit, and the china that your ma gave all your pa's old clothes for one summer!'

"Poor Letty Maria shuddered, and hid her face, and cried, 'Don't mention it. I see it now.'

"'Poor love,' said I, 'no matter. Your aunty has saved a little money. She'll go out and get you somethin' nice, such as you was brought up to.'

"But, Becky Jane, do you know she wouldn't let me?—said Eben wouldn't allow it. Too proud, I suppose. And she tried to make me eat dinner with her. I was too heavy-hearted, but I sat down, to please her. Becky, she hasn't a cup or saucer alike, and it wasn't a regular dinner. There was only sausage meat, cold chicken stew with celery in it, rolls like brickbats, and coffee with scum on it. I got away as soon as I could, and have been cryin' ever since. What can we do, Becky, dear, to kind a relieve her condition without hurtin' her pride?"

Postscript by Letty Maria—"I have just found the rough draught of this letter in the waste paper basket. Poor Aunt Peggy! I thought something was the matter with her. We are living in a stylish place with an elevator, and are furnished in the old style, of course. Those things from the garret are worth a fortune, my rugs are Persian, and my portières Turkish.

"I used my harlequin set of china, and gave dear Aunt Peggy boned turkey, chicken salad and Vienna rolls and coffee. She didn't understand it, I see; and the check for a hundred and fifty dollars that came to me from 'an unknown friend,' is certainly from her, to relieve my wretched condition."

HER FIRST SHOT.

MONOLOGUE FOR A LADY.

MRS. ROBINSON [*coming on stage and talking off to some one behind the scenes*].

Better keep on with the wet bandages and hot foot-bath, hadn't I? Warm the medicine before he takes it?—and, above all things, keep my patient perfectly quiet? I understand. I'll be back directly.

[*To audience.*] The doctor says he will live. Poor darling! He's asleep just now, snug and warm between the blankets—not the doctor, the victim; [*mysteriously*] for I have a victim in the house. Only think! A poor, wounded creature, gasping for breath, whom I have disputed with death; for I am the guilty wretch, the murderer! Alas! [*confidentially*] You must know that I am married. Not that it's anything to be proud of, but still I am married, and to the most inveterate sportsman. Every year, when the hunting-season opens, and even before, my lord vanishes suddenly on the pretext of ordering cartridges, trying guns, training dogs, and so on. [*Wistfully.*] I only see him at long intervals. Now it is all very well to be domestic, but it is dreadful to see one's husband start off for weeks and weeks, and more dreadful still to shut one's self up at home like a nun. [*Poutingly.*] What's the good of being married, if one's husband is always away? And then, it's so easy to talk of sport. Sport! A very comprehensive word! There are so many kinds of sport. In short, my imagination is vivid; it pictured all sorts of things, until,

[*enthusiastically*] I hit upon an idea—oh, such an idea!—the simplest thing in the world, when I had once thought of it—like Christopher Columbus and his egg.

[*Triumphantly.*] "Why shouldn't I go hunting with you?"

"You!" cried my husband in surprise. Great surprise—[*knowingly*] too much surprise.

"Well, why not?"

"Why not!" and he began a long list of excuses [*touching a finger for each excuse*]: The fatigue, the rough walking through trees and underbrush or over plowed fields; the briars and brambles would scratch my hands; the sun would burn my face. All nonsense! Very suspicious. In that part of the country where he goes hunting there are no woods, nothing but smooth fields, and the sun is never hot. So there!

[*Firmly.*] "I-shall-go-hunting-with-you! [*Rapturously.*] I adore the smell of powder. I long to see snipe and partridge drop before me. It will be a new and delightful sensation. It is no use for you to say no."

And the very next day, in a dainty hunting-dress, gray velveteen trousers, vest to match, high top boots, and a soft white hat, with a red feather—a perfect dream!—armed with a little gun bought expressly for me, I set off with step so light that it would have made the silver-heeled Diana jealous.

I spare you the details of our journey, the inconveniences and discomforts of our night at a farm-house, our start at three o'clock in the morning. At last we reached the field of battle. All nature waked, still moist with the dewy tears of night. The rising sun shot rosy beams through the branches of oak and pine, and nervous, excited, enthusiastic at the unexpected beauty of the scene, I searched the thicket with the ardor of an old poacher. [*Convincingly.*] Really, I must have been born for a hunter's life.

[*Excitedly.*] All at once, while the dogs scented the breeze and my husband was on the track of a snipe, I stopped and looked up at the branches of a tall chestnut tree. Two young birds were quarrelling over a nest, half hidden by leaves. In less than three seconds my gun was on my shoulder; and with a throbbing heart,

but undaunted courage, I pulled the trigger, [*hesitatingly*] at a venture. A long column of smoke rose into the air, while a loud explosion rang in my ears. A few leaves floated to the ground—[*proudly*]—and I saw a slender form falling, headlong, striking against the branches, and at last resting at my feet.

I ran to it, in delight; I brushed away the leaves and saw—forgive me, Heaven! How did I ever bear the terrible sight without fainting? [*Sorrowfully.*] It was a tiny thrush, feebly beating its wings, twittering plaintively, uttering faint cries, so faint, oh! so faint that I could scarcely hear them. Its little wings were stained with blood, and its broken leg quivered convulsively. But what touched me to the heart was the agonized, appealing glance which the poor thrush fixed on me. It was a speaking glance. Ah! how well I understood its language!

[*Mournfully.*] "Why did you kill me?" it said. "What had I done to you? What right had you to murder me? Can you bestow life, you who deal out death? Is that bright sun yours? And this gentle breeze, does that belong to you? And the branches upon which I dwelt, did you design them? No, you were merely their owner, and is this the way you practise hospitality? Of what share of the blue sky did your poor tenant rob you? Do you hate me? I loved you. When you passed by on a fair autumn night, lost in thought, a book in your hand, I respected your solitude. I chose a softer note, and I followed you to the end of your walk. I have children, too. Have you?"

[*Aside.*] True, I have none.

"I have children, up yonder, who call me from their nest; and when my wife returns from her search for food, she will find naught but a drop of blood. Perhaps she may discover a feather on the grass—that will be all. And she will realize that she is a widow—that her little ones are orphans—that I suffered, for I do suffer. [*Scornfully.*] At least have pity on your victim and put an end to his misery! Kill me, and I will forgive you!"

Kill him, poor thrush! I suffered as much as he did—nay more. I suffered for his suffering, which was acute, and my own remorse, which was bitter.

[*Hastily.*] Just then, my husband, attracted by the sound of the shot, hurried up followed by his dog, which rushed wildly through the long grass and sprang upon the unfortunate thrush, evidently intending to seize him in his teeth. I shrieked, stretched out my hands, and, falling on my knees, picked up the dying bird. My husband, seeing my despair, felt sad enough, I assure you. He took me to a neighboring farm, where I could bathe the wound with cold water. We returned home at full speed, where I called a consultation of physicians for my patient. Since then I have never left him, day or night. The fever is gradually going; the shot are coming out; the wound is healing. This morning the surgeon said solemnly: "He is safe!" Safe! Thank Heaven! Ah! I would rather die this minute than ever fire a gun again. As for my husband, [*confidentially*] I'm not sure whether my grief has converted him, but he has spent the last three nights at my side, [*eagerly*] beside him, attentive, serious, watching me with a peculiar expression, with tears in his eyes. Ah! those tears! I saw them with joy. Who knows whether this accident may not restore the lost sheep to the fold! [*Tenderly.*] Dear little thrush! You take vengeance on my crime by restoring my lost happiness! But I hear him! [*Listening.*] I think he is calling me? [*Faint chirping behind scenes.*] "*Zi-zi-zi.*" Yes, it is really he! He is thirsty. He wants a drink. [*To audience.*] Will you excuse me? [*Very confidentially.*] A mother's duties, you know.

THE YANKEE AND THE BUTTER.

A YANKEE in a restaurant attracted the attention of his *vis-a-vis* by eating an omelette with his knife, and between his mouthfuls putting the aforesaid knife into the butter, which was supposed to be the common property of any four gentlemen who might be lunching at the same time.

"Don't you think," said his neighbor, "that it might possibly be distasteful for other persons at this table to partake of butter which has been cut by your greasy culinary cutlass!"

"Not at all," was the reply; "I propose to eat all that butter myself!"

IN BAY CHALEUR.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

THE birds no more in dooryard trees are singing,
The purple swallows all have left the eaves,
And 'thwart the sky the broken clouds are winging,
Shading the land-slopes, bright with harvest-sheaves.
Old Hannah waits her sailor-boy's returning,
His fair young brow to-day she hopes to bless;
But sees the red sun on the hill-tops burning,
The flying cloud, the wild, cold gloominess
Of Bay Chaleur.

She hears low murmurs in the sandy reaches,
And knows the sea no longer is at rest;
The black clouds scud across the level beaches,
And bar the moonlight on the ocean's breast.
The night wears on, and grow the shadows longer;
Far in the distance of the silvered seas
Tides lap the rocks, and blows the night-wind stronger,
Bending the pines and stripping bare the trees
Round Bay Chaleur.

Then Alice comes; on Hannah's breast reclining,
She hears the leaves swift whistling in the breeze,
And, through the lattice, sees the moon declining
In the deep shadows of the rainy seas.
Now Hannah droops her cheek, the maiden presses:
"He will return when come the morning hours,
And he will greet thee with his fond caresses,
And thou shalt meet him diademed with flowers."
Sweet Bay Chaleur!

Gray is the morning, but a light more tender
Parted at last the storm-cloud's lingering glooms;

The sun looks forth in mellowness and splendor,
  Drying the leaves amid the gentian blooms.
And wrecks come drifting to the sandy reaches,
  As inward rolls the tide with sullen roar;
The fishers wander o'er the sea-washed beaches,
  And gather fragments as they reach the shore
    Of Bay Chaleur.

Then Alice, with the village maidens roaming
  Upon the beaches were the breakers swirl,
Espies a fragment 'mid the waters foaming,
  And finds a casket overlaid with pearl.
It is a treasure. "Happy he who claimed it,"
  A maiden says; "'tis worthy of a bride."
Another maid "the ocean's dowry" names it;
  But gently Alice, weeping, turns aside —
    Sad Bay Chaleur!

She goes to Hannah with the new-found treasure,
  And stands again beside the old arm-chair;
The maids stand round her, radiant with pleasure,
  And, playful, weave the gentians in her hair.
Then Hannah says, her feelings ill dissembling,
  "Some sailor-lad this treasure once possessed;
And now, perhaps," she adds, all pale and trembling,
  "His form lies sleeping 'neath the ocean's breast,
    In Bay Chaleur."

Now on her knee the opened box she places —
  Her trembling hand falls helpless on her breast;
Into her face look up two pictured faces,
  The faces that her sailor-boy loved best!
One picture bears the written words, "My mother,"
  Old Hannah drops her wrinkled cheek in pain;
"Alice, sweet name," is writ beneath the other —
  Old Hannah's tears fall over it like rain.
    Dark Bay Chaleur!

The spring will come, the purple swallows bringing,
  The green leaves glitter where the gold leaves fell;
But never more the time of flowers and singing
  Will hope revive in her poor heart to dwell.
Life ne'er had brought to her so dark a chalice,
  But from her lips escapes no bitter moan;
They, 'mid the gentians, made the grave of Alice,
  And Hannah lives in her old cot alone,
By Bay Chaleur.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S BEAR STORY.

AS HE TELLS IT AT THE CLUB — AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

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YOU want a bear story! A grizzly bear story!! A *great grizzly bear story!!!* Well, grizzly bears live on the Sierras. These Sierras are covered with great trees, and these trees are *tremendous;* they are as large as Bunker Hill tower. They are so tall that it takes two men and a boy to see to the top of them. These bears are as large as oxen, and these oxen are immense; they grow so old, too, that they have to tie poles on their horns to let the wrinkles run on.

We were digging gold in the Sierras. We were away down deep in a canyon that was entirely surrounded with snow, and it was almost impossible to get out or to come in. There were 1,300 of us — all men — not a woman. The mice grew to be so bad we could not sleep They were so thick we could not sit down. They would get in our clothes, in our boots, our bread, beds—everything! Then a man by the name of Thompson agreed, if we would give him 1,000 dollars a cat, to go and get a wagon load of cats. We each agreed to take a cat — 1,300 thousand dollars worth of cats!

Thompson started. The mining papers spoke of him as the "coming man." He reached the settlement and advertised for cats, and cats began to pour in upon him by night and by day.

Over the hills came old men with cats in bags; up the valleys came old women with cats in their aprons; little boys waddled along the highways with their pockets stuffed full of blind kittens. Then Thompson built a great wagon and began to load the cats. He put in a layer of cats at the bottom — great aristocratic Thomas cats, of the first tortoise quality; then a row of tabby cats; then a row of melodious yellow cats, and so on up to the top.

Meantime we, in the mines, were suffering as men never suffered before from mice. Men made great wooden combs and stood all day combing and combing at their beard and hair, trying to comb out the mice; and still Thompson did not come with the cats.

Now there was a great big man who had a leather nose. This man was the wickedest man in the mines. He never allowed any man to allude to his leather nose without making him the central figure of a funeral. As no man knew his name, it was very natural for any one to speak of him as "Leathernose." This brought on many funerals. He had a private burying-ground of his own; it was worse than the cholera; and still Thompson had not arrived with the cats!

"I am very sensitive on this point," said Leathernose one day to his partner, touching the tip of his nose with his finger.

"I see," said his partner, as he drew a mouse from his moustache and filliped it with his finger on the point alluded to. The next day there was a funeral, and Leathernose was without a partner, and still Thompson had not arrived with the cats! (Be patient, sirs! I will come to the bears by and by.)

At last, the scurvy broke out in the camp. The scurvy is a dreadful disease. Nothing will cure it but a change of climate or a vegetable diet. We could not get the men out of the camp; we could not get vegetables into the camp. What was to be done? At last old Leathernose was stricken with the terrible disease, and still Thompson had not arrived with the cats! What was to be done? Finally an old sailor, who had seen cases of this kind, suggested, as a last resort, that the men be buried up to the eyes in the earth over night, so that the fresh, pure earth might draw the poison from their bodies. In times of war fresh earth has

often been ordered by surgeons, and the Indians always bury their wounded in the earth for days. (Will you be patient, sirs! I will come to the bears by and by.)

The men were daily growing worse and worse. The case of Leathernose was desperate indeed; and still Thompson had not arrived with the cats! The wolves began to get very bad. You could hear them howl every night from the high mountains of snow that surrounded us on every side. The mice were growing more desperate every day; and still Thompson had not arrived with the cats!

At last, Leathernose and the others consented, as a last resort, to be buried in the earth over night, and see what could be done. Far up the canyon under a dark pine, ten deep pits we dug; and at dusk, as the great moon came wheeling up the snow-peaks, and while the wolves were howling high up in the mountains, we took the ten men and stood them in the ten pits all in a row. We filled the warm, soft earth in around their naked bodies; we buried them up to the very hair; we chucked the earth tight up to their chins. We then gave each man a chew of tobacco, and their great beards swept the ground as they chewed and chewed and chewed; and still Thompson had not come with the cats! (Yes, yes, I tell you I will get to the bears by and by.)

It was lonesome work watching with these ten men, there under the dark pines; and the men began to go away. At last, I was left with them all alone; and I began to be afraid. They looked so dreadful; as if they were going down, *down* into the earth out of sight. They looked at each other and they, too, were afraid; and they spoke to me. I was only a boy then. I was so afraid that I, too, ran away, and they were left all alone. We came back in the morning but could not find them. You see the wolves had come down in the night and eaten off every head close down to the ground, Leathernose and all; and still Thompson had not arrived with the cats!

I told you I would come to the bears by and by, but if you think you know this story better than I do, you had better tell it yourself.

GOING HOME IN THE MORNING.

WAYNE DOUGLAS.

A POOR little bird trilled a song in the west,
A poor little bird with a stain on its breast.
Beaten down by the rain and too weak for flight,
It fell in the city unseen in the night.
Out in the darkness, while passing, I heard
The wail of the poor, little, vagabond bird.
Being homeless myself, I hunted and found
The weak little vagrant stretched out on the ground.
I raised it, and gave it of all I possessed,
A warm, cosey shelter close up to my breast;
And I whispered: "Don't worry, rather whistle and sing,
You poor, little, innocent, vagabond thing.
Very soon, now, the storm will have passed from the sky,
Very soon, too, the sun will be shining on high,
And you shall go home in the morning."

A broken-down man, then, was walking the street;
As I passed him I stayed for a moment my feet.
Cried the man: "It is hard! So many have health
And beauty and youth and pleasure and wealth!"
"My brother," said I, "I am seeking, like you,
For something to eat, for something to do;
Let us keep on our way, let us keep it together,
Through the cold and the mire and the pitiless weather,
Hoping still for the best; soon the night will be gone,
And after the night always cometh the dawn,
And we can go home in the morning."

The sky with the darkness was all overcast,
The snowflakes whirled down and clung to us fast.
How I fondled my bird — it had no one to love it;
Said the man: "This is bad, grows worse and more of it."

Then we found an old shed; when out under the lamp
Slowly drifted anigh us the form of a tramp.
To be out in the storm-blast! Ah, me! 'twas a sin!
So I stepped from the shelter, invited her in,
And took the poor babe, without wasting of words,
And then, you'll perceive, I had two little birds!
And we all stood there hungry, haggard and wan,
Awaiting in silence the coming of dawn,
So we could go home in the morning.

An hour ere dawn, being cold and a-shiver,
We moved all together a-down to the river.
Thus passing, the poor little bird from the west
Trilled a poor little song. It was doing its best
To help us along, and it tried hard to sing;
But being a famished and pitiful thing,
It skipped, now and then, a few bars, and a note
Died out, now and then, in its weak little throat.
The babe on my arm lay and listened awhile,
Then looked in my face with a wondering smile,
As out through my vest, that was ragged and torn,
Peeped the poor little bird, who thought it was morn,
And twittered, and looked at the child and its mother;
And the child and the bird grieved the one for the other,
And thought it was strange in a city of priests
Two such innocent things should be out in the streets.
Well, we passed on our way, a vagabond crew,
Yet I think in our hearts everyone of us knew
That we should go home in the morning.

We came to the ferry-house, stately and tall,
And crowded for warmth in the shade of the wall.
Then I saw, 'mid the dirt and the filth at my feet,
A small crust of bread lying out in the street;
I grasped it and gave to the woman; she smiled
And said: "It don't matter now, me and the child,
We are going home in the morning."

It was very near daybreak, I noticed at last
A streak like the dawn afar off in the east.
Then we moved all together, they loosened the bar,
We passed through the gates that were standing ajar;
Moved down the incline where, toward us afloat,
From over the river was drifting the boat.
We had nothing to pay, no passage, no fares,
For the houseless and homeless there's nobody cares;
With the bird and the child and the vagabond crew
I sailed from the shore, and I very well knew
Where we all should rejoice in the morning.

MARY'S SINGING-LESSON.

MARY took her singing-book,
And down under a tree sat she.
But seconds and quarters she knew them not well,
And what they all meant the poor child could not tell;
But she sang loud and clear
Just what came to her ear,
While she looked at the notes, some black and some white.
And played she could sing them all nicely at sight.
But the yellow-bird, up in the tree,
Said he, "That is not the song,
Little girl, that is wrong!
Sing *Tshee, tshee, tshee! tship, tship, tship-away!*
That is the song for a summer's day."
So Mary sang "*Tship-away, tship-away, tshee!*"
And the yellow-bird then flew away from the tree.

Then came the bobolink.
"I'm ashamed," said he, "to hear you sing so!
This is the way the song should go —
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link, chee, cher, chink!
I never make a single mistake,

So sing *Bob-o'-link, chee, cher, chink!*"
And Mary sang "*Chee, cher, chink!*"
But the robin said: "It is not so;
That will never do—it will never do!
Sing *Tu-re-lu, tu-re-lu, tu-re-lu!*
This, little girl, is the song for you.
I sing at morn and I sing at night;
'Tis the only way in the world to sing right."
So what could Mary do but sing "*Tu-re-lu-lu?*"

Then the titmouse came, with black on his head,
And, on a bough, hanging upside down,
To the child he said: "I'm sorry to say it,
But, truly, to me, that doesn't sound sweetly.
Sing *Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee!*
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee!
That is the song for you and for me.
And how you can sing anything
But *Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee!* is a wonder to me."
Then Mary began: "*Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee!*"

But the sparrow, said he,
"It is *Tchee, tchee, tchee! tchip, tchip, tchee!*"
The swallow flew by,
Quite low in the sky,
And he said, "No, no! That isn't it!
Sing *T'le, t'le, t'le, t'letolit!*
That's all I think fit for singing
While my airy way I'm winging.
Sing with me *T'le, t'le, t'letolit!*
Sing it, sing it, *T'letolit!*"

"Well," thought Mary, "which is right?
Which is here in black and white?
I cannot guess—no matter either,
I will mix them all together."
So Mary sang *Tchee, tchee! tchip, tchip, tchee!*
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee!

T'le, t'le, t'le, t'letolit!
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link, chee, cher, chink!
Tship, tship, tship-away!
Tu-re-lu, tu-re-lu!
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee!
Tr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-lu!
"Now I'm right," said she, "I know."

THE DASH FOR THE COLORS.

FOUNDED ON A TRUE STORY.

FREDERICK G. WEBB.

HAVE you heard of our fighting Twenty-first,
And our dash for the colors — that mighty burst?
The colors we'd lost — though not in the fight —
And won again on an Indian height.

The year was the time of the Indian war,
When Englishmen fought like the heroes of yore;
But we, who had ever been honored till then,
Had broken bounds, and a few of our men

Had got into trouble in different ways,
And the end of it was that our "Scarlet Blaze,"
The blaze that could set our souls aflame,
Was taken away — oh! the bitter shame!

What was the use of our trying now?
A cloud had fallen on every brow;
Our hearts were not like the hearts of old,
As firm as rocks, but were dull and cold.

And so we fought in a sullen way,
Till at last there came one fearful day

When our army wavered and almost broke,
Beneath the terrible Indian stroke.

A stiff redoubt on a hill-top stood,
And down the bullets swept in a flood.
And none were anxious to yield their breath
In facing such odds — 'twas certain death.

When, suddenly, up the commander came,
Straightened his tall and sinewy frame,
And pointed full at the fort above:
"Twenty-first! If your flag you love,
Capture that height; do not shrink or stop;
Look! Your colors are at the top!"

What could he mean? There lay the fort, the faces of the foe,
The blackened guns, whose deadly mouths were belching fire below;
But not a sign to cheer us on. No colors floated there;
Only a sight that well might fill the staunchest with despair.
Then came the answer, lightning quick. If we the honor earned
Of capturing those cruel guns — our flag would be returned.
They gave the order — off we went, right up that rugged hill,
Facing the muzzles of the guns, and forward, further still.
The shells and bullets poured like rain; we saw brave comrades drop;
But high the words rang in our ears, "Your colors are at the top!"
Down like a torrent swept the foe; up like a flash we flew;
Nearer and nearer came the fort, nearer our straining view.
Onward we charged, with death at work, our eyes upon the man
Who towered above us, always cheerful, always in the van.
We wavered once before a rush, our strength and impulse gone,
Our captain stood as firm as ever, leading bravely on.
The foemen far outnumbered us, we felt our columns reel,
But like a draught of fiery wine his voice came, true as steel:
"All England's looking at us, boys! charge for her sake again;"
And so we roused our fainting hearts, and buckled to the strain.

Once more we paused. Our captain, as he battled at our head,
Stopped, staggered, pressed his grand old breast — then fell among the dead.
Long had he been our leader. It had hurt him more than most,
When, by the madness of a few, our colors had been lost;
And now he'd gone, just when the hope of holding them once more
Was near — but stop, no time to grieve! so upward still we bore.
One last great rush — their lines gave way; forward! with all your might!
We scattered them; the day was ours; England had won the fight!

But, crowning this, when back we went to find the man we loved,
His eyes were open; then, thank God! our gallant champion moved.
Not dead — but wounded, after all; and so he lived to see
Our dark disgrace atoned for by a glorious victory.

THE TOMB OF CHARLEMAGNE.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

I STOOD in that cathedral old, the work of kingly power,
That from the clustered roofs of Aix lifts up its mold'ring tower,
And, like a legend strange and rude, speaks of an earlier day—
Of saint and knight, the tourney's pride and the Minnesinger's lay.

Above me rose the pillared dome, with many a statue grim,
And through the chancel-oriel came a lustre soft and dim,
Till dusky shrine and painting old glowed in the twilight wan:
Below me was a marble slab—the tomb of Charlemagne!

A burst of organ-music rang so grandly, sadly slow,
'Twas like an anthem thundered o'er the dead who slept below;
And with the sound came thronging round the stern men of that time,
When best was he who bravest fought, and cowardice was crime!

I thought on that far day when he, whose dust I stood upon,
Ruled with a monarch's boundless right the kingdoms he had won;
When rose the broad Alps in his realm, and roared the Baltic's wave;
And now—the lowest serf might stand, unheeded, on his grave!

And ruthless hands despoiled his dust, attired in regal pride,
The crown upon his fleshless brow, and "Joyeuse" by his side,
Whose rusted blade, at Ronçeval, flamed in the hero's hand,
In answer to the silver horn of the dying knight, Rolànd!

I stood on that neglected stone, thrilled with the glorious sound,
While bowed by many a holier shrine the worshippers around;
And through the cloud of incense-smoke burned many a taper dim,
And called the priest to matin-prayer—I could but think of him!

I saw the boy with yellow locks crowned at St. Deny's shrine;
The emperor in his purple stole, the lord of all the Rhine;
The conqueror of a thousand foes, through battle stern and hard;
The widowed mourner at thy tomb, oh, fairest Hildegarde!

Long pealed the music of the choir through chancel-arch and nave
As folded in the spell of years I stood upon his grave;
And when the morning anthem ceased and solemn mass began,
I left that chapel gray and old—the tomb of Charlemagne!

RECIPROCITY.

They had a quarrel, and she sent
His letters back next day;
His ring and all his presents went
To him without delay.
"Pray send my kisses back to me,"
He wrote: "Could you forget them?"
She answered speedily that he
Must come himself and get them!

CHRISTMAS TREASURES.

EUGENE FIELD.

I COUNT my treasures o'er with care;
The little toy that baby knew,
A little sock of faded hue,
A little lock of golden hair.

Long years ago this Christmas time
My little one, my all to me,
Sat robed in white upon my knee,
And heard the merry Christmas chime.

"Tell me, my little golden-head,
If Santa Claus should come to-night,
What shall he bring my baby bright,
What treasure for my boy?" I said.

And then he named the little toy,
While in his honest, mournful eyes
There came a look of sweet surprise,
That spoke his quiet, trustful joy.

And as he lisped his evening prayer,
He asked the boon with childish grace,
Then, toddling to the chimney-place,
He hung his little stocking there.

That night, as lengthening shadows crept,
I saw the white-winged angels come
With heavenly music to our home,
And kiss my darling as he slept.

They must have heard his baby prayer,
For in the morn, with smiling face,
He toddled to the chimney-place,
And found the little treasure there.

They came again one Christmas-tide,
That angel host so fair and white,
And, singing, all the Christmas night,
They lured my darling from my side.

A little sock, a little toy,
A little lock of golden hair,
The Christmas music on the air,
A watching for my baby boy.

But if again that angel train
And golden head come back to me
To bear me to eternity,
My watching will not be in vain.

THE MAD ACTOR.

FREDERICK G. WEBB.

HE was a famous actor,— the glory of his time;
A man who'd gained pre-eminence before he'd reached his prime;
A man of brilliant talent, and yet one whose tender love
For wife and child was pure and sweet as angels up above.

But Death's still foot comes creeping near when all is most secure;
His grasp fell on the actor's wife — alas, the blow was sure;
She died — and, dying, bade him cherish well their only child.
Ah, never such unneeded words; for, when the infant smiled,

His darling seemed to live again, with all her gentle grace;
And so he lived to care for *her*, and blessed her winsome face.
But now, all hollow seemed the tinsel honors of the stage;
A cloud was in his bosom that no glory could assuage.

One awful night the blow that long had hovered o'er him fell;
The actor was *King Richard*, and he played the monarch well;

When suddenly, right in the midst, a man, all out of breath,
Ran wildly up to him: "Your child, your child is at her death."

The actor's face grew ashy pale; he reeled from where he stood:
"Dead, dead! my little baby dead! you lie! What demon could
Molest my little angel?" Then he grasped him by the coat:
"Now say you lie, you demon, or my sword is at your throat."

Then, whirling round, he loosed his hold, took up his waiting part,
And went right thro' the battle-scene with all his wondrous art.
The people thought it all arranged, and yelled in wild delight;
For never actor played a part as he played his that night.

Yet, tho' the words and actions came, a light within his eye
Soon told its tale of madness, and his hands twitched horribly;
Then with a piercing shriek—a shriek of mingled grief and rage—
He leaped upon his prancing horse, and galloped off the stage.

"Ha, ha!" the madman's cry rang out, and echoed far behind;
"Ha, ha!" and onward flew his mighty charger like the wind:
He rode up to the portal, downward leapt, and wildly cried:
"Now who will keep me from my child, who tells me she has died?"

"Ah, hush!" they said; "keep back, keep back, you must not enter so!"
But none dared stop him as he broke toward the room below.
There, on her snowy pillows, lay a child in marble rest;
And, in a flash, the raging man had clasped her to his breast.

He kissed the voiceless lips, and clasped the little wax-like hand;
But not an answ'ring motion came, no breath his hot cheek fanned;
They strove to take her from him, but he wildly waved them back;
And then—a fearful passion seemed his maddened brain to rack;

He pressed his baby closer, passed them by in headlong flight,
And, leaping on his horse again, dashed out into the night.
They searched the country through and through, but days had hurried past
Before they found them lying on a churchyard stone, at last.

Still unto his devoted breast the babe was buried tight;
The madman's eyes upon her, tho' those eyes had lost their light;
And by them lay the gallant steed, his race forever run;
And on their silent, peaceful forms shone down the noonday sun.

They buried them together in the churchyard, as they died;
Above their peaceful graves the verdant grass grows thick and wide;
Yet still their story lingers, tho' their forms are 'neath the sod,
The story of a madman's love that truly seemed of God.

TAMING AN ALLIGATOR.

"YE see that item in one of the papers 'bout tamin' young alligators, I reckon," said a countryman, capturing the city editor by the button-hole, and drawing him into a doorway. "Ye know the paper said 'twas the fash'nable thing to do."

"I don't remember. Perhaps I did. What of it?" asked the city editor.

"I tried it," said the countryman. "A friend of mine brought me one down from New Orleans, and I'm a trainin' that alligator for the children to play with."

"How does the experiment progress?"

"I don't know 'bout the experiment; the alligator's thrivin'. He was six weeks old when I got him, two months ago, and he's seven years old now. People in our parts say he's all the alligator I'll ever need."

"What does he do?" asked the city editor.

"Well, it's here. When he came he was a sportive little un and just warbled 'round friendly. He was chiefly mouth, an' we used to feed him fur the fun of seein' him eat. Now we skin 'round when we see him comin' fur the fun of seein' him go hungry."

"Is he dangerous?"

"I haven't been close enough to see. He ate up my dog, and

when I left this mornin' he was in the sty arguin' the question of pork as a diet with the pig. My wife thinks if the pig has any luck he'll find the cow we lost."

"Better get rid of him, hadn't you?" suggested the city editor.

"I don't know," replied the countryman. "We've got so much stored away in him now that it seems like givin' up most of our property, and besides, my oldest girl says she can't hear of havin' her leg go in among strangers."

"Did he bite her leg off?"

"Sure! Took it off short! Then there's the baby. We hate to part with the baby's grave, so we sorter try and keep the alligator along. My wife insists on keepin' him, 'cause she thinks she seen a couple of peddlers go in one day, pack and all, and she's got an idea the packs may come to the front again if we hold on. Besides, she seen that item about tame alligators bein' fash'nable, and she's a good deal on style."

"But do you call that alligator tamed"

"Certainly. He comes right into the house, same as any of us, and keeps himself. He's got that heel," and the countryman pointed to a mutilated foot. "There's my son's wife, too. She's part alligator now. He ate her up a week ago, and the boy hasn't got over his arm yet. The alligator got the arm too."

"Great Scott!" ejaculated the city editor.

"Oh, yes. It's lively down there. When he puts himself up, he's business. He is the lightningest alligator fur a tame one y'ever saw. When we first got him, we used him fur a tack-hammer — drew nails with him; but now he's the head of the family, except payin' the rent. When there's any mysterious disappearance 'round our parts, the coroner comes and views the alligator. That ends it. When the baby was snatched, they held an inquest in a tree. The jury was all on one limb, and the alligator underneath, a-lookin' up. Bimeby the limb broke, and the jury disappeared in a row, just as they sat. We didn't wait fur any verdict. The coroner gave me a permit, and after the funeral we shied an empty coffin at the alligator. Then when the minister said, 'dust to dust,' we all dusted. Do you remember

whether that item said what a real tame alligator ought to feed on?"

"Don't recollect seeing it at all. Aren't you afraid he'll eat up some of your family?"

"Think he's liable to?" asked the countryman, with a curious expression of visage.

"Yes, indeed," replied the city editor. "Suppose he should swallow your mother-in-law?"

"Ah!" said the countryman, "he might get her, mightn't he? You think I'd better keep him then?" and the countryman leaned up against the door and gave himself up to reflection.

As he drew away and left, the city editor heard him say: "So he might; so he might."

THE INCONSOLABLE HUSBAND.

MONOLOGUE FOR A MAN.

ONE morning Mr. Simpson, a worthy man, and a happy husband, sat skimming the news after breakfast. He glanced at the various headings — quarrels, murders, thefts, whirlwinds and storms — when suddenly his hair stood on end; he turned pale, rubbed his eyes, read again and again these lines: "Telegraphic news from Fall River. Yesterday, Sunday, the steamer Providence was wrecked in the Sound. The steamer was a complete loss. Except four sailors, all the passengers and crew perished."

I forgot to say that Mrs. Simpson was on board. Mr. Simpson ran in great distress to tell his relatives, the undertaker and the priest; then hurried home, sank on a chair and wept:

"Dead! She is dead! Oh, heavens, what shall I do? Charlotte, my wife! What agony; what a future lies before me! She was the only tie that bound me to earth, and I am doomed to live— to live a sad and solitary life. She often sat upon this very seat. How silent all the house! Here we used to sit and chat. Fare-

well to all our pleasant plans, our hopeful dreams! Flow, flow ye tears; to fountains turn my eyes, and let my blood rush from my veins in tears! Why did I let her go without me? We might have died together, or I might have rescued her. And now her body lies at the bottom of the tempestuous sea! But I will find it yet, that beauteous and noble form, which still is mine, though buried in the tomb. Nay, I will build a rich mausoleum, in which your spirit may await my inconsolable soul. I will order porphyry and bronze adorned with tears of gold and special verses. The labor will be great and the expense much — gold, porphyry and verses. No matter! The world will measure my regret by the cost.

"She is dead! Oh, why must we die? The stern mandate comes no matter where, no matter when. Thy will be done! As a good Christian, I bless whatever is sent, whether it be good or ill. I will complain no more. Farewell, poor wife; you were too good for earth. And yet I shall be left alone throughout my life. Never again shall I hear her tender words. No more I'll philosophically sit and hear her talk those little nothings which make up the sum of daily life. She scolded me sometimes, it's true — she had so soft a voice for scolding! And such a disposition — you should have known her. Poor woman! She is dead. I hope that I am wrong. Oh, may Heaven forgive her innocent faults!

"I must collect myself and prepare for the funeral. Yes, I must be brave for this last duty. I really needed a new black coat. Oh, my dear better half, what a void you've left! I will order a coat and prayers to honor you. No luxury; I always did dislike vain pomp and show, which takes delight in ostentatious mourning. A marble cross is all I want — no, a plain stone one; a few simple plants will make a pretty border around it. This is my idea of paying you fit honor; simplicity is most becoming to true grief.

"What shall I do now? Of course shed many tears. But in a month, or two months hence? I think I'll travel. Traveling, they say, matures the mind. My wife would never let me leave her side. On horseback, in ships, by land and sea, I will visit all

countries; I will see the world; I will live! It is now the end of summer. Hunting is fine sport, and so invigorating. It strengthens the body; it dries one's tears. Charlotte always forbade my hunting. I shall soon be forty, and I may as well begin. I've nothing but an old gun, a flintlock; I will buy one of the latest make. I will have two pointers and four setters. All this may cost a large sum. Pooh! What of that? It will be worth the money. She ruined me in dress. She was very close with me. I went ill-dressed; my food was always plain. But, from a poor husband, I've become a wealthy bachelor. Henceforth I shall live like a prince — I mean a prince who lives really well. I will invest my money; I'll retire from business. I shall be free from care, a gentleman of leisure, a bachelor, a person to be courted.

"Ah! how sweet is freedom to the slave! I'll have rich food, rare wine; I will give card and supper parties. I breathe, I live, I'm mad with joy; I'm only twenty. I will enjoy myself. And there's my cousin Adela! She is a gentle girl, young and kind and pretty! And she adores me, too! Stay, stay, my jolly fellow, you think of Adela by far too soon. You're scarcely free. Alas! my poor wife! I do not blame her—Heaven rest her soul! But she was not always an agreeable companion. And yet I would have kept her uncomplainingly; yes, if I could I think I would have rescued her. But I could not. Is it my fault that the Providence was wrecked? No. I am a man, and I should have strength of mind to bear my suffering.

"But what if after all she were not dead? Oh, no, the steamer Providence — the name is surely there; newspapers were never known to print a lie! She is dead, indeed she's dead. If any one should say, 'You have the power to bring her back to life; will you recall her to your arms?' Nobody hears me — I should say: 'I'm not such a fool. We must submit to fate!' And if I should be offered two hundred dollars, I should say, 'Gentlemen, I am very sorry, but if you gave me four, or six, or eight hundred — impossible! Money is naught to me; I'm incorruptible.' 'What if we offered you two thousand?' 'No, indeed!' 'Three thousand then?' 'Oh, no.' 'Then five?'

At this moment an angry knock was heard outside the door.

"Heavens, my wife! You?"

"Myself."

"Deuce take her!" These words were muttered so low that Mrs. Simpson never heard them. A sailor had carried her to shore, had rescued her. Charlotte had promised the brave mariner five thousand dollars! So Mr. Simpson, to buy back his wife, was forced to count out five thousand dollars!

WAITIN' FER THE CAT TO DIE.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

LAWDY! don't I rickollect
That 'ere old swing in the lane!
Right and proper, I expect,
Old times can't come back again.
But I want to state, if they
Could come back, and I could say
What *my* pick ud be, by jing!
I'd say, gimme the old swing
'Nunder the old locus' trees
On the old place, if you please,
Danglin' there with half-shet eye,
Waitin' fer the cat to die!

I'd say gimme the old gang
Of barefooted, hungry, lean,
Or'n'ry boys you want to hang,
When you're growed up twicet as mean!
The old garden patch, the old
Truants, and the stuff we stoled!
The old stompin' groun', where we
Wore the grass off, wild and free

As the whoop of the old swing,
Where we uset to climb and cling,
And twist roun', and fight, and lie—
Waitin' fer the cat to die!

'Pears like I 'most allus could
Swing the highest of the crowd—
Jes' sail up there till I stood
Downside up, and screech out loud,
Ketch my breath, and jes' drap back
Fer to let the old swing slack,
Yit my tow-head dippin' still,
In the green boughs, and the chill
Up my backbone taperin' down,
With my shadder on the groun'
Slow and slower trailin' by—
Waitin' fer the cat to die!

Now my daughter's little Jane's
Got a kind o' baby swing
On the porch, so's when it rains
She kin play there—little thing
And I'd limped out t'other day
With my old cheer this a-way,
Swingin' her and rockin' too,
Thinkin' how *I* uset to do
At her age, when suddently,
"Hey, gran' pap!" she says to me,
"Why you rock so slow?" Says I,
"Waitin' fer the cat to die!"

HE KISSED ME.

He kissed me, oh, how often! in the happy days of yore,
He kissed me until I'd quite refuse to let him kiss me more.
Alas! the sweetest joys are ever shortest in their stay,
And all unkissed remain the lips he used to press to-day.
I do not feel his soft mustache upon my cheek and brow.
When did he die? He isn't dead, but he's my husband now.

THE FIGHT OF PASO DEL MAR.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

GUSTY and raw was the morning, a fog hung over the seas,
And its gray skirts, rolling inland, were torn by the mountain trees;
No sound was heard, but the dashing of waves on the sandy bar,
When Pablo of San Diego rode down to the Paso del Mar.

The pescadòr, out in his shallop, gathering his harvest so wide,
Sees the dim bulk of the headland loom over the waste of the tide;
He sees, like a white thread, the pathway wind round on the terrible wall,
Where the faint moving speck of the rider seems hovering close to its fall!

Stout Pablo of San Diego rode down from the hills behind;
With the bells on his gray mule tinkling, he sang through the fog and wind.
Under his thick, misted eyebrows twinkled his eye like a star,
And fiercer he sang, as the sea-winds drove cold on the Paso del Mar.

Now Bernal, the herdsman of Corral, had traveled the shore since dawn,
Leaving the ranches behind him — good reason had he to be gone!
The blood was still red on his dagger, the fury was hot in his brain,
And the chill, driving scud of the breakers, beat thick on his forehead in vain.

With his blanket wrapped gloomily round him, he mounted the dizzying road,
And the chasms and steeps of the headland were slippery and wet, as he trode;
Wild swept the wind of the ocean, rolling the fog from afar,
When near him a mule-bell came tinkling, midway on the Paso del Mar!

"Back!" shouted Bernal, full fiercely, and "Back!" shouted Pablo, in wrath;
As his mule halted, startled and shrinking, on the perilous line of the path!
The roar of devouring surges came up from the breakers' hoarse war;
And "Back, or you perish!" cried Bernal; "I turn not on Paso del Mar!"

The gray mule stood firm as the headland; he clutched at the jingling rein,
When Pablo rose up in his saddle and smote till he dropped it again.
A wild oath of passion swore Bernal, and brandished his dagger, still red,
While fiercely stout Pablo leaned forward, and fought o'er his trusty mule's head.

They fought till the black wall below them shone red through the misty blast;
Stout Pablo then struck, leaning farther, the broad breast of Bernal at last.
And, frenzied with pain, the swart herdsman closed round him with terrible clasp,
And jerked him, despite of his struggles, down from the mule, in his grasp.

They grappled with desperate madness on the slippery edge of the wall;
They swayed on the brink, and together reeled out to the rush of the fall!
A cry of the wildest death-anguish rang faint through the mist afar,
And the riderless mule went homeward from the fight of Paso del Mar!

A CHRISTMAS CAMP ON THE SAN GABR'EL.

AMELIA E. BARR.

LAMAR and his rangers camped at dawn on the banks of San Gabr'el,
Under the mossy live-oaks, in the heart of a lonely dell;
With the cloudless Texas sky above, and the musquite grass below,
And all the prairie lying still, in a misty, silvery glow.

The sound of the horses cropping grass, the fall of a nut full ripe,
The stir of a weary soldier, or the tap of a smoked-out pipe,
Fell only as sounds in a dream may fall upon a drowsy ear,
Till the captain said: "'Tis Christmas day! so, boys, we'll spend it here;

"For the sake of our homes and our childhood we'll give the day its dues."
Then some leaped up to prepare the feast, and some sat still to muse,
And some pulled scarlet yupon-berries and wax-white mistletoe,
To garland the stand-up rifles — for Christmas has no foe.

And every heart had a pleasant thought, or a tender memory,
Of unforgotten Christmas-tides that nevermore might be;
They felt the thrill of a mother's kiss, they heard the happy psalm,
And the men grew still, and all the camp was full of a gracious calm.

"Halt!" cried the sentinel; and lo! from out of the brushwood near
There came, with weary, fainting step, a man in mortal fear —
A brutal man, with a tiger's heart, and yet he made this plea:
"I am dying of hunger and thirst, so do what you will with me."

They knew him well; who did not know the cruel San Sabatan,
The robber of the Rio Grande, who spared not any man?
In low, fierce tones they spoke his name, and looked at a coil of rope;
And the man crouched down in abject fear — how could he dare to hope?

The captain had just been thinking of the book his mother read,
Of a Saviour born on Christmas day, who bowed on the cross His head,
Blending the thought of his mother's tears with the holy mother's grief,
And when he saw San Sabatan he thought of the dying thief.

He spoke to the men in whispers, and they heeded the words he said,
And brought to the perishing robber water and meat and bread.
He ate and drank like a famished wolf, and then lay down to rest,
And the camp, perchance, had a stiller feast for its strange Christmas guest.

But, or ever the morning dawned again the captain touched his hand:
"Here is a horse, and some meat and bread; fly to the Rio Grande!
Fly for your life! We follow hard: touch nothing on your way —
Your life was only spared because 'twas Jesus Christ's birthday."

He watched him ride as the falcon flies, then turned to the breaking day;
The men awoke, the Christmas berries were quietly cast away;
And, full of thought, they saddled again, and rode off into the west —
May God be merciful to them, as they were merciful to their guest!

FRENCH WITH A MASTER.

THEODORE TILTON.

TEACH you French? I will, my dear;
Sit and con your lesson here.
What did Adam say to Eve?
Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre!

Don't pronounce the last word long;
Make it short to suit the song;
Rhyme it to your flowing sleeve,
Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre!

Sleeve, I said, but what's the harm
If I really meant your arm?
Mine shall twine it (by your leave),
Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre!

Learning French is full of slips;
Do as I do with the lips;
Here's the right way, you perceive,
Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre!

French is always spoken best
Breathing deeply from the chest;
Darling, does your bosom heave?
Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre!

Now, my dainty little sprite,
Have I taught your lesson right?
Then what pay shall I receive?
Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre!

Will you think me overbold
If I linger to be told
Whether you yourself believe
Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre?

Pretty pupil, when you say
All this French to me to-day,
Do you mean it or deceive?
Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre!

Tell me, may I understand,
When I press your little hand,
That our hearts together cleave?
Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre!

Have you in your tresses room
For some orange-buds to bloom?
May I such a garland weave?
Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre!

Or, if I presume too much,
Teaching French by sense of touch,
Grant me pardon and reprieve!
Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre!

Sweetheart, no! you cannot go!
Let me sit and hold you so;
Adam did the same to Eve—
Aimer, aimer; c'est à vivre!

FALSE, FICKLE MAN!

And so he is to wed. Alas! 'twas only in July
He swore unless I would be his he'd pine away and die.
Or, like a broken bark, he'd drift across the sea of life,
And never, never, never call another woman wife.

Ah, well! he's just like all the rest; they're true for but an hour:
Like thoughtless, fickle butterflies they flit from bud to flower.
But yet these men aren't cute enough to get ahead of us—
My wedding with his rival comes a month before his does!

MIGGLES.

BRET HARTE.

Arranged by ELSIE M. WILBOR.

WE were eight, including the driver. Suddenly the stage stopped, and we heard fragments of a colloquy—"bridge gone," "twenty feet of water," "can't pass." Then a voice shouted, "Try Miggles's." A ten minutes' splashing and we drew up. The driver tried the gate; it was locked.

"Miggles! O Miggles!"

No answer.

"Migg-ells! You Miggles!" continued the driver, with rising wrath.

"Migglesy!" joined in a passenger, persuasively. "O Miggy! Mig!"

But no reply came from the apparently insensate Miggles.

So we called on Miggles in chorus. And when we had finished, a Hibernian fellow-passenger called for "Maygells!"

To our amazement the chorus of "Miggles" was repeated from the other side of the wall, even to the final "Maygells."

"Extraordinary echo," said the judge.

"Extraordinary!" roared the driver contemptuously. "Come out of that, Miggles, and show yourself! Be a man, Miggles!"

"My good man! Mr. Myghail!" said the judge, "Consider the inhospitality of refusing shelter from the inclemency of the weather. Really, my dear sir—" But a succession of "Miggles," ending in a burst of laughter, drowned his voice.

The driver hesitated no longer. Taking a heavy stone, he battered down the gate, and entered. We followed. Nobody was to be seen.

"Do you know this Miggles?" asked the judge.

"No nor don't want to," said Yuba Bill, shortly.

"But, my dear sir," expostulated the judge.

"Lookee here," said Yuba Bill, "hadn't you better go back and sit in the coach till yer introduced? I'm going in," and he pushed open the door.

A long room lighted only by the embers of a fire; somebody sitting in a large arm-chair by the fireplace. This we saw as we crowded into the room.

"Hello, be you Miggles?" said Yuba Bill.

The figure neither spoke nor stirred. Yuba Bill walked wrathfully toward it, and turned his lantern upon its face. It was a man's face, prematurely old and wrinkled, with large eyes, in which there was that expression of solemnity sometimes seen in an owl. The large eyes wandered from Yuba Bill's face to the lantern, and finally fixed their gaze on that luminous object, without further recognition.

"Miggles! Be you deaf? You ain't dumb anyhow, you know;" and Yuba Bill shook the insensate figure.

To our dismay, as Bill removed his hand, the stranger apparently collapsed, sinking into an undistinguishable heap of clothing.

"Well, dern my skin," said Bill.

Here he was interrupted by "Miggles! O Miggles! Migglesy! Mig!" and, in fact, the whole chorus of Miggles.

We gazed at each other in alarm. The cause, however, was soon discovered in a magpie, who immediately relapsed into a sepulchral silence. It was his voice which we had heard in the road.

Just then we heard a quick step on the porch, the trailing of a wet skirt, the door was flung open, and with a flash of white teeth, a sparkle of dark eyes, and an utter absence of ceremony, a young woman entered, shut the door, and, panting, leaned against it.

"O, if you please, I'm Miggles!"

"You see, boys," said she, quite out of breath, and holding one hand against her side, "you see, boys, I was mor'n two miles away when you passed down the road. I thought you might pull up here, and so I ran the whole way, knowing no one was home but Jim,—and—and—I'm out of breath—and—that lets me out."

Miggles caught her dripping hat from her head; attempted to put back her hair; dropped two hair-pins; laughed and sat down.

The judge recovered himself first and essayed a compliment.

"I'll trouble you for that thar har-pin," said Miggles, gravely. The missing hair-pin was restored to its fair owner; and Miggles, crossing the room, looked keenly in the face of the invalid. The solemn eyes looked at hers with an expression we had never seen before. Life and intelligence seemed to struggle back into the rugged face.

"This afflicted person is—" hesitated the judge.

"Jim," said Miggles.

"Your father?"

"No."

"Brother?"

"No."

"Husband?"

"No; it's Jim. Come," she said briskly, "you must be hungry. Who'll bear a hand to help me get tea?"

In the now bright, blazing fire we could see the walls were papered with illustrated journals, arranged with taste. The furniture was extemporized from candle-boxes and packing-cases, covered with gay calico, or the skin of some animal.

During the meal we heard a noise like the rubbing of a heavy body against the outer walls of the house, followed by a scratching and sniffing at the door. "That's Joaquin," said Miggles, in reply to our questioning glances; "would you like to see him?" Before we could answer she had opened the door, and disclosed a half-grown grizzly, who instantly raised himself on his haunches, with his forepaws hanging down in the popular attitude of mendicancy, and looking admiringly at Miggles.

"That's my watch dog. Oh, he don't bite," she added, as the two lady passengers fluttered into a corner. "Does he, old Toppy?" (the latter remark being addressed to Joaquin). "I tell you what, boys," continued Miggles, "you were in big luck that Joaquin wasn't hanging round when you dropped in to-night."

"Where was he?" asked the judge.

"With me. Why he trots round with me nights like as if he was a dog!"

Presently Miggles declared that it was time to "turn in," and showed the ladies to an adjoining room. "You boys will have to camp out here by the fire," she added, "for thar ain't but the one room."

When Miggles re-entered it was not the same Miggles who a few hours before had flashed upon us. She drew a low stool beside the paralytic's chair, sat down, drew a blanket over her shoulders, and saying, "If it's all the same to you, boys, as we're rather crowded, I'll stop here to-night," took the invalid's withered hand in her own, and turned her eyes upon the dying fire.

Suddenly she asked:

"Is there any of you that knows me?"

There was no reply.

"Think again! I lived at Marysville in '53. Everybody knew me there, and everybody had the right to know me. I kept the Polka saloon until I came to live with Jim. That's six years ago. Perhaps I've changed some."

She turned her head to the fire, and it was some seconds before she spoke.

"Well, you see I thought some of you must have known me. There's no great harm done, anyway. What I was going to say was this: Jim, here, used to know me if you didn't, and spent a heap of money on me. I reckon he spent all he had. And one day — it's six years ago this winter — he came into my room, sat down on my sofy, like as you see him in that chair, and never moved again without help. He was struck all of a heap, and never seemed to know what ailed him. The doctors came and said as how he would never get better, and couldn't last long anyway. They advised me to send him to the hospital, for he was no good to anyone and would be a baby all his life. Perhaps it was something in Jim's eye, perhaps it was because I had no one to care for, but I said 'No.' I sold out my business and bought this yer place, because it was sort of out of the way, you see, and brought my baby here.

"It was a long time before I could get the hang of things about yer, for I was used to company and excitement. But Jim and I

managed to worry through. The doctor would run up once in a while. He'd ask to see 'Miggles's baby,' as he called Jim, and when he'd go away he'd say, 'Miggles, you're a trump; God bless you;' and it didn't seem so lonely after that. But the last time he was here he said, as he opened the door to go, 'Do you know, Miggles, your baby will grow up to be a man yet and an honor to his mother? But not here, Miggles, not here.' And I thought he went away sad, and — and — " here Miggles's voice and head were lost in the shadow.

"I was pretty lonely until I picked up Joaquin in the woods yonder one day, when he wasn't so high, and taught him to beg for his dinner; and then thar's Polly — that's the magpie — she knows no end of tricks, and makes it quite sociable of evenings with her talk, and so I don't feel as I was the only living being around the ranch. And Jim, here," said Miggles, with her old laugh, "Jim — why, boys, you would admire to see how much he knows for a man like him. Sometimes I bring him flowers, and he looks at 'em just as natural as if he knew 'em; and times, when we're sitting alone, I read him those things on the wall. Why, I've read him that whole side of the house this winter. There never was such a man for reading as Jim."

"Why," asked the judge, "do you not marry this man to whom you have devoted your life?"

"Well, you see, it would be playing it rather low down on Jim, to take advantage of his being so helpless. And then, too; if we were man and wife, we'd both know that I was bound to do what I do now of my own accord."

"But you are young yet and attractive ——"

"It's getting late," said Miggles, gravely, "and you'd better all turn in. Good night, boys," and, throwing the blanket over her head, Miggles lay down beside Jim's chair, her head pillowed on the stool that held his feet, and spoke no more.

I fell asleep and only awoke at broad day, with Yuba Bill standing over me, and "all aboard" ringing in my ears.

Miggles was gone.

As we reached the high-road, on a little eminence beside the

road stood Miggles, her hair flying, her eyes sparkling, her handkerchief waving, and her white teeth flashing a last "good-by." We exchanged not a word until the stage drew up at the Independence House. Then we took our places gravely at the bar.

"Are your glasses charged, gentlemen?" said the judge, solemnly taking off his hat.

They were.

"Well, then, here's to Miggles, God bless her!"

Perhaps He had. Who knows?

THE PLUMBER'S REVENGE.

CANTO I. — THE DEATH-BED OATH.

IT was some thirty years ago,
  An evening calm and red,
When a gold-haired stripling stood beside
  His father's dying bed.
"Attend, my son," the sick man said,
  "Unto my dying tones,
And swear eternal vengeance to
  The entire race of Jones.
For why? Just nineteen years ago
  A girl sat by my side,
With cheek of rose and eye of blue,
  My peerless promised bride.
A viper by the name of Jones
  Came in between us twain;
With honeyed words he stole away
  My loved Belinda Jane.
Now listen to me, Walter Smith;
  Hie to yon plumber bold,
An' thou would'st ease my dying pang,
  His 'prentice be enrolled.
For Jones has many houses on
  The fashionable squares;

And thou, perchance, may'st be called in
To see to the repairs.
Think of thy father's stolen love,
Recall thy father's ills,
Remember this, the death-bed oath,
And then make Jones's bills."

CANTO II. — THE YOUNG AVENGER.

Young Walter's to the plumber gone,
A boy with smut on nose;
Furnace and carpet sack in hand,
With the journeyman he goes.
Now grown a journeyman himself,
In grimy hand he gripes
A candle-end, and 'neath the sink
Explores the frozen pipes.
He gives his fiat: "They are frozen
Down about sixteen feet;
If you want water ere July
You must dig up the street."
"Practical Plumber" now is he
As witnesseth his sign,
And ready now "to undertake
Repairs in any line."
One day a housemaid, as he sat
Awaiting unwary folk,
Came crying, "Ho, Sir Smith, Sir Smith,
Sir Jones's pipes is broke!"
He girt his apron round his loins,
His tools took from the shelf,
And to the journeyman he said,
"I'll see to this myself."

CANTO III. — THE TRAITOR'S DOOM.

The Jones' had many houses on
The avenues and squares,

And hired the young avenger Smith,
  To see to the repairs.
And Smith put faucets in, and cocks,
  And meters eke, and taps,
Connections, T-joints, sewer-pipes,
  Basins, and water-traps.
He tore the walls, and ripped the floors
  To reach the pipes beyond,
And excavations in the street
  And 'neath the sidewalk yawned.
And Jones would wring his hands and cry:
  "Woe, woe, and utter woe!
Ah me, that taxes should be high,
  And rents should be so low!"
Then he would give to Smith the house
  As instalment on account
Of its repairs, and notes of hand
  For the rest of the amount.

CANTO IV. — AVENGED AT LAST.

Now, Smith had been a dozen years
  In the practical plumbing line,
And the bills of Smith did not grind slow,
  And they ground extremely fine.
Terrace by terrace, house by house,
  The lands of Jones he took,
And heavier still the balance was
  Writ in that fatal book.
At last no property nor cash
  Had he, so he did fail,
And the avenging plumber locked
  Him in the debtor's jail.
Quoth he: "I've sworn avenged to be
  On thee, thy kin and kith;
Rememberest thou Belinda Jane?
  I am the son of Smith!!!"

A TALE OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

FREDERICK G. WEBB.

THE mask of peace was thrown aside; the war-cry thundered forth,
And Britain's sons went out to beard the terror of the North;
And in the midst of those who sailed, and those who fought and bled,
Our 24th was found, with noble Norris at our head.

A giant was our captain, though his years were not a few,
And big his battle-scars — how much they'd cost him no one knew.
To those who hadn't fought with him, he might seem rough, maybe,
But we, who knew his gallant spirit, loved him fervently.

New to our ranks was Charley Wynne — a boy with curly hair
And features like a girl's, but of a temper blithe and rare;
A widowed mother saw him leave, the youngster's only friend,
Until *we* liked him; then we tried his careless ways to mend.

For Captain Norris couldn't stand his boyish pranks and fun,
The rules he loved to see obeyed, were broken one by one;
For both were gallant soldiers, but their views were wide apart;
And something like a hatred grew between each honest heart.

Ah! how we strove that fearful day, when, close by Alma's stream,
The grey-coat Russians pelted down, and broke each soldier-dream.
Flashed sword and sabre, as we hewed them down from left to right;
The 24th had never flinched; who now would shirk the fight?

And in the midst our reckless Charley like a hero stood,
His woman's figure, woman's face, begrimed with smoke and
blood;
Our captain almost stopped to stare, to see those foemen fall,
For though we each fought fiercely, yet the boy did best of all.

That shining sword, that yellow hair, were always in the van;
Down went the Russian hounds before the dauntless Englishman;
Where were his boyish follies now? the *soldier*, like a star,
Shone in the hour of battle — brave as only Britons are.

But suddenly there came a change; poor Wynne had got away
From all the rest, when orders came to stand awhile at bay;
Then something struck our comrade's horse, it stumbled — and the
lad
Was left to fight on foot; a fight that but one ending had.

How well he struggled! but his arm grew weak; 'twas nearly
o'er;
We shut our eyes, to hide the sight, while closer still and more
They crept around him. Then a man, with one wild, headlong
dash,
Spurred from our ranks, and darted to the rescue like a flash.

'Twas Norris! discipline forgot; yet what was he to him,
This soldier who could never please the veteran grave and grim?
Fast flew the shots around him, but he galloped on unhurt,
His fine old figure straight and firm, the ride, one mighty spurt.

He caught the boy, just as he fell, as lightly as a feather,
Then drew him to the saddle, and away they flew together.
Cheer after cheer went wildly up, as on the charger came
To where we waited, waited for them, all our hearts aflame.

Hark, hush! a shot came rattling out. Then came a Russian yell,
And then the captain wavered — rose in agony — and fell;

Great heaven, he's down! the demons leapt upon him with a bound,
Whilst up with senseless Charley came the charger, safe and sound.

We flew upon the Russians! not an army yet could stand
A maddened charge like that; then took our comrade by the hand;
He gave a glance of welcome, and "Is Wynne all right?" he said;
Then, smiling at our muttered "Yes," the man we loved—was dead.

SO I GOT TO THINKIN' OF HER.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

I GOT to thinkin' of her, both her parents dead and gone,
And all her sisters married off, and none but her and John
A-livin' all alone there in that lonesome sort o' way,
And him a blame old bachelor, confirmder every day.
I'd known 'em all from children, and their daddy from the time
He settled in the neighborhood and hadn't ary a dime
Er dollar, when he married, fer to start housekeepin' on;
So I got to thinkin' of her, both her parents dead and gone!

I got to thinkin' of her, and a-wundern what she done
That all her sisters kep' a-gittin' married, one by one,
And her without no chances, and the best girl of the pack,
An old maid, with her hands, you might say, tied behind her back!
And mother, too, before she died, she ust to jes' take on,
When none on 'em was left, you know, but Evaline and John,
And jes' declare to goodness 'at the young men must be blind
To see what a wife they'd git if they got Evaline.

I got to thinkin' of her; in my great affliction she
Was sich a comfort to us, and so kind and neighborly;

She'd come and leave her housework, fer to he'p out little Jane,
And talk of her own mother, 'at she'd never see again,
Maybe sometimes cry together, though fer the most part, she
Would have the child so reconciled, and happy like, 'at we
Felt lonesomer'n ever; she'd put her bonnet on
And say she'd railly haf to be a-gittin' back to John!

I got to thinkin' of her, as I say; and more and more
I'd think of her dependence, and the burdens 'at she bore;
Her parents both a-bein' dead, an' all her sisters gone
And married off, and her a-livin' there alone with John;
You might say jes' a-toilin' and a-slavin' out her life
For a man 'at hadn't pride enough to get hissef a wife,
'Less some one married Evaline, and packed her off some day;
So I got to thinkin' of her, and it happened that a-way.

CONCERNING KISSES.

THERE'S a jolly Saxon proverb that is pretty much like this,
That a man is half in heaven if he has a woman's kiss.
There is danger in delaying, for the sweetness may forsake it;
So I tell you, bashful lover, if you want a kiss, why, take it.

Never let another fellow steal a march on you in this;
Never let a laughing maiden see you spoiling for a kiss.
There's a royal way to kissing, and the jolly ones who make it
Have a motto that is winning—if you want a kiss, why, take it.

Any fool may face a cannon, anybody wear a crown,
But a man must win a woman if he'd have her for his own;
Would you have the golden apple, you must find the tree and shake it;
If the thing is worth the having, and you want a kiss, why, take it.

Who would burn upon the desert with a forest smiling by?
Who would change his sunny summer for a bleak and wintry sky?
Oh, I tell you there is magic, and you cannot, cannot break it;
For the sweetest part of loving is to *want* a kiss and *take* it!

EL CANALO.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

[El Canalo, or the cinnamon-colored, is the name of the choicest breed of the California horse. These animals are capable of extraordinary speed and endurance, and between them and their riders exists the same constant friendship that characterizes the Arab and his steed. The noted ride of Gen. Fremont from Pueblo de los Angeles to Monterey furnishes an evidence of what these horses have accomplished.]

NOW saddle El Canalo — the freshening wind of morn
Down in the flowery vega is stirring through the corn;
The thin smoke of the ranches grows red with coming day,
And the steed's impatient stamping is eager for the way!

My glossy-limbed Canalo, thy neck is curved in pride,
Thy slender ears pricked forward, thy nostril straining wide;
And as thy quick neigh greets me, and I catch thee by the mane,
I'm off with the winds of morning — the chieftain of the plain!

I feel the swift air whirring, and see along our track,
From the flinty-paved sierra the sparks go streaming back;
And I clutch my rifle closer as we sweep the dark defile,
Where the red guerilla watches for many a lonely mile!

They reach not El Canalo; with the swiftness of a dream
We've passed the bleak Nevada, and Tulé's icy stream;
But where, on sweeping valleys, my bullet backward sped,
The keen-eyed mountain vultures will circle o'er the dead!

On! on, my brave Canalo! we've dashed the sand and snow
From peaks upholding heaven, from deserts far below;
We've thundered through the forest, while the crackling branches rang,
And trooping elks, affrighted, from lair and covert sprang!

We've swam the swollen torrent, we've distanced in the race
The baying wolves of Pinos that panted with the chase;

And still thy mane streams backward, at every thrilling bound,
And still thy measured hoof-stroke beats with its morning sound!

The seaward winds are wailing through Santa Barbara's pines,
And like a sheathless sabre, the far Pacific shines;
Hold to thy speed, my arrow! at nightfall thou shalt lave
Thy hot and smoking haunches beneath his silver wave!

My head upon thy shoulder, along the sloping sand
We'll sleep as trusty brothers, from out the mountain land;
The pines will sound in answer to the surges on the shore,
And in our dreams, Canalo, we'll make the journey o'er!

A JAIL-BIRD'S STORY.

SOME'OW I don't mind talkin' about myself; but when it comes to speakin' about little Charlie, I feels took aback like. There comes a ugly sort o' lump into my throat, an' my voice gets sorter 'usky, an' I can't see quite clear through my eyes. Yer see I never 'ad nobody for to love, nor nobody for to love me, exceptin' little Charlie.

It was in the park I found 'im, soon after I was discharged from the 'orspital. I 'ad been tryin' 'ard to live honest, but it were 'arder work than the treadmill. One dark night, after I'd been tryin' to get a job for a night's lodgin' without earnin' a copper, an' after bein' turned away from the work-'ouse becos they was a-doin' of sich a roarin' trade, I got into the park, an' made for one of the benches. In the reg'ler season for sleepin' in the park I 'ad a pertickler bench which I always patterernized, an' though it was too bitter cold for to be the reg'ler season now, I made straight for my usual seat. When I gets up to it, I finds somebody a-lyin' on it already, an' in my most specialist an' most perticklerist corner.

"Mate," I says, speakin' wery calm an' perlite to the bundle in the corner, "mate," I says, "excuse me, but that 'ere corner where you are a-snoozin' is my own special an' pertickler corner, what

I 'as reg'ler. If yer doubts my word," I says, "ask any lady or gen'l'man as is in the 'abit 'o sleepin' 'ere; an' if you want any other references, there ain't a perleeceman in this 'ere metrolopus as don't know me."

The bundle didn't make no answer.

"Excuse me, mate," I says again, "but there ain't no other gen'l'man as uses this park as wouldn't rekernise my right to that 'ere corner, an' be'ave as sich. I knows a good deal about the lawrs of this country, for no man 'as broke more of 'em than me; an' my opinion is as the lawr itself would give me the persession of that corner, in consideration of length of tenner. 'Ave yer," I says, "any objection to go to some other bench, or at least for to move into the other corner? We'll share the clothes," I says sarcastical, "between us."

Still I didn't get no answer, an' I steps quietly up to the silent bundle, an' turned aside the ragged old shawl. Just at the moment the moon shone out, an' by its faint light I see that the shawl was coverin'—not a great, rough chap like me, but a little child, of, maybe, seven or eight years old, with white, starved flesh, an' thin, worn, wee 'ands. Fallin' 'alf over 'is pale, pinched face was curls of sich beautiful 'air as I 'ad never seen before—'air that looked as though it 'ad been all dipped in gold. One 'and was lyin' on 'is breast, like as though 'e 'ad put it there for warmth, an' in it was nestlin' a little yeller canary-bird. Tears come into my eyes for the fust time I could remember.

Just then the little un opened 'is eyes an' see me bendin' over 'im—a rough, dirty fellow. But 'e didn't shrink from me, 'e didn't cry, or 'ide 'isself from me. No; but 'e stretched out 'is little arm, and 'is poor little 'and slipped into mine. Then 'is little lips opened an' 'e says, "I'm Charlie. Who are you?"

"My name's Jack, little un," I says, wery 'usky.

"Haven't you got any 'ome, Jack?"

"No, I ain't got no 'ome, Charlie."

"Then you're like me," says Charlie. "I haven't got any 'ome either. Mother died—oh, such a long time ago it seems—an' father's gone away now. So I came into the park to sleep, I an'

the little bird, Jack — the bird that used to sing to mother. Father used to say 'e'd kill it, but, oh! I'm so glad 'e never did, because there's nobody to love me now but the little bird that mother loved, Jack. You won't 'urt us, Jack, will you?" An' 'e raised my 'and to 'is little lips, and kissed it. Then, like as though there'd been a river there dammed up all my life, my 'eart overflowed; an' I threw off my coat, an' wrapped it round little Charlie. An' soon, in my arms, 'e fell asleep; an' when the mornin' broke I carried 'im to a little bit of a room, where they took us in — me, an' my boy, an' 'is little bird.

That's 'ow me an' Charlie begun to live together. I tried wery, wery 'ard to get a livin', turnin' my 'and to anythink. But times was bad, an' often I went back to Charlie without no money in my pocket.

When the summer come we done a little better. Sometimes me an' Charlie used to get out into the country a bit, an' used to see the green fields, an' the flowers, an' the great trees, with the blue sky all over. An' always Charlie brought the little bird with 'im. We'd bought a little cage; an' before we went back we always put in some green grass, and then Dicky would sing all the sweeter an' louder, an' 'op about so pleased that Charlie used to clap 'is 'ands for joy. But when the days grew shorter, everythink went bad again. God knows I tried 'ard, but every man's 'and seemed against me, an' I got poorer an' poorer, an' work scarcer an' scarcer, till at last, as the winter set in, we was starvin'. We could scarcely even give a crumb to the little bird. An' then Charlie was took ill becos I couldn't give 'im food, an' drink, an' warm clothes. 'E'd been tryin' to sell matches in the streets for a bit; but at last 'e 'ad to give that up, for 'e was too sick to move. 'E used to lie so pale an' thin in 'is rough bed, while 'is bird 'opped about the pillow an' sang to 'im.

I want to tell the rest quickly; for 'tis 'ard to tell. It all 'appened becos of one thing—we was starvin'. I'd been out all day an' brought back nothing. Charlie was lyin' in 'is bed, the last time but one that ever I see 'is dear little pale face, or put my 'and on the curls that was all so soft an' golden. There was no fire in

the room, an' one wee 'and was pressed inside 'is ragged shirt for warmth, an' the little bird nestled in it—just like when I found 'em in the park.

I closed the door, crep' down the stairs, an' out into the lighted streets, full o' people 'urryin' to their comfortable 'omes, to their warm fires and groanin' tables. An' that night I went back on the good resolves I'd made, for I stole! But 'twas only food I stole—food for poor, starvin' little Charlie, as was lyin' sick in that lonely garret, with 'is little bird pressed to 'is 'eart.

The touch of the perleeceman's 'and was on my shoulder, an' 'e says, with a smile, "Up to the old game again, Jack, eh? Thought we should 'ave yer again before long. I know yer. Come along. Yer know the way."

Once more I stood before the judge, an' for once in my life I asked for mercy:

"I did it, sir. I took it. But 'twas not for me; 'twas for my little Charlie. I left 'im starvin' sir, an' 'e loves me, an' I never 'ad nobody else for to love me but Charlie. The world's so full o' plenty, it can't be right that 'e should die o' want. There's somethink all wrong, sir. Let me go, sir—let me go back to 'im. Some people 'as all they want, but I've only got little Charlie. 'E's sich a little feller, an' 'e's so thin, an' pale, an' weak; an' 'e loves me, an' 'is 'air's all soft and golden. I can't 'elp it, sir; excuse me; I've got a hincipient somethink in my 'eart, an' it's a-comin' on"

An' I put my 'ead in my tremblin' 'ands an' cried.

Then the judge says, "Six weeks."

Caged again!

'Twas the day before Christmas as I was let out of jail. There was slush, an' snow, an' piercin' wind, an' bitter cold. Again the warm 'ouses, an' gay theaytres, an' lighted churches as I trudged along to the garret where I'd left Charlie six weeks before.

'E'd gone! Got up an' went away with 'is matches an' 'is bird soon after I 'ad been took away from 'im.

Out of the 'ouse I came, an' on I walked, searchin' for my poor, lost Charlie. At last somethink came over me to go to the park—to the place where I fust see 'im, that night what seemed so long ago.

Into the park I got, an' straight on to the old seat I went.

An' there, crouched on the bench, I found 'im at last; 'an 'ugged to 'is poor, cold bosom was the cage with 'is little bird.

"Charlie! Charlie! Charlie!"

Open at last came the big, blue eyes, an' again I 'eard 'is voice, but so faint an' weak:

"Jack!—I—was a-comin'—to meet you—at the prison gates. They told me—where—you was caged—an' I walked across—the park—an' I rested 'ere, becos—I—got tired, an' so weak—an' I think I fell asleep. Jack—Jack—do you 'ear the bells—the Christmas bells?"

"Yes, Charlie; 'tis Christmas morning."

"Jack, tell me—once more—the tale you 'eard once—about the woman an'—the Child."

An' I told 'im.

The little 'ands on the cage loosed their clutch, an' down it fell. As it fell the door came open, an' up, up through the snow went Charlie's bird.

An' up through the snow, free at last, went the soul of little Charlie—up to the Child Jesus.

A SEASIDE INCIDENT.

MARC COOK.

"WHY, Bob, you dear old fellow,
Where have you been these years?
In Egypt, India, Khiva,
With the Khan's own volunteers?
Have you scaled the Alps or Andes,
Sailed to Isles of Amazons?
What climate, Bob, has wrought the change
Your face from brown to bronze?"

She placed a dimpled hand in mine,
  In the same frank, friendly way;
We stood once more on the dear old beach,
  And it seemed but yesterday
Since, standing on this same white shore,
  She said, with eyelids wet,
"Good-by. You may remember, Bob,
  But I shall not forget."

I held her hand and whispered low:
  "Madge, darling, what of the years,
The ten long years that have intervened
  Since, through the mist of tears,
We looked good-by on this same white beach
  Here by the murmuring sea?
You, Madge, were then just twenty,
  And I was twenty-three."

A crimson blush came to her cheek,
  "Hush, Bob!" she quickly said;
"Let's look at the bathers in the surf—
  There's Nellie and cousin Ned."
"And who's that portly gentleman
  On the shady side of life?"
"Oh, he belongs to our party, too—
  In fact, Bob, I'm his wife!

"And I tell you, Bob, it's an awful thing,
  The way he does behave;
Flirts with that girl in steel-gray silk—
  Bob, why do you look so grave?"
  The fact is, Madge—I—well, ahem!
  Oh, nothing at all, my dear—
Except that she of the steel-gray silk
  Is the one I married last year!"

HEART'S-EASE.

OF all the bonny buds that blow,
In bright or cloudy weather,
Of all the flowers that come and go,
The whole twelve moons together,
This little purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the sweetest, saddest things.

I had a little lover once,
Who used to give me posies;
His eyes were blue as hyacinths,
His lips were red as roses;
And everybody loved to praise
His pretty looks and winsome ways.

The girls that went to school with me
Made little jealous speeches,
Because he brought me royally
His biggest plums and peaches,
And always at the door would wait,
To carry home my books and slate.

They couldn't see — with pout and fling
"The mighty fascination
About that little snub-nosed thing,
To win such admiration;
As if there weren't a dozen girls
With nicer eyes and longer curls!

And this I knew as well as they,
And never could see clearly
Why, more than Marion or May,
I should be loved so dearly.

So once I asked him, why was this
He only answered with a kiss;

Until I teased him: "Tell me why,
  I want to know the reason."
Then from the garden-bed close by
  (The pansies were in season)
He plucked and gave a flower to me,
With sweet and simple gravity.

"The garden is in bloom," he said,
  "With lilies pale and slender,
With roses and verbenas red,
  And fuchsias' purple splendor;
But over and above the rest,
This little heart's-ease suits me best."

"Am I your little heart's-ease, then?"
  I asked with blushing pleasure.
He answered "Yes!" and "Yes!" again—
  "Heart's-ease and dearest treasure;"
That the round world and all the sea
Held nothing half so sweet as me!

I listened with a proud delight,
  Too rare for words to capture,
Nor ever dreamed what sudden blight,
  Would come to chill my rapture
Could I foresee the tender bloom
Of pansies round a little tomb?

Life holds some stern experience,
  As most of us discover,
And I've had other losses since
  I lost my little lover;
But still this purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the sweetest, saddest things.

AN OVERSIGHT OF MAKE-UP.

A SWEET little baby brother
Had come to live with Flo,
And she wanted it brought to the table
That it might eat and grow.
"It must wait for awhile," said grandma,
In answer to her plea;
"For a little thing that hasn't teeth
Can't eat like you and me."

"Why hasn't it got teeth, grandma?"
Asked Flo, in great surprise.
"Oh, my! but isn't it funny?
No teeth, but nose and eyes.
I guess," after thinking gravely,
"They must have been forgot;
Can't we buy him some like grandpa's?
I'd like to know why not."

That afternoon to the corner,
With paper and pen and ink,
Went Flo, saying, "Don't talk to me,
If you do you'll 'sturb my think.
I'm writing a letter, grandma,
To send away to-night,
An' 'cause it's very 'portant
I want to get it right."

At last the letter was finished,
A wonderful thing to see,
And directed to "God in heaven."
"Please read it over to me,"
Said little Flo to her grandma,
"To see if it's right, you know."

And here is the letter written
  To God, by little Flo:

"Dear God,—The baby you brought us
  Is awful nice and sweet;
But 'cause you forgot his toofies,
  The poor little thing can't eat.
That's why I'm writing this letter,
  A-purpose to let you know.
Please come and finish the baby.
  That's all. From Little Flo."

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

Arranged by ELSIE M. WILBOR.

[For many years a bitter war had been waged between Malatesta, lord of Rimini, and Guido da Polenta, lord of Ravenna. Guido having been terribly defeated, Malatesta conceives the plan of marrying his eldest son Lanciotto to Guido's daughter Francesca in order to secure future peace. Lanciotto is the great captain of his side, a renowned soldier, and a man of giant intellect. But he is horribly deformed. The Ghibelins referred to in the text is the name of one of the two great parties into which Italy and Germany were divided from the 11th till the 14th century, and to which Guido belonged. The following scene is between Malatesta and Lanciotto, when the father first tells the son of the proposed marriage.]

MALATESTA. (1) Guido, ay Guido of Ravenna, son,
(2) Down on his knees, as full of abject prayers
For peace and mercy as a penitent.

LANCIOTTO. (3) His old trick, father. While his wearied arm
Is raised in seeming prayer, it only rests.
Anon, he'll deal you such a staggering blow,
With its recovered strength, as shall convert
You, and not him, into a penitent.

MAL. No, no; your last bout levelled him. (4) He reeled
Into Ravenna, from the battle-field,

Like a stripped drunkard, and there headlong fell—
A mass of squalid misery, a thing
To draw the jeering urchins. (5) I have this
From faithful spies. There's not a hope remains
To break the shock of his great overthrow.
(6) I pity Guido.

LAN. (7) 'Sdeath! go comfort him!

(8) I pity those who fought, and bled, and died,
Before the armies of this Ghibelin.
I pity those who halted home with wounds
Dealt by his hand. I pity widowed eyes
That he set running; maiden hearts that turn,
Sick with despair, from ranks thinned down by him;
Mothers that shriek, as the last stragglers fling
Their feverish bodies by the fountain-side,
Dumb with mere thirst, and faintly point to him,
Answering the dame's quick questions. (9) I have seen
Unburied bones, and skulls that seemed to ask,
From their blank eye-holes, vengeance at my hand,
And even these—the happy dead, my lord—
I pity more than Guido of Ravenna!

MAL. (10) What would you have?

LAN. (11) I'd see Ravenna burn,
Flame into heaven, and scorch the flying clouds;
I'd choke her streets with ruined palaces;
I'd hear her women scream with fear and grief,
As I have heard the maids of Rimini.
All this I'd sprinkle with old Guido's blood,
And bless the baptism.

MAL. (12) You are cruel.

LAN. Not I;

But these things (13) ache within my fretting brain.
(14) The sight I first beheld was from the arms
Of my wild nurse, her husband (15) hacked to death
By the fierce edges of these Ghibelins.
(16) One cut across the neck — (17) I see it now,

(18) Ay, and have mimicked it a thousand times,
Just as I saw it, on our enemies.
(19) Why, that cut seemed as if it meant to bleed
On till the judgment. (20) My distracted nurse
Stooped down, and paddled in the running gore
With her poor fingers; then a prophetess,
Pale with the inspiration of the gods,
She towered aloft, and with her dripping hand
(21) Three times she signed me with the holy cross.
(22) 'Tis all as plain as noon-day. (23) Thus she spake:
(24) "May this spot stand till Guido's dearest blood
Be mingled with thy own!" (25) The soldiers say,
In the close battle, when my wrath is up,
The dead man's blood flames on my vengeful brow
Like a red planet; and when war is o'er,
(26) It shrinks into my brain (27) defiling all
My better nature with its slaughterous lusts.
(28) Howe'er it be, it shaped my earliest thought,
And it will shape my last.

MAL. (29) You moody churl!
Do you not blush to empty such a head
Before a sober man? Why, son, the world
Has not given o'er its laughing humor yet,
That you should try it with such vagaries. Poh!
I'll get a wife to teach you common-sense.

LAN. A wife for me! [*Laughing.*]

MAL. Ay, sir, a wife for you.
You shall be married to insure your wits.

LAN. 'Tis not your wont to mock me.

MAL. How now, son!
I am not given to jesting. I have chosen
The fairest wife in Italy for you.
You won her bravely, as a soldier should;
And when you'd woo her (30) stretch your gauntlet out,
And crush her fingers in its steely grip.
(31) If you will plead, I ween she dare not say—

No, by your leave. (32) Should she refuse, howe'er,
With that same iron hand you shall go knock
Upon Ravenna's gates, till all the town
Ring with your courtship. I have made her hand
The price and pledge of Guido's future peace.

LAN. (33) All this is done?

MAL. (34) Done, out of hand; and now
I wait a formal answer, nothing more.
Guido dare not decline.

LAN. (35) Sir, let me say,
You stretch paternal privilege too far,
To pledge my hand without my own consent.
Am I a portion of your household stuff,
That you should trade me off to Guido thus?
Who is the lady I am bartered for?

MAL. Francesca, Guido's daughter. (36) Never frown;
It shall be so!

LAN. (37) By heaven, it shall not be!
My blood shall never mingle with his race.

MAL. (38) According to your nurse's prophecy,
Fate orders it.

LAN. (39) Ha!

MAL. (40) Now, then, I have struck
The chord that answers to your gloomy thoughts.
Put Guido's blood aside, and still I say,
Marry, you shall.

LAN. 'Tis most distasteful, sir.

MAL. (41) Lanciotto, look ye! You brave gentleman,
So fond of knocking out poor people's brains,
In time must come to have your own knocked out;
What, then, if you bequeath no new hands
To carry on your business, and our house
Die out for lack of princes?

LAN. (42) Wed my brothers;
They'll rear you sons, I'll slay your enemies.
Paola and Francesca! Note their names;

They chime together like sweet marriage-bells.
A proper match. 'Tis said she's beautiful;
And he is the delight of Rimini.
I am a soldier; from my very birth
Heaven cut me out for terror, not for love.
(43) I had such fancies once, but now—
MAL. Pshaw! son,
My faith is bound to Guido; (44) and if you
Do not throw off your duty and defy,
Through sickly scruples, my express commands,
You'll yield at once. (45) No more; (46) I'll have it so!
[*Exit.*]

LAN. (47) Curses upon my destiny! What, I—
(48) Ho! I have found my use at last! What, I,
I, the great twisted monster of the wars,
The brawny cripple, the herculean dwarf,
The spur of panic, and the butt of scorn—
I be a bridegroom! (49) Heaven, was I not cursed
More than enough, when thou didst fashion me
To be a type of ugliness,— a thing
By whose comparison all Rimini
Holds itself beautiful? (50) Lo! here I stand,
A gnarléd, blighted trunk! (51) There's not a knave
So spindle-shanked, so wry-faced, so infirm,
Who looks at me, and smiles not on himself.
(52) And I have friends to pity me—great Heaven!
One has a favorite leg that he bewails;
Another sees my hip with doleful plaints;
A third is sorry o'er my huge, swart arms;
A fourth aspires to mount my very hump,
And thence harangue his weeping brotherhood!
Pah! it is nauseous! (53) Must I further bear
The sidelong, shuddering glances of a wife?
(54) The degradation of a showy love,
That overacts, and proves the mummer's craft
(55) Untouched by nature? And a fair wife, too!

(56) Though, by my side, what woman were not fair?
Circe looked well among her swine, no doubt;
Next me, she'd pass for Venus. Ho! ho! ho!
[*Laughing.*]
(57) Would there was something merry in my laugh!
(58) Now, in the battle, if a Ghibelin
Cry, "Wry-hip! hunchback!" I can trample him
Under my stallion's hoofs; or (59) haggle him
Into a monstrous likeness of myself:
(60) But to be pitied,—to endure a sting
Thrust in by kindness with a sort of smile!
(61) 'Sdeath! it is miserable!

RECITATION LESSON-HELPS.

F. TOWNSEND SOUTHWICK.

THIS selection offers a grand opportunity for the expression of many powerful emotions. Lanciotto, in spite of his ruling passion of vindictive hate, has much in him to awaken our sympathies. Under the scoffing manner in which he alludes to himself there is a vein of real pathos, and we can see how much the consciousness of his deformities and the superstitious bent of his mind have warped a nature naturally noble. He "had such fancies once," but the bitter knowledge of the wide difference between himself and those about him has dispelled all illusions, and carried his imagination to the opposite extreme, so that now he deems himself more repulsive than he really is. Yet his craving for genuine love does not cease with the apparent impossibility of its gratification, and it is this that softens the almost too repulsive character exhibited in this scene. Do not make too much of Lanciotto's deformities, or you will appear grotesque.

(1) To the left, triumphantly. Lanciotto speaks, as a rule, to the right. Suggest an old but not infirm person in your impersonation of Malatesta.

(2) Indicate, palm down; hold to the conclusion of the speech, or suggest the "abject prayers" by imitative action.

(3) Contemptuously. Rejection with one or both hands. Descriptive action for the rest. A cynical, half-humorous manner pervades

these lines. Set the jaw pretty firmly. Make no extra noise. Sarcastic emphasis on "penitent."

(4) Indicate Ravenna, but do not attempt to suggest reeling. I have so often pointed out the proper places for gestures of indication that I think I may now safely leave their use in similar passages to the discretion of the reader. Indication does not necessarily require the arm or hand; often the eye and head are quite sufficient. A shake of the head at "no, no" is so obvious as hardly to require mention. Exultation, but not boisterous, throughout; show this in the face.

(5) Confidentially. Action of the left hand, forefinger prominent, in front of the face. A low comedian here would lay his finger against the side of his nose; the attitude is the same, but a foot or so removed.

(6) A pity that has a strong tinge of self-satisfaction in it.

(7) Contemptuous sarcasm.

(8) Fists clinched. Circumflex on "I." Do not emphasize "I" again. Suspensive pause before "Ghibelin," which he spits out with as much of concentrated venom as he can command. Fill in the pause with a vindictive shake of the right fist and solid grip of the jaw. From this on, impart more and more sympathy to the voice.

(9) Hurry the speech; action of both hands, palm up, for "unburied bones;" at "blank eye-holes" indicate your own eyes with convulsive action of the hands. At "vengeance" bring down the clinched fists with as thoroughly diabolical facial expression as you can command. Lanciotto wanders a little from his theme here, but recalls himself and speaks the words "happy dead" with something of tenderness. "Guido of Ravenna" is again vindictive.

(10) An element of surprise here—Are you not satisfied yet?

(11) Both hands seeking heaven with convulsive action; the remaining lines suggest easily the appropriate gestures. Even this outburst of half-insane hatred must have concentration of voice and manner behind it. If you can boil your vocal expression down to a serpent-like hiss at the climax "bless," not forgetting to sustain the passion to the very end, you will get a better effect than can be obtained by mere noise, however great.

(12) Even his father shrinks from him here.

(13) Taps his forehead.

(14) Impetuous rhythm throughout this description until near the conclusion.

(15) Downward and outward movement of the right arm, the outer edge leading.

(16) Hand edgewise across the neck.

(17) Close the eyes and turn away in disgust and horror.

(18) Fiercely and triumphantly.

(19) Sympathetic.

(20) Imitative actions from this on.

(21) Touch your forehead, but do not make the sign of the cross; it is not in the best of taste anywhere, and is quite unnecessary here.

(22) Both hands demonstrative, arms somewhat drawn back.

(23) Do not drop the hands here, but extend the right a little further toward Malatesta, as if to hold his attention.

(24) As if holding an infant on the left arm. Slow and impressive. The right arm raised to heaven, the eye fixed on the spot on the infant's forehead.

(25) Rapid movement again. Indicate your brow and hold to

(26) When both hands approach the brow and then,

(27) Descend downward over the body nearly to the waist-line, finishing with a declarative attitude of both hands.

(28) Throw off the whole affair with a slight shrug and relax the body, letting the breath escape with the words.

(29) Half seriously, half banteringly, but with impatience.

(30) Stretch out the open hand and close the fist at "crush."

(31) Action much as at 5; at "no, by your leave," a slight movement of rejection.

(32) Again as at 31; then suggest knocking at the gates of Ravenna with clinched fist. Extend both arms with clinched fist at "all the town," etc.; back again to the attitude with which you began at "I have made," etc. Malatesta's gestures should generally be made with the left hand.

(33) Starting back.

(34) Strong self-satisfaction.

(35) With growing anger to the end of the speech. Weight on the left foot retired. "Bartered" should have a strong expression of disgust.

(36) Gesture of suppression, the palm toward Lanciotto. Do not make Malatesta splenetic; he holds the reins and knows it.

(37) Starting forward impetuously, the right arm making a powerful affirmative movement on "not," which is exploded with great force. Keep up the excitement to the end.

(38) Malatesta catches at the similarity of Lanciotto's expression to that which he attributed to his nurse a moment before, and quickly turns his own words upon him with evident effect. The attitude should be commanding, the arm stretched toward Lanciotto, palm down; the manner triumphant, eager, but, at the same time, impressive.

(39) Lanciotto falls back in surprise, overcome by this new aspect of his fate. At first his arms express repulsion, his jaw drops in

amazement, his eyes stare. Bewilderment succeeds surprise; his right hand seeks his forehead, the left expressing suspense, his head bowing slightly. He turns partly away from Malatesta, as if to conceal from him the extent to which he is moved. The "Ha!" is little more than a gasp of surprise.

(40) Malatesta eyes him for a moment, then speaks in a half-bantering manner, changing to decision at "marry you shall."

(41) Listen to common-sense! Persuasive argument.

(42) Perhaps with somewhat of sullenness at first, growing eager and animated as he points out the desirability of Paola's marriage.

(43) With a half sigh, but the sigh of a strong man. Turning from Malatesta and speaking half to himself.

(44) Pointing at Lanciotto with forefinger, palm down, head slightly advanced and lowered, so that you look at Lanciotto threateningly from beneath your frowning eyebrows.

(45) Raise the head and draw back the left hand across the body, as if preparing for a gesture of suppression.

(46) Holding the attitude just described, make a single step backward with the right foot, to suggest the exit.

(47) Watch Malatesta's departure, then draw yourself together till every muscle is tense and every nerve charged with force; give the impression that your emotions overpower you. When you finally ejaculate the imprecation, do not bellow. The arms may rise toward heaven, or make a strong downward gesture.

(48) An ironical laugh. This is a burst of scornful irony to 49. Look yourself over, finally extend your arms with open palm at "I be a bridegroom!"

(49) Pause, then with genuine feeling, look imploringly upward, stretching one or both hands toward heaven.

(50) Bitterly. The arms extended, with open hand. Look yourself up and down.

(51) Impetuous rhythm, scornfully.

(52) Sarcastically. Turn to the left, clasp the hands in mock sympathy, the face expressing mocking disgust. At "great Heaven" throw out the arms impatiently. Indicate the leg and hip, extend the "huge, swart arms," touch an imaginary hump on one side or the other, then extend both arms at "harangue."

(53) Genuine feeling again. The hands extend in appeal at "sidelong," etc. Bring the hands near together and to the body, contracting them as you do so; then at "a wife," spread the arms apart, but not too far, as if you would throw off the thought that oppresses you.

(54) Lift the clinched hands a little toward heaven.

(55) Drop the arms despairingly.

(56) Much as at 48. End this passage with the weight on the right foot retired.

(57) Almost despairingly. A good long pause before the change indicated by the next line.

(58) Set the jaw threateningly. Speak with rapidly increasing excitement, but with concentration. At "trample," come forward vehemently with the right foot advanced.

(59) With a twisting movement of the right arm, fist closing, as if carving your opponent into your "monstrous likeness." As ferociously as you choose.

(60) Turn to the left. Change from ferocity to the expression of great mental suffering. The torso sways slightly as if to rid itself of the misery that weighs you down. Suggest "sting" by bringing the thumb and little finger together and twisting action of the hand alone.

(61) On the right foot retired. Raise the clinched fists to heaven, with a writhing motion of the whole body. Hold the attitude for an instant, then return to your normal attitude. It is also possible to make a powerful climax by bringing down the arms at "miserable."

Pronunciation: Gwēdo; Mälätĕs'tä; Rimini=Rē'mēnē; Pŏlĕn'tä; Rävĕn'nä; Lanciotto = Läntshiŏt'tŏ; Francesca = Fräntshĕs'cä; Ghĭb'elĭn. Unaccented *ä* approaches our short *ă* in *at*.

HER LOVER.

MRS. S. C. HAZLETT.

He stood so close beside her chair, and looked down in her eyes
With such a gaze as rapture gives, when joy is love's surprise.
His strong right arm about her twined, his blue eyes humid grew,
As he gently took her little hand and pressed it fondly, too.

He drew her head upon his breast, and leaned his brown locks on
The silver threads, where golden once the sunlight glow had shone.
"My precious darling," whispered he in tender, soothing tone,
"You are all the world, my sweet, to me, and I am yours alone."

The great heart of the woman grew so full of love for him,
The lad who wore such eyes of blue she felt her own grow dim.
So many years between them lay, her work was well-nigh done,
But while she lived, she'd daily pray and thank God for—her son.

MY EDITING.

MARK TWAIN.

I DID not take the temporary editorship of an agricultural paper without misgivings. But I was in circumstances that made the salary an object.

We went to press, and I waited with some solicitude to see whether my effort was going to attract any notice. As I left the office, toward sundown, a group of men and boys at the foot of the stairs gave me passage-way, and I heard one of them say: "That's him!" I was naturally pleased by this incident. The next morning I found people standing here and there in the street, watching me with interest. I heard a man say: "Look at his eye!" I pretended not to observe the notice I was attracting, but secretly I was pleased.

Presently an old gentleman, with a flowing beard and a fine but rather austere face, entered. He seemed to have something on his mind. He set his hat on the floor, and got out a red silk handkerchief and a copy of our paper.

He put the paper on his lap, and, while he polished his spectacles with his handkerchief, he said: "Are you the new editor?"

I said I was.

"Have you ever edited an agricultural paper before?"

"No," I said, "this is my first attempt."

"Very likely. Have you had any experience in agriculture practically?"

"No, I believe I have not."

"Some instinct told me so," said he. "I wish to read you what made me have that instinct. It was this editorial:

"'Turnips should never be pulled, it injures them. It is much better to send a boy up and let him shake the tree.'

"Now what do you think of that?"

"Think of it? Why, I think it is good. I think it is sense. I have no doubt that every year millions of bushels of turnips are

spoiled in this township alone by being pulled in a half-ripe condition, when, if they had sent a boy up to shake the tree ——"

"Shake your grandmother! Turnips don't grow on trees!"

"Oh, they don't, don't they? Well, who said they did? The language was intended to be figurative. Anybody that knows anything will know that I meant that the boy should shake the vine."

Then the old man got up and tore his paper into shreds, and stamped on them, and broke several things with his cane, and said I did not know as much as a cow; and banged the door after him, and, in short, acted in such a way that I fancied he was displeased about something.

Pretty soon, a long, cadaverous creature, with lanky locks hanging down to his shoulders, and a week's stubble bristling from the hills and valleys of his face, darted in and halted motionless, with finger on lip, and head and body bent in listening attitude. Then he turned the key in the door, and came tiptoing toward me till he was within long reaching distance, when he stopped, and after scanning my face with interest, drew a copy of our paper from his bosom, and said:

"There, you wrote that. Read it to me, quick! Relieve me. I suffer."

I read as follows; and as the sentences fell from my lips I could see the drawn muscles relax, and the anxiety go out of the face, and rest and peace steal over the features like moonlight over a desolate landscape:

"'The guano is a fine bird, but great care is necessary in rearing it. It should not be imported earlier than June or later than September. In the winter it should be kept in a warm place, where it can hatch out its young.

"'It is evident that we are to have a backward season for grain. Therefore it will be well for the farmer to begin setting out his cornstalks and planting his buckwheat cakes in July instead of August.

"'Concerning the pumpkin.—This berry is a favorite with the natives of the interior of New England, who prefer it to the gooseberry for the making of fruit-cake, and who likewise give it

the preference over the raspberry for feeding cows, as being more filling and fully as satisfying. The pumpkin is the only esculent of the orange family that will thrive in the north, except the gourd and one or two varieties of the squash. But the custom of planting it in the front yard with the shrubbery is fast going out of vogue, for it is now generally conceded that the pumpkin as a shade-tree is a failure.

"'Now, as the warm weather approaches, and the ganders begin to spawn ——'"

The excited listener sprang toward me, and said—

"There, there, that will do! I know I am all right now, because you have read it just as I did. But, stranger, when I first read it this morning I said to myself, 'I never believed it before; but now I believe I *am* crazy.' I read one of those paragraphs over again, so as to be certain, and then I burned my house down and started. I have crippled several people, and have got one fellow up a tree, where I can get him if I want him. But I thought I would call in here as I passed along, and make the thing perfectly certain. Good-bye, sir, good-bye; you have taken a great load off my mind. My reason has stood the strain of one of your agricultural articles, and I know that nothing can ever unseat it now. *Good*-bye, sir."

I felt a little uncomfortable about the cripplings and arsons this person had been entertaining himself with, for I could not help feeling remotely accessory to them; but these thoughts were quickly banished, for the regular editor walked in, looking sad, perplexed and dejected.

He surveyed the wreck, and said, "This is a sad business—a very sad business. There is the mucilage bottle broken, and six panes of glass, and a spittoon and two candlesticks. But that is not the worst. The reputation of the paper is injured, permanently, I fear. True, there never was such a call for the paper before, and it never sold such a large edition or soared to such celebrity; but does one want to be famous for lunacy, and prosper upon the infirmities of his mind? My friend, as I am an honest man, the street out here is full of people, waiting to get a glimpse

of you, because they think you are crazy. And well they might, after reading your editorials. They are a disgrace to journalism. Why, what put it into your head that you could edit a paper of this nature? You do not seem to know the first rudiments of agriculture. You speak of a furrow and a harrow as being the same thing; you talk of the moulting season for cows; and you recommend the domestication of the polecat, on account of its playfulness and its excellence as a ratter. Your remark that clams will lie quiet if music be played to them, was entirely superfluous. Nothing disturbs clams. Clams *always* lie quiet. Heavens and earth! if you had made the acquiring of ignorance the study of your life, you could not have graduated with higher honor than you have to-day. Your observation that the horse-chestnut as an article of commerce is steadily gaining in favor, is simply calculated to destroy this journal. I want you to throw up your situation and go. I want no more holiday — I could not enjoy it if I had it. It makes me lose all patience to think of your discussing oyster-beds under the head of 'Landscape Gardening.' I want you to go. Oh, why didn't you tell me you didn't understand agriculture."

THE SOLDIER AND THE PARD.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Arranged by ELSIE M. WILBOR.

'TWAS years ago. The scene comes back like life;
Again I breathe the hot Egyptian air,
And see the sabres flashing in our midst;
I was but ensign then. One day I strayed
Far from my company, and found within
The sands, a two days' journey from the Nile,
A round oasis, like a jewel set.
It was a grove of date-trees, clustering close
About a tiny spring. I stopped to feel

The coolness and the shade. Drowsed by the soft,
Delicious greenness and repose, I slept.
When I awoke I realized that I
Was lost, and left alone amid the waste.
With terror, freezing limb and voice like death,
I saw a deadly pard confronting me
That kept great eyes fixed steadily on mine.
My heart beat slow and hard; I sat and gazed,
With not a wink, upon those jasper orbs,
Noting the while, with horrible detail,
Their tawny brilliance, and the spotted fell
That wrinkled round them, smoothly sloping back
And curving to the short and tufted ears.
I felt — and with a sort of fearful joy—
The beauty of the creature. 'Twas a pard,
Not such as one of those they show you caged;
No! but a desert pard, superb and proud
That would have died behind the villainous bars.

I think the creature had not looked on man,
For, as my brain grew cooler, I could see
Small sign of fierceness in her eyes, but chief
Surprise and wonder. Then there slowly came
A gradual softness o'er the flinty light
Within her eyes; a shadow crept around
Their yellow disks, and something like a dawn
Of recognition of superior will,
Of brute affection, sympathy enslaved.
Thrilling in every nerve, I stretched my hand —
She silent, moveless — touched her velvet head,
And with a warm, sweet shiver in my blood,
Stroked down the ruffled hairs. She did not start;
But, in a moment's lapse, drew up one paw
And moved a step — another — till her breath
Came hot upon my face. She stopped; she rolled
A deep-voiced note of pleasure and of love,

And gathering up her spotted length, lay down,
Her head upon my lap, and forward thrust
One heavy-molded paw across my knees,
The glittering talons sheathing tenderly.
Thus we, in that oasis all alone,
Sat when the sun went down, the pard and I,
Caressing and caressed; and more of love
And more of confidence between us came,
I grateful for my safety, she alive
With the dumb pleasure of companionship.

The morrow brought
No rupture of the bond between us twain.
The creature loved me; she would bounding come,
Cat-like, to rub her great, smooth, yellow head
Against my knee, or with rough tongue would lick
The hand that stroked the velvet of her hide.
How beautiful she was! how lithe and free
The undulating motions of her frame!
How shone, like isles of tawny gold, her spots,
Mapped on the creamy white! And when she walked,
No princess, with the crown about her brows,
Looked so superbly royal. Ah, my friends,
Smile as you may, but I would give this life
With its fantastic pleasures to be back
In the red desert with my splendid pard.
That grove of date-trees was our home, our world,
A star of verdure in a sky of sand.
From pulpy dates, and from the bubbling spring
My wants were sated; and when midnight came,
Then would the pard steal softly from my side,
And vanish in the dusk, returning soon
With a gazelle's light carcass in her jaws.
So passed the days, and each the other taught
Our simple language. She would come at call
Of the pet name I gave her, bound and sport

When so I bade, and she could read my face,
Through all its changing moods, with better skill
Than many a Christian comrade. Pard and beast,
Though you may say she was, she had a soul.

But sin will find the way to Paradise.
Ere long the sense of isolation fed
My mind with restless fancies. I began
To miss the life of camp, the march, the fight,
And when the morning sunrise lighted up
The threshold of the desert, I would gaze
With looks of bitter longing o'er the sand.
At last I filled my soldier's sash with dates,
Drank deeply of the spring, and while the pard
Roamed in the starlight for her forage, took
A westward course. The grove already lay
A dusky speck, no more, when through the night
Came the forsaken creature's eager cry.
Into a sandy pit I crept, and heard
Her bounding on my track until she rolled
Down from the brink upon me. Then with cries
Of joy and of distress, the touching proof
Of the poor beast's affection, did she strive
To lift me. Pardon, friends! these foolish eyes
Must have their will; and had you seen her then,
In her mad gambols, as we homeward went,
Your hearts had softened too.

But I, possessed
By some vile devil of mistrust, became
More jealous and impatient. In my heart
I cursed the grove, and with suspicions wronged
The noble pard. She keeps me here, I thought,
Deceived with false caresses, as a cat
Toys with the trembling mouse she straight devours.
Will she so gently fawn about my feet,
When the gazelles are gone? Will she crunch dates,

And drink the spring, whose only drink is blood?
Thus did the devil whisper in mine ear,
Till those black thoughts were rooted in my heart
And made me cruel. So it chanced one day,
That as I watched a flock of birds, that wheeled,
And dipped, and circled in the air, the pard,
Moved by a freak of fond solicitude
To win my notice, closed her careful fangs
About my knee. Scarce knowing what I did,
In the blind impulse of suspicious fear,
I plunged, full home, my dagger in her neck.
God! could I but recall that blow! She loosed
Her hold, and with a single quiv'ring groan,
Full of reproach and sorrow, sank and died.

What had I done! Sure never on this earth
Did sharper grief so base a deed requite.
Its murderous fury gone, my heart was racked
With pangs of wild contrition, spent itself
In bitter cries and tears. There lay the pard,
Her splendid eyes all film, her blazoned fell
Smirched with her blood; and I, her murderer,
Less than a beast, had thus repaid her love!

But little now remains. I was picked up,
Wandering about the desert, wild with grief
And sobbing like a child. My nerves have grown
Like steel, in many battles; I can step
Without a shudder through the heaps of slain;
But never, never, till the day I die,
Prevent a woman's weakness when I think
Upon my desert pard. And if a man
Deny this truth she taught me, to his face
I say he lies: A beast may have a soul.

THE SKYLARK.

MILLER HAGEMAN.

UNDER the maples the mourners met to bury the beautiful Violet,
When the still morning smiled;
Not a prayer arose, not a word was said, as they solemnly lowered the lovely dead,
The skeptic's only child.
The great tears glistened he could not hide, as he hopelessly shook his head and sighed:
"She is nothing now to me;
She is out of sight, she is out of sound, she lies there dead in the cold, cold ground,
But a dream immortality."

Hard by her grave from its lowly nest flashed, like the spirit from out her breast,
A skylark's wondrous song;
Thrilling the soul with a sense of wings, trembling away from earthly things
To join the seraph throng.
The daisy heard it and opened its eye, the nightingale listened as it rose by,
And hushed its mournful strain;
The morning star saw it afar in space, and hid as it blushed into light its face,
The last of night's shining train.

Slowly the skeptic raised his brow from her that was nothing to him now
To that skylark in its flight.
While as it soared on the purpling sky, he followed it sadly with his eye
Toward the sapphire gates of light.

Fainter and fainter upon the sky it faded out on skeptic's eye
A tiny speck in space;
Till, as he strained his yearning sight for a last fond glimpse of it in its flight,
It vanished and left no trace.

He looked, but saw not, yet listened long, to the ravishing strains of that sightless song,
Beyond those distant skies,
And it seemed to him like the soft, sweet sound of her voice that lay in the silent ground,
Singing in Paradise.
He listened, but slowly in the sky he heard one by one those sweet tones die
Till all was still at last;
And the skeptic stood at the gates of the sun shading his face with his hands, as one
Whose soul out of life had passed.

But hark, as he drops his saddened eye to that sound once more in the silent sky,
That bird is coming back!
He looks up, he listens, hark, oh, hark, to that song, as once more that little lark
Gleams out on its silver track.
Little by little it grows, it swells, till it seems to ring with Heaven's silver bells,
The joy of the seraph throng.
"Tell, me," he cried, with rapture wild, "hast thou seen, oh, skylark, my child, my child?"
And this is the skylark's song:

"She is there — she is there — I have seen her face, I have caught the gleam of her snowy grace,
The glance of her lifted eyes.
She is there — she is there — I have listened long to the seraph notes of her matin song,
At the gates of Paradise.

She is there — she is there —your child, your child; she is there,
for she saw me, and sweetly smiled,
As she said with glad surprise:
'Why, you are my skylark, I used to know, come away up here
from the earth below,
To see me beyond the skies.

"'And there 'round your neck the glossy band that I tied there
once with my own, own hand,
And that word "Immortality."
Fly back to my father, oh, message-bird, and tell him, oh, tell him,
I've read that word
In the light of eternity.
Tell him to think as he looks on high, when the skylark rises
against the sky,
And he hears out of Heaven its hymn,
That some one with every morn anew, with a heart that is tender
and loving and true,
Is praying and watching for him.

"'And tell him, oh, tell him, dear bird, to part with the pride of
an unbelieving heart,
For that faith he so oft reviled.
Tell him to turn from the things of dust to the spirit throng, with
that simple trust
That he loved in his little child.'"

"If that little bird can cross the blue and sing out of sight, why
not Violet, too;
She is everything now to me.
I had rather trust that skylark's song than the churchyard stone
thro' my whole life long,
There *is* immortality."

JENNIE.

FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

"THE sweetest lass in all the land
Is Jennie, Jennie, Jennie!"
Said Robin as held each hand,
Too many, many, many!
'Twas in the lane, the fence was high;
There was no room to pass him by;
He held my wings, I could not fly;
Not any, any, any.

"How many sweethearts have you, pray,
Sweet Jennie, Jennie, Jennie?"
The rogue within me bade me say—
"Not many, many, many!"
But when I found it grieved the youth,
I could no longer hide the truth,
And said, not many was forsooth,
Not any, any, any!

He said: "And would one sweetheart be
Too many, many, many?
Could you accept of one like me,
My Jennie, Jennie, Jennie?"
Let others think whate'er they may,
When Robin took my heart away
I had no heart to tell him nay,
Not any, any, any!

Although I never said he could
Take any, any, any,
He did just what I thought he would—
Kiss Jennie, Jennie, Jennie!

My lips were closed, I could not add,
Nor count the kisses of the lad,
And yet I hardly think he had
  Too many, many, many!

OLD-FASHIONED ROSES.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THEY ain't no style about 'em,
  And the're sort o' pale and faded;
Yit the doorway here, without 'em,
  Would be lonesomer, and shaded
With a good deal blacker shadder
  Than the mornin'-glories makes,
And the sunshine would look sadder
  For their good old-fashion' sakes.

I like 'em 'cause they kind o'
  Sort o' make a feller like 'em;
And I tell you, when you find a
  Bunch out whur the sun kin strike 'em,
It allus sets me thinkin'
  O' the ones 'at used to grow,
And peek in thro' the chinkin'
  O' the cabin, don't you know.

And then I think o' mother,
  And how she used to love 'em,
When they wuzn't any other,
  'Less she found 'em up above 'em,
And her eyes, afore she shut 'em,
  Whispered with a smile, and said,
We must pluck a bunch and put 'em
  In her hand when she wuz dead.

But, as I wuz a sayin',
  They ain't no style about 'em
Very gaudy or displayin',
  But I wouldn't be without 'em,
'Cause I'm happier in these posies
  And the hollyhawks and sich
Than the hummin'-bird 'at noses
  In the roses of the rich.

THE CONVICT'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

WILL CARLETON.

THE term was done; my penalty was past;
  I saw the outside of the walls at last.
When I left that stone punishment of sin,
'Twas 'most as hard as when I first went in.
It seemed at once as though the swift-voiced air
Told slanderous tales about me everywhere;
As if the ground itself was shrinking back
For fear 'twould get the Cain's mark of my track.

Men looked me over with close, careless gaze,
And understood my downcast, jail-bred ways.
My hands were so grim-hardened and defiled,
I really wouldn't have dared to pet a child;
If I had spoken to a dog that day,
He would have tipped his nose and walked away;
The world itself seemed to me every bit
As hard a prison as the one I'd quit.

So I trudged round appropriately slow
For one with no particular place to go.
The houses scowled and stared as if to say:
"You jail-bird, we are honest; walk away!"

The factory seemed to scream when I came near,
"Stand back! unsentenced men are working here!"
And virtue had th' appearance all the time
Of trying hard to push me back to crime.

It struck me strange, that stormy, snow bleached day,
To watch the different people on the way,
All carrying bundles, of all sorts of sizes,
As carefully as gold and silver prizes.
Well-dressed or poor, I could not understand
Why each one hugged a bundle in his hand.
I asked an old policeman what it meant.
He looked me over with eyes shrewdly bent,
While muttering in a voice that fairly froze:
"It's 'cause to-morrow's Christmas, I suppose."
And then the fact came crashing over me,
How horribly alone a man can be!

I don't pretend what tortures yet may wait
For souls that have not run their reckonings straight;
It isn't for mortal ignorance to say
What kind of night may follow any day;
There may be pain for sin some time found out
That sin on earth knows nothing yet about;
But I don't think there's any harbor known
Worse for a wrecked soul than to be alone.

So evening saw me straggling up and down
Within the gayly-lighted, desolate town,
A hungry, sad-hearted hermit all the while,
My rough face begging for a friendly smile.
Folks talked with folks in new-made warmth and glee,
But no one had a word or look for me;
Love flowed like water, but it could not make
The world forgive me for my one mistake.

An open church some look of welcome wore;
I crept in soft, and sat down near the door,

I'd never seen 'mongst my unhappy race
So many happy children in one place;
I never knew how much a hymn could bring
From Heaven, until I heard those children sing;
I never saw such sweet-breathed gales of glee
As swept around that fruitful Christmas tree.

You who have tripped through childhood's merry days
With passionate love protecting all your ways,
Who did not see a Christmas-time go by
Without some present for your sparkling eye.
Thank God, whose goodness gave such joy its birth,
And scattered heaven-seeds in the dust of earth!
In stone-paved ground my thorny field was set;
I never had a Christmas present yet.

Just then a cry of "Fire!" amongst us came;
The pretty Christmas tree was all aflame;
And one sweet child there in our startled gaze
Was screaming, with her white clothes all ablaze.
The crowd seemed crazy-like, both old and young,
And very swift of speech, though slow of tongue.
But one knew what to do, and not to say,
And he a convict, just let loose that day!

I fought like one who deals in deadly strife;
I wrapped my life around that child's sweet life;
I choked the flames that choked her, with rich cloaks,
Stol'n from some good but very frightened folks;
I gave the dear girl to her parents' sight,
Unharmed by anything excepting fright;
I tore the blazing branches from the tree;
And all was safe, and no one hurt but me.

That night, of which I asked for sleep in vain —
That night, that tossed me round on prongs of pain,

That stabbed me with fierce tortures through and through,
Was still the happiest that I ever knew.
I felt that I at last had earned a place
Among my race, by suffering for my race;
I felt the glorious facts wouldn't let me miss
A mother's thanks — perhaps a child's sweet kiss;
That man's warm gratitude would find a plan
To lift me up, and help me be a man.

Next day they brought a letter to my bed.
I opened it with tingling nerves and read:
"You have upon my kindness certain claims
For rescuing my young child from the flames;
Such deeds deserve a hand unstained by crime;
I trust you will reform while yet there's time.
The blackest sinner may find mercy still.
(Enclosed please find a thousand dollar bill.)
Our paths of course on different roads must lie;
Don't follow me for any more. Good-bye."

I scorched the dirty rag till it was black;
Enclosed it in a rag and sent it back.
That very night I cracked a tradesman's door,
Stole with my blistered hands ten thousand more,
Which next day I took special pains to send
To my good, distant, wealthy, high-toned friend,
And wrote upon it in a steady hand,
In words I hoped he wouldn't misunderstand:
"Money is cheap, as I have shown you here,
But gratitude and sympathy are dear.
These rags are stolen — have been — may often be:
I trust the one wasn't that you sent to me.
Hoping your pride and you are reconciled —
From the black, sinful rescuer of your child."

I crept to court — a crushed, triumphant worm —
Confessed the theft, and took another term.

My life closed, and began; and I am back
Among the rogues that walk the broad-gauged track.
I toil 'mid every sort of sin that's known;
I walk rough roads — but do not walk *alone!*

THE DEATH OF MONTEZUMA.

LEW WALLACE.

Arranged by LAURA TAYLOR.

[After Cortez had captured the City of Mexico, he obtained possession of the person of Montezuma, the Indian king, and kept him a prisoner in the palace of his fathers. The Aztecs rose against the intruders and, determined to rescue their monarch, surrounded the palace. Cortez, seeing his danger, compelled Montezuma to appear upon the turret and bid his people lay down their arms. This turned their anger against him, and they attacked him, wounding him so severely that he died a few days after In the story we are made to believe that the fatal deed was committed by Guatamozin, heir to the throne, and that it was done at the king's request, he preferring death to captivity. Our scene opens with the appearance of Montezuma before the people.]

UPON the turret the carpet was spread and the canopy set up, and forth came a throng of cavaliers and Aztec lords, the latter splendidly bedight. Then appeared Montezuma and Cortez.

As the king moved forward a cry blent of all feelings—love, fear, admiration, hate, reverence — burst from the great audience; after which only Guatamozin and Hualpa, in front of the gate, were left standing. And such splendor flashed from the monarch's person, from his sandals of gold, tunic of feathers, cloak of white, and crown inestimably jeweled; from his face and mien issued such majesty that, after the stormy salutation, the multitude became of the place a part, motionless as the stones, the dead not more silent.

With his hands crossed upon his breast the king stood awhile,

seeing and being seen, and all things waited for him to speak; even the air seemed waiting, it was so very hushed. He looked to the sky, flecked with unhallowed smoke; to the sun, whose heaven, just behind the curtain of brightness, was nearer to him than ever before; to the temple, place of many a royal ceremony, his own coronation the grandest of all; to the city, beautiful even in its despoilment; to the people, for whom, though they knew it not, he had come to die; at last his gaze settled upon Guatamozin, and as their eyes met, he smiled; then shaking the cloak from his shoulder, he said in a voice from which all weakness was gone, his manner never so kingly —

"I know, oh, my people, that you took up arms to set me free, and that was right. But how often since then have I told you that I am not a prisoner; that the strangers are my guests; that I am free to leave them when I please, and that I live with them because I love them."

As in a calm a wind sometimes blows down and breaks the placid surface of a lake into countless ripples, driving them hither and thither in sparkling confusion, these words fell upon the listening mass. A yell of anger rose, and from the temple descended bitter reproaches. Yet the 'tzin was steady, and when the outcry ended the king went on:

"I am told your excuse now is that you want to drive my friends from the city. My children, here stands Cortez himself. He hears me say for him that if you will open the way, he and all with him will leave of their own will."

Again the people broke out in revilements, but the monarch waved his hand angrily, and said:

"As I am yet your king, I bid you lay down your arms!"

Then the 'tzin took the ready bow from Hualpa; full to the ear he drew the arrow. Steady the arm, strong the hand; an instant, and the deed was done! In the purple shadow of the canopy, amidst his pomp of royalty, Montezuma fell down, covered, when too late, by a score of Spanish shields. Around him at the same time fell a shower of stones from the temple.

A few days later, Cortez, having heard that Montezuma was

dying, sought the audience-chamber. There was no guard at the door. Within, all was shadow, except where a flickering lamp-light played over and around the dais. Nevertheless, he saw the floor covered with people, some prostrate, others on their knees or crouching face down; and he thought as he passed slowly on: "Verily, this king must also have been a good man and a generous."

The couch of the dying monarch was on the dais, in the accustomed place of the throne. At one side stood the ancients; at the other his queens knelt, weeping. His daughter hid her face in his hand, and sobbed as if her heart were breaking; now and then Maxtla bent over him to cleanse his face of the flowing blood. A group of cavaliers were off a little way, silent witnesses, and as Cortez drew near, Olmedo, who had been in prayer, extended toward the sufferer an ivory cross.

"O king," said the priest imploringly, "thou hast yet a moment of life, which, I pray thee, waste not. Take this holy symbol upon thy breast, cross thy hands upon it, and say after me: 'I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, in our Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, and in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life.' Then pray thou: 'O God the Father of Heaven, O God the Son, Redeemer of the world, O God the Holy Ghost, O Holy Trinity, one God, have mercy upon my soul!' Do these things, say these words, oh, king, and thou shalt live after thy bones have gone to dust. Thou shalt live forever, eternally happy."

Courtiers and cavaliers, the queens, the princess, even Cortez, watched the monarch's waning face. The interpretation finished, the king raised his hand tremulously, and put the holy sign away, saying:

"I have but a moment to live, and will not desert the faith of my fathers now!"

A great sigh of relief broke from the Aztecs; the Spaniards shuddered and crossed themselves. Then Cortez stepped to Olmedo's side.

"I received your message, and am here," said he, sternly.

The king turned his pale face, and fixed his glazing eyes upon

the conqueror, and such power was there in the look that the latter added, with softening manner: "What I can do for thee I will do. I have always been thy true friend."

"Oh, Cortez, I hear you, and your words make dying easy," answered Montezuma, smiling faintly. With an effort he sought Cortez's hand, and looking at his mourning queens, continued: "Let me intrust these women and their children to you and your Lord. Of all that which was mine, but now is yours—land, people, empire—enough to save them from want and shame were small indeed. Promise me, in the hearing of all these, promise, Cortez!"

Taint of anger was there no longer on the soul of the Spaniard.

"Rest thee, good king!" he said, with feeling. "Thy queens and their children shall be my wards. In the hearing of all these, I so swear."

The listener smiled again; his eyes closed, his hand fell down, and so still was he that they began to think him dead. Suddenly he stirred, and said, faintly but distinctly:

"Nearer, uncles, nearer."

The old men bent over him, listening.

"A message to Guatamozin, to whom I give my last thought as king. Say to him that this lingering in death is no fault of his; the aim was true, but the arrow splintered upon leaving the bow. And lest the world hold him to account for my blood, hear me say, all of you, that I bade him do what he did. And in sign that I love him, take my sceptre, and give it to him—" The voice fell away, yet the lips moved; lower they stooped. "My daughter and the empire go with the sceptre," he murmured, and they were his last words—his will. A wail from the women proclaimed him dead.

The unassoilzied great may not see heaven; they pass from life into history, where, as in a silent sky, they shine forever and ever. So the light of the Indian king comes to us, a glow rather than a brilliance; for, of all fates, his was the saddest. Better not to be, than to become the ornament of another's triumph. Alas for him whose death is an immortal sorrow!

GOING AWAY.

THOMAS FROST.

SO you've come here to ask me for Susie—don't stand there a-hangin' your head;
Leave the shame for them chaps as goes courtin' and ne'er has a penny to wed.
You've an eye on the duties of life, John; you're earnest, God-fearin' and true,
And I can't say as Susie's been foolish in givin' her heart up to you.

Since harvest I've knowed what was comin'; I'm gray, but my eye-sight is fair,
And I've seen quite a bit of your actin', at times when you least was aware;
I have seen how she'd blush at your footstep, like her mother at mine, long ago,
When the whole world of hope lay afore me—my world, that's now buried in snow.

Shut the door—bring that cheer to the chimley—the storm's pretty heavy to-night;
I was thinkin' just now of a Christmas when the snow lay as heavy and white,
On the fields and the pond and the bushes—over all 'cept one solit'ry spot,
Where the sexton had worked since the daylight—our family burial-plot.

'Twas a poor kind of Christmas for me, boy. I came from the churchyard that day,
With a heart just as dead as that dear one we'd left 'neath the cover of clay;
And the wind, that seemed full of our trouble, moaned over the desolate farm,
Until—well, worn out with my sorrow—I dropped off, Susie's head on my arm.

When I woke it was daylight and clearin', and Susie was singin' so gay
The song of the "Old Oaken Bucket," that mother would hum all the day;
The kitchen was cosy and tidy—the teapot a-puffin' like mad;
The shells all peeled off o' my eggs, too—an old-fashioned way mother had.

And, bless her, she wore mother's apron; to this day, though, she hain't no idea
That I saw her a-usin' that apron to wipe off a poor little tear.
As she stood in the light of that winder every line of her face and her hair,
Was a joy of the past acted over—'twas her mother, not Susie, stood there!

Her mother, when I was like you, John; the wide world around me in bloom.
Then I knew that while I had been sleepin' her soul had come into this room
With a message from God to our Susie—a plan to relieve all my pain;
For my heart could not break with its sorrow while I lived my life over again.

She has growed more and more like her mother, in face and in voice and in ways,
A sweet bit o' gladness and sunshine from out of my happiest days.
I have watched her like misers their treasure; but to His holy will I must bow,
And—bless me, what's this? I am faint, John—I've not felt my loss until now!

So you've come here to ask me for Susie; well, boy, you're God-fearin' and true,
And I can't say she's been over hasty in givin' her heart up to you.
It is hard, but the Book says it's nat'ral, so I'll try to live selfishness down;
Dear me; why, how hoarse I am gettin'—caught cold drivin' in from the town!

THE OLD SCHOOL CLOCK.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

[The following is Mr. O'Reilly's first poem. It was written in 1866, while the poet was a prisoner in Arbor Hill prison, Dublin, and lay hidden for several years in the register of the cell. Mr. Vere Foster, a philanthropist, discovered it on one of his visits to the prison, and immediately published it in one of a series of copybooks owned by him, and adopted by the National Board of Education in Ireland. When the board learned who the author was and where the poem had been written, the entire edition of books containing it was suppressed. It was subsequently published in this country by the author.]

OLD memories rush o'er my mind just now,
Of faces and friends of the past;
Of that happy time when life's dream was all bright,
Ere the clear sky of youth was o'ercast.
Very dear are those memories; they've clung round my heart,
And bravely withstood Time's rude shock;
But not one is more hallowed or dear to me now,
Than the face of the old school clock.

'Twas a quaint old clock, with a quaint old face,
And great iron weights and chains;
It stopped when it liked, and before it struck
It croaked as if 'twere in pain.
It had seen many years, and it seemed to say,
"I'm one of the real old stock,"
To the youthful boy who, with reverence, looked
On the face of the old school clock.

How many a time I have labored to sketch
That yellow and time-honored face,
With its basket of flowers, its figures and hands,
And the weights and the chains in their place!
How oft have I gazed with admiring eye,
As I sat on the wooden block,

And pondered and guessed at the wonderful things
  That were inside that old school clock!

What a terrible frown did the old clock wear
  To the truant who timidly cast
An anxious eye on those merciless hands
  That for him had been moving too fast!
But its frown soon changed, for it loved to smile
  On the thoughtless, noisy flock;
And it creaked and whined and struck with glee —
  Did that genial, good-humored clock.

Well, years had passed, and my mind was filled
  With the world, its cares and ways,
When again I stood in that little school
  Where I passed my boyhood's days.
My old friend was gone! and there hung a thing
  That my sorrow seemed to mock,
As I gazed with a tear and a softened heart
  At a new-fashioned Yankee clock.

'Twas a gaudy thing, with bright painted sides.
  And it looked with insolent stare
On the desks and the seats and on everything old;
  And I thought of the friendly air
Of the face that I missed, with its weights and chains —
  All gone to the auctioneer's block;
'Tis a thing of the past; nevermore shall I see
  But in memory that old school clock.

'Tis the way of the world; old friends pass away,
  And fresh faces arise in their stead;
But still, 'mid the din and the bustle of life,
  We cherish fond thoughts of the dead.
Yes, dearly those memories cling round my heart,
  And bravely withstand Time's rude shock;
But not one is more hallowed or dear to me now
  Than the face of that old school clock.

THE ARMY OVERCOAT.

MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

HE was idle as a boy, he was shiftless as a youth,
He was slovenly in dress, and his manners were uncouth;
The neighbors looked their scorn when they saw him passing by;
His father used to scold and his mother used to sigh;
But he volunteered the day he was old enough to vote,
And they hardly knew the fellow in his army overcoat.

For he braced his lazy shoulders with a military air,
His aimless face grew firmer. Said the neighbors, "I declare!"
His father took his hand, his mother beamed her pride,
The winter day he marched away a foolish maiden cried;
Full fifty folks forgot their sneers, full fifty roughly smote
With friendly slap the back that bore his army overcoat.

He sent his parents letters they were long in making out;
He was faithful as a sentry, in the fight his heart was stout;
The day he saved the captain's life, that day he lost his own,
And spoke some manly parting words, and died without a groan.
The captain closed his eyelids with a choking in his throat,
And sent him to his mother in his army overcoat.

The meeting-house was crowded full upon his burial day,
And scores and scores passed down the aisle to see him as he lay.
The foolish maiden noticed on his hand a ring of bone,
The Union shield cut on it, and wished it was her own;
And after prayer and hymn and speech and war-time anecdote,
The earth received the soldier and his army overcoat.

And now, when Decoration Day comes round, a flag they put
Above his head, and deck his grave with flowers from head to foot;
And here his worn old father, and his mother bowed with years,
Stand sadly by and listen to the chaplain's voice with tears;
And an ancient foolish maiden sees before her memory float
The vision of a soldier in an army overcoat.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

NATHAN H. DOLE.

I FELL in love with Phyllis Brown;
She was the nicest girl in town.
Her father had a bank account
Of a superfluous amount;
And so the more I thought of it
The clearer seemed the benefit
That such a union would confer
At least on me — perhaps on her.
For she was pretty. Such a nose!
Such grace of curves! Such tint of rose!
Such sunny eyes of heavenly blue,
With little cherubs peeping through!
Such golden bangs! Oh, every such
Was the superlative of much!

And educated? She could speak
Italian, Spanish, Volapük,
French, Russian, Swedish, Danish, Dutch,
And every language born of Babel —
To read and speak them she was able.
So learned, pretty, rich besides;
Yes, she would be the gem of brides!
And I, though poor, had every taste,
The wealth of Kroisos would have graced;
So I resolved to risk my fate
In winning such an equal mate.

At first my chances promised fair:
She met me half way everywhere;
Accepted my civilities,
And sometimes made me ill at ease
When I on parting held her hand

And felt that mute "You understand,"
Expressed by just the faintest squeeze.
(I cannot think she was a flirt,
And yet she did it to my hurt!

One day I crossed the Rubicon,
I knew her father would have gone;
I rang her door-bell inly bent
On knowing if she would consent.
She sent me down a little note,
The coolest that she ever wrote:

"Excuse me, please, from seeing you,
I've something else that I must do;
I'll see you later if we live."
I asked the footman if he knew
Why such an answer she should give;
The servant shrewdly shook his head;
"She's busy, sir," he gravely said,
"Developing a negative!"

A TOO-TOO SERENADE.

BENEATH your lattice, love, I sing,
A song of great regard to you,
The moon is getting rather high—
My voice is, too.

The lakelet in deep shadow lies,
Where frogs make much hullabaloo,
I fear they sing a little hoarse—
Of course, me, too!

The blossoms on the cypress vine
Are weeping diamond-drops of dew,
'Tis raining—the flowers are wilting fast—
My linen, too.

O, could I soar on loving wings,
And at your casement gently woo—
But then your lattice you would bolt,
So I'll bolt too!

POOR JACK.

SAMUEL K. COWAN.

AH, yes — poor Jack; I mind him once
His father's pride and joy;
But he is dead now — and poor Jack
Was but a sailor boy.

Gertrude, Squire Marmion's only child,
Had made his life rejoice;
Like music on his rude, rough heart
Fell her soft, gentle voice;
But she — ah, well, perhaps poor Jack
Was hardly a lady's choice!

Her hand long since had been betrothed
To a knight of noble name;
And even now, to claim his bride,
The Lord Fitzharding came.
"In one short month, my love," wrote he,
"I come your hand to claim."

Beside the village wharf she stood
And watched the rising sail:
Sailor, what ship is that?" she asked;
Poor Jack! the fiercest gale
Had never scared his heart, but now
His very soul did fail.

He knew the ship; he turned and raised
His spy-glass to her eyes;
And held it silently while she
Watched the ship rise and rise:
Like a ship of blood it rose and rose
In the blood-red sunset skies!

"'Tis he!" she cried. Down sank the sun,
And a white mist veiled the moon;
And a low rain-cloud rose up from the sea,
And blackened the blood-red dune;
And, big with swollen storm, the skies
Drooped in a slum'brous swoon!

She stood so near — on his cheek he felt
One touch of a stray-blown tress;
He heard her voice, when lo! O God!
From the wild wave-wilderness,
The boom of a distant minute-gun,
And the flash of a light of distress!

And now, red lights, like beacon fires,
Blaze from the ship's black hull,
Flaring the dread rocks round. O God!
How many a ghastly skull
Of drowned men lies, where they lie now,
On the reef of Innishtrahull?

"Out with the life-boat!" rang the shout,
And the stormy winds did blow;
"Out with the life-boat — steady, my lads;
Down with her; steady, boys — so;
Bend to it, all together, lads — now;
Hurrah — away we go!"

Anon the boom of the minute-gun
Rang low through the breezes' roar;
And the life-boat plunged thro' the plunging foam,
And a lantern from the shore
Showed Jack at the stern, with his rough, brave hand,
Clutching the strong stroke-oar.

And the maiden prayed: "O Father, Thou,
Who stillest the raging sea,

Go with them through the deep; O Thou,
  Father, their pilot be;
And guide them home; and bring, oh, bring
  My true love back to me!"

"The lights on the ship — look, look!" she cried.
  "They are dying, one by one;
No more across the wild storm comes
  The boom of the signal-gun;
They have reached the ship; they have reached the ship;
  Thank God! brave souls, well done."

Ho! how the foam flew, all around,
  Like a dead man's winding-sheet;
A cheer, a crash, the life-boat — swift
  Thro' the whistling hail and the sleet,
Cleaving the rushing foam, it came,
  And, plunging, dashed at her feet.

In his arms she lay. "At last, true heart,
  We have met for evermore."
"Saved, saved!" she cried; "thank God, ye are saved!
  All saved, all safe on shore.
"All saved," he said, "except the brave,
  Brave lad that rowed stroke-oar!

"Brave soul! he saved us all, and when
  His work of life was done,
We saw him in the foam-light, stand
  Beside the signal-gun,
Heaving the red lamps overboard,
  Slowly, and one by one.

"We thought him mad! on the deck he stood
  Like a giant, chained by a spell,
Heaving the red lamps overboard;
  And when the last lamp fell,

'Heave to,' he cried; 'thank God, 'tis done!
And now she knows all's well!'

"Like a ghost, in the flashing foam, he stood
Aloft on the hurricane-deck;
But when for the leap of life he rushed,
And we neared the life-boat back,
The stricken ship plunged, and he, brave soul,
Sank with the sinking wreck!"

At daybreak, from the smiling sky
The stormy clouds had cleared;
And round the dewy headland cliff
A slender shallop sheered;
And Lord Fitzharding rowed the oars,
And Gertrude Marmion steered.

"This is the place," he said, "just here,
Where poor Jack's body dwells."
And overboard, with many a tear,
Among the weeds and shells,
She dropped it down into his grave,
A wreath of immortelles.

So passed the spring; and when the fields
Were green with summer corn,
She and the noble lord were wed;
And when the next May morn
Gleamed sweetly on the waveless sea,
Her first boy-babe was born.

And the husband gently put his arm
About his fair wife's neck;
"We'll call our son," he said, "to bring
My father's dead name back,
Eustace Fitzharding." "Nay," she said,
"We'll call his name plain Jack!"

THE LASSIE'S DECISION.

H. D. McATHOL.

THERE'S Sandy, the miller, wi' siller in kist,
He craves me to marry wi' him;
He's an ill-favored carle, an' as saur as a slae,
He's cankrit, an' crabbit, an' grim,
Suld ye gae on a day to sup broo wi' a bear,
It aiblins might na be sae wrang;
But forbye a lang spoon it wad just be as weel
Gin ye carriet a wee gun alang.

There's Geordie whose auld gutcher left him sae rich,
Wi' owsen an' houses an' lan';
He is fou wi' conceit, an' he's big wi' his pride,
An' his brain turned to parritch, puir man,
Put a saddle o' gowd on a wee cuddy's back,
Stud his bridle wi' diamants rare;
Let his housin' be velvet, an' line it wi' silk;
He'll be but a cuddy, na mair.

There's Jockey, the laird, he is unco' polite,
An' boos like a fiddler frae France;
But he hangs till it skreighs to a cruikit bawbee,
An' his cottars a' jink at his glance.
He stan's like a yerl in his braw, blackit shoon,
An' his neebor that's poorer he scorns;
He'll be a douce man in the lang time to come,
When Bauldy, our puss-cat, has horns.

There's Jamie, the maister, that's head o' the schule,
He is stuffit wi' Latin an' Greek;
An' never a callant sic ferlies has done,
Gin ye'll only believe what he'll speak.
A lee is a lang-leggit thing as ye ken,
An' it rins on it journey wi' speed;

But bide ye a wee, an' it loses its win',
  An' hirples, an' doon it fa's deid.

There's Robin, wi' little o' siller in han',
  But there's love in his bonnie brown ee;
He has health, an' that's gear; he has truth an' that's mair;
  An' he thinks o' na lassie but me.
He's a mailin' in feu, an' I ken it is sma',
  But he's biggit a house in the glen,
An' he says when I'm gudewife, an' gang in the door,
  I'll be plenished in butt an' in ben.

Saur Sandy may gang wi' his mill an' his meal,
  An' Geordie wi' houses an' lan',
An' Jockey may seek for a leddy o' rank,
  An' Jamie work ferlies sae gran';
I'se cleek wi' my Robin; he's canny an' douce,
  He's gi'en me his heart for my ain;
I'se swither na mair, noo he looes me so weel,
  An' he'se be my gudeman, or nane.

KNOWN UNTO GOD.

CONSTANCE FAUNT LE ROY RUNCIE.

[A true incident in the building of the great Strasburg cathedral.]

SEE! yonder stately, lordly spire,
  Searching through the sky;
Which crowns — as flame reveals the fire,
  Cathedral towering high.
Majestic in its grand outline,
  Symmetrical in form,
Rich in its rare and chaste design,
  Proof 'gainst time or storm.

The morn is fair — the archbishop
  Sits in his cap and stole;

He looks with joy upon the walls,
  Which ravish all his soul.
Here, as he sits, a woman comes,
  Bearing within her arms
A stone of wondrous beauty wrought,
  A stone of many charms.
It is the work of her own hands,
  And in it lies her heart;
"My lord, accept this for thy church"
  She says, and would depart.

"Stay, woman! this is rarely fine;"
  He cries in eager haste;
"No other stone in all that church
  So beautiful, so chaste.
But how shall workmen place it there
  Where best one may admire?
Already finish they their work
  Upon the topmost spire!
Yet this must surely have its place
  Where men its beauty see;
To hide it from the eyes of all,
  I never can agree."

"Nay, but, my lord," the woman said,
  In voice both soft and low,
"If, as you say, no place is found
  To use it here below,
Then let the workmen bear it up,
  And place it in the spire;
If men know nothing of this stone,
  And none be to admire,
I know that God above will see,
  His angels will behold
The work I've put my heart into
  With all my love untold.

And I shall be well satisfied
  To feel that I have given
The best I had, not seen of men,
  But seen of God in heaven."

According as the woman wished,
  They carried up the stone;
Its beauty hidden from the world,
  Far up in tower lone.
She heeded not the fame thereof
  Might never go abroad,
But satisfied her work to give
  To angels and to God.
And there — as flame reveals the fire —
  Burning in the sky,
Unto this day, cathedral spire
  Lifteth her work on high.

DREAMS FOR SALE.

S. WALTER NORRIS.

SOME tiny elves, one evening, grew mischievous, it seems,
  And broke into the store-room where the sandman kept his dreams,
And gathered up whole armfuls of dreams all bright and sweet,
And started forth to peddle them a-down the village street.

Oh, you would never, never guess how queerly these dreams sold;
Why, nearly all the youngest folks bought dreams of being old!
And one wee chap in curls and kilts, a gentle little thing,
Invested in a dream about an awful pirate king!

A maid who thought her pretty name old-fashioned and absurd
Bought dreams of names the longest and the queerest ever heard;
And, strange to say, a lad who owned all sorts of costly toys,
Bought dreams of selling papers with the raggedest of boys!

And then a dream of summer and a barefoot boy at play
Was bought up very quickly by a gentleman quite gray;
And one old lady — smiling through the grief she tried to hide —
Bought bright and tender visions of a little girl who died.

A ragged little beggar girl, with weary, wistful gaze,
Soon chose a Cinderella dream, with jewels all ablaze.
Well, it wasn't many minutes from the time they came in sight,
Before the dreams were all sold out and the elves had taken flight.

NOTHING AND SOMETHING.

D. S. T. BUTTERBAUGH.

"IT is nothing to me," the beauty said,
With a careless toss of her pretty head;
"The man is weak if he can't refrain
From the cup you say is fraught with pain."
But
It was something to her in after years,
When her eyes were full of burning tears,
And she watched in lonely grief and dread,
And started to hear a staggering tread.

"It is nothing to me," the mother said;
"I have no fear that my boy will tread
The downward path of sin and shame,
And crush my heart and darken his name."
But
It was something to her when that only son
From the path of right was early won,
And madly cast in the flowing bowl
A ruined body and sin-wrecked soul.

"It is nothing to me," the merchant said,
As over his ledger he bent his head;

"I am busy to-day with tare and tret,
And have no time to froth and fret."
But
It was something to him when over the wire
A message came from a funeral pyre:
A drunken conductor had wrecked a train,
And his wife and child were among the slain.

"It is nothing to me," the young man said;
In his eye was a flash of scorn and pride;
"I heed not the dreadful things you tell,
I can rule myself, I know, full well."
But
'Twas something to him when in prison he lay
The victim of drink, life ebbing away,
As he thought of his wretched child and wife,
And the mournful wreck of his wasted life.

"It is nothing to me," the voter said,
"The party's loss is my greatest dread."
Then gave his vote for the liquor trade,
Tho' hearts were crushed and drunkards made.
But
It was something to him in after-life,
When his daughter became a drunkard's wife,
And her hungry children cried for bread,
And trembled to hear their father's tread.

It is nothing for us to idly sleep
While the cohorts of death their vigils keep,
To gather the young and thoughtless in,
And grind in our midst a grist of sin.
But
It is something — yes, all, for us to stand
And clasp by faith our Saviour's hand;
To learn to labor, live and fight
On the side of God and changeless right.

THE DEMON OF THE MIRROR.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

WHERE the orange-branches mingle on the sunny garden-side,
In a rare and rich pavilion
Sat the beautiful Sicilian —
Sat the Count Alberto's bride,
Musing sadly on his absence, in the balmy evening-tide.

Near her stood the fair Bianca, once a shepherd's humble child,
Who with tender hand was twining
Through her tresses, raven-shining,
Pearls of lustre pure and mild;
And the lady in the mirror saw their braided gleam, and smiled.

On the jeweled mirror gazing, spake the lady not a word,
When, within its picture certain,
Slowly moved the silken curtain,
Though the breezes had not stirred,
And its faintly falling rustle on the marble was unheard.

Not a stealthy footfall sounded on the tesselated floor;
Yet she saw, with secret terror,
Count Alberto, in the mirror,
Stealing through the curtained door,
Like a fearful, shadowy spirit, whom a curse is hanging o'er.

With a glance of tender meaning on the maid he softly smiled,
And the answering smile and token
In her glowing blushes spoken,
Well betrayed the shepherd's child;
To her gaze, within the mirror, stood that picture dim and wild!

Moved again the silken curtain, as he passed without a sound
Then the sunset's fading ember
Died within the lonely chamber,

And the darkness gathered round,
While in passion's fierce delirium was the lady's bosom bound.

In the stillness of the forest falls a timid, trembling gleam,
With a ruby radiance sparkling
On the rill that ripples darkling
Through the thicket, like a dream:
'Tis from out the secret chamber, where are met the Holy Vehm!

Wizard rocks around the entrance dark and grim, like sentries, stand;
And within the ghostly grotto
Sits the gloomy Baron Otto,
Chieftain of the dreaded band,
Who in darkness and in secret ruled Sicilia's sunny land.

As in sable vestments shrouded sat the ministers of doom,
Came a step by terror fleetened,
And the dank, foul air was sweetened
With the orange-buds' perfume,
And the starry eyes of jewels shone amid the sullen gloom.

Then up rose the gloomy Otto, sternly wrinkled was his brow;
"Why this sudden, strange intrusion
On the Holy Vehm's seclusion?
Why thus madly comest thou?
Noble lady, claiming vengeance from the Brothers of the Vow?"

"There is one among your order whom I dare to sue for aid;
Will a brother's dagger falter,
When the bridegroom from the altar
Hath his bosom's vow betrayed,
And the princely bride is slighted for a low-born peasant maid?"

Straight the summoned one departed out into the starry air·
Cold the silence seemed, and dreary,
And the moments grew more weary,
While the lady waited there
With a deep, uncertain anguish which her spirit scarce could bear.

Mingled thoughts of love and vengeance madly battled in her brain;
All her bosom's passionate feeling
Struggled with the dread revealing,
Till her eyes o'ergushed in rain;
Then anon they flashed and kindled, and her soul grew stern again.

Now the eastern stars had mounted, and the midnight watch was o'er,
When her long suspense was broken
By a hasty watchword spoken,
And a dark form passed the door;
Blood was on his golden scabbard and the sable robe he wore.

"By this blade, most noble lady, have I done thy will aright!"
Then, upstarting from her languor,
Cried she, in returning anger:
"Where didst find the trait'rous knight?
Didst thou tear him from her clasping, strike him down before her sight?"

"Nay, not so; in bright Palermo, where the tourney's torches shine,
In the gardens of the palace,
Did the green earth, from its chalice
Drink his bosom's brightest wine,
And the latest name that faltered on his dying lips was—thine!"

With a scream, as agonizing in its horror and despair,
As if life's last hold were started,
Ere the soul in torture parted,
Stood she, pale and shuddering there,
With her face of marble lifted in the cavern's noisome air.

"God of heaven! that fearful image, on the mirror's surface thrown!
Not Alberto, but a demon,
Looked on her as on a leman,
And the guilt is mine alone
Now that demon-shadow haunts me, and its curse is made my own!

"See! its dead, cold eyes are glaring through the darkness, steadily;
And it holds a cloudy mirror,
Imaging that scene of terror,
Which was bloody death to thee!
Mocking now thy noble features, turns its fearful gaze on me.

"And I see, beneath their seeming, how the demon features glow!
Ghastly shadows rise before me,
And the darkness gathers o'er me,
With its never-ending woe —
Now I feel, avenging spirits! how your spells of madness grow!"

Night by night, in gloom and terror, from the crag and from the glen
Came her cries, the quiet breaking,
Till the shepherd dogs, awaking,
Bayed in loud and mournful pain,
And the vintager, benighted, trembled on the distant plain.

Still, when o'er the brow of Etna livid shades begin to roll,
Tell the simple herdsmen, daunted
By the twilight, terror-haunted,
How she felt the fiend's control,
And they sign the cross in saying: "God in mercy keep her soul!"

AN HOUR OF TRIAL.

His arm was round my shoulder laid,
He pressed my head against his breast;
I sighed, but not a word was said,
I felt his heart beat through his vest.

His fingers warm upon my cheek,
Still toward his eyes compelled my face;
I only felt: I could not speak,
Fast fettered in that close embrace.

Pain racked, sore tried, I fain would flee,
His voice my futile struggle stilled:
"Madame, a little patience. See!"
I rise, I smile. My front tooth's filled!

THE WOODEN LEG.

MAX ADELER.

"MR. BROWN, you don't want to buy a first-rate wooden leg, do you! I've got one that I've been wearing for two or three years, and I want to sell it. I'm hard up for money; and although I'm attached to that leg, I'm willing to part with it, so's I kin get the necessaries of life. Legs are all well enough; they are handy to have round the house, and all that; but a man must attend to his stomach. Now, I'm going to make you an offer. That leg is Fairchild's patent; steel springs, india-rubber joints, elastic toes and everything, and it's in better order now than it was when I bought it. It'd be a comfort to any man. It's the most luxurious leg I ever came across. Consequently, when I offer it to you I'm doing a personal favor; and I think I see you jump at the chance, and want to clinch the bargain before I mention—you'll hardly believe it, I know—that I'll actually knock that leg down to you at four hundred dollars. Four hundred, did I say? I meant six hundred; but let it stand. I never back out when I make an offer; but it's just throwing that leg away—it is, indeed."

"But I don't want an artificial leg," said Mr. Brown.

"The beautiful thing about the limb," continued the stranger, "is that it is reliable. You kin depend on it. It's always there. Some legs that I have seen were treacherous—most always some of the springs bursting out, or the joints working backward, or the toes turning down and catching in things. But it's almost pathetic the way this leg goes on year in and year out, like an old friend, never knowing an ache or a pain, but always good-natured and ready to go out of its way to oblige you. Talk about your kings and emperors and millionaires! Which of 'em's got a leg like that? Which of 'em kin unscrew his knee-pan? Which of 'em kin leave his leg downstairs on the hat-rack, and go to bed with only one cold foot? Why, it's enough to make a monarch sick to think of such a convenience. But there's only one man kin buy

that leg, and that's you. I want you to have it so bad that I'll deed it to you for fifty dollars down. Awful, isn't it? Just throwing it away; but take it, take it, if it does make my heart bleed to see it go out of the family."

"Really, I have no use for such a thing," said Mr. Brown.

"You can't think," urged the stranger, "what a benediction a leg like that is in a family. When you don't want to walk with it, it comes into play for the children to ride horsey on; or you kin take it off and stir the fire with it. It makes the most efficient potato-masher ever you saw; you kin tack carpets perfectly splendid with the heel; and when a cat sees it coming at him from the winder, he just adjourns *sine die*. Now, you're probably afeared of dogs. I don't blame you; I used to be that way before I lost my home-made leg. But fix yourself with this artificial extremity, and what do you care for dogs? If a million of 'em come at you, what's the odds? You merely stand still and smile, and throw out your spare leg, and let 'em fool with that as much as they've a mind to. And that's the reason why I feel like saying that if you insist on offering only a dollar and a half for it, why, take it; it's yours. I'm not the kinder man to stand on trifles. I'll take it off and wrap it up in paper for you; shall I?"

"I'm sorry," said Brown, "but the fact is, I have no use for it. I've got two good legs already. If I ever lose one, why, maybe then I'll ——"

"I don't think you exactly catch my idea," said the stranger. "Now, any man kin have a meat-and-muscle leg; they're as common as dirt. But I take you for a man who wants to be original. You have style about you. Now, if I were you, I'd get a leg snatched off some way, so's I could walk around on this one. Or, if you hate to go to the expense of amputation, why not mount this beautiful work of art just as you stand? A centipede, a mere redicklous insect, has half a bushel of legs, and why can't a man, the grandest creature on earth, own three? You go round this community on three legs, and your fortune's made. People will go wild over you as the three-legged grocer. Look at it as an advertisement! Look at it any way you please, and there's money

in it, there's glory, there's immortality. I think I see you now moving around over this floor with your old legs working as usual, and this one going clickety-click along with 'em, making music for you all the time, and attracting attention in a way to fill a man's heart with rapture. Now, look at it that way; and if it strikes you, I will tell you what I'll do; I'll actually swap that off to you for two pounds of crackers and a tin cupful of Jamaica rum. Is it a go?"

Then Brown weighed out the crackers, gave him some rum, and told him if he would take them as a present and quit, he would confer a favor.

As he went off he said, "Good-bye. But if you ever really do want a leg, Old Reliable is ready for you; it's yours. I consider that you've got a mortgage on it, and you kin foreclose at any time. I dedicate this leg to you. My will shall mention it, and if you don't need it when I die, I'm going to have it put in the savings bank to draw interest till you check it out."

ARIZONA JIM.

C. F. LUMMIS.

CLIMBIN' the Mesa Grande,
'N' the bronchos fit to drap,
'Th the sand hub-high, 'n' the white-het sky,
Like the breath o' hell — geet-*ap!*

Nary a *pasagero*,
Jes' me 'n' the stage; 'n' in't,
Thet Fargo box fr'm the P'int o' Rocks
'Th dust f'r the Frisco mint.

Ten thous'n, cool, I reck'n,
Ten thous'n' ef ther's a nick,
'N' me on the drive at sixty-five,
'N' the po'r ol' wife gone sick!

Yo' Bill Green! wot you think'n'?
Be yo' locoed, or wot? I 'low
Et's a purty bust, ef the line can't trust
O' Bill f'r a white man *now!*

Trust me? Bet yo' *que si*, now!
We're po'r ez the ribs o' grief;
But the boy 'n' Sue — 't 'd kill the two
Ef dad was to turn the thief!

Po'r Jim! Et gallds him awful,
This rustle f'r daily bread;
'Th his mammy down, 'n' no work in town
'N' nuth'n' to hope ahead.

He says to me this morn'n,
Thet quiet 'n' despurt-like:
"Dad, I'm a-goin' to the Cabezon,
'N' I'll die but I'll make a strike!

"I can't stan' this no longer,
F'r 't ain't nuther jest n'r right!'
'N' out he lit. Jim's wild a bit,
But yo' bet his heart is white!

Ef only — whoa, yo' devils!
A hold-up, ez shore ez chalk!
Throw up my han's? Why, f'r shore! A man's
A fool to dispute *sech* talk!

Whoop! *Then* I ketched yo' nappin'!
Thet box is a trifle more'n
A load f'r one 'n' not drap his gun —
Now s'posen you throw up yo'rn!

Don't tech that gun! Yo ijjit,
Take THET! *Hed* to tumble him!
Deader'n a rat — why, thet's *my* ol' hat —
'N' the mask — h-h-h! *God: My Jim!*

IN THE HOSPITAL WARD.

THERE'S a verse in the Psalms, or a bit of a verse, it's one that I've often heard—
But a hospital ward is a wonderful place for seeing the truth of His word;
Why, each case that's brought in is a living proof, that cannot be argued away,
Of some word that the Lord has spoken, the "same yesterday and to-day."

He was an old man, a farmer from Fife, hale and hearty, at threescore and ten,
With clear grey eyes, and a look that said he could hold his own among men;
But you saw that "his own" would be always the good, or, at least, the honest and true;
He was one of Wordsworth's "religious men, who give God and man their due."

His case was a bad one—his arm had been caught and torn in a threshing-mill;
He had borne the pain with a quiet strength, the strength of a disciplined will
That can say its "Amen," not to prayers alone, but to all that God sends its way.
So his brave, calm spirit had helped his cure—he was going home the next day.

That last night he talked of his home in Fife, a bleak little farm by the sea,
And of Aillie his wife, and his good bairn Jean, the only one left out of three:
One lad had been drowned, when the storm wrecked his boat on the rocks in St. Andrew's Bay,
"And his brother"—a pause, then, in broken tones "he grew restless, and went away."

Oh, gentle words from the brave, stricken heart! I could read the story plain,
The old, old story we read in St. Luke, it had all come true again;
And I saw, by the light in the old man's eyes, that if only *this* son would come,
This father would see him a "great way off," and meet him, and bring him home.

It was evening now, and the setting sun was filling the ward with light,
It shone on the beds where the sick ones lay, and seemed to whisper "good-night;"
As I bade farewell to the good old man I was thinking of what I had heard,
And I said as we parted, "It may be the Lord will grant you your hope deferred."

As I passed to my room, there came into my mind a promise I'd made that day
To one of the patients, to write to his friends, and I knew that I should not delay;
He had drifted in through our merciful gates, like a bit of wreck on the shore;
He had gone on the rocks, in his voyage of life, they had bruised him and wounded him sore.

He lay quite still, as I stood by his bed, and I thought I would let him rest;
His eyes were closed, and his feeble hands were folded upon his breast;
And I thought, as I looked at the wasted form and the face with its traces of sin,
Of the thief on the cross, who had knocked so late at God's door, and been welcomed in.

I was turning to go, when he opened his eyes, and, oh, they were sunken and dim!

And slowly there seemed to come back to his mind the promise I'd made to him;
For his pale cheek flushed, and with panting breath, "You'll write to my people at home,
And say that I'm dying, and will they forgive—and oh, if my mother would come——"

His eyes turned to the door, then a quick, sudden gleam shone out of them—what did he see?
I looked round, and there stood the old farmer from Fife; he seemed looking for someone—for me,
For, as soon as I turned, he caught sight of my face, and came straight to the foot of the bed;
There he stood, as if spellbound, and gazed on the face that was white as the face of the dead.

And I saw, as he gazed, how the look grew intense and keen, and a sudden pain,
A terrible conflict of anguish and doubt, seemed surging through heart and brain;
Then the dying man, who had closed his eyes, as if done with the life we live,
Opened them slowly, stretched out his arms, and murmured, "Father, forgive!"

"Oh, David, my son," from the pale lips rang the "exceeding bitter cry,"
As he knelt by the bed, held the dying hands, and looked in the dying eye;
And the sound of the wings of the angel of death seemed all of a sudden to cease,
Till the angels of penitence, pardon and love should whisper, "Depart in peace."

I left them alone, and came back at the dawn; the old man still knelt by the bed,
The worn hands were clasped, and the lips moved in prayer, as he looked on the face that was dead;

When I knelt at his side, he quietly spoke, and gladness was mixed with the pain:
"My David was dead, but now he's alive; he was lost, but is found again."

KITTY CLOVER.

CARRIE W. THOMPSON.

"MIDGET, gypsy, big-eyed elf, little Kitty Clover,
What have you been playing at, for an hour and over?
Where have you been wandering, in the name of wonder?
Weren't you frightened at the wind, are you fond of thunder?
Were you in a fairies' cave, while the rain was falling,
With your ears sewn tightly up, not to hear me calling?
Who has taught your hair to curl?
Where's your apron, dirty girl?"

'Now my bwains is all mitsed up, dot too bid a headful;
Fifteen twestions at a time mitses me up dwedful.
Tourse I've been a visitin', I an' Rainy Wevver;
Sure to find the birds at home when we go togevver.
Dess my ears was full of songs, why I didn't hear you;
Else 'tause you stayed at home, an' I dot too far from near you.
Once some 'ittle sing said low,
'Mamma wants you, Lou, I know.'

"Dess it was that funny bird that kep' an' kep' a-singin',
While the wain was tomin' down, and funder-bells was ringin'.
'Oh, you goosey bird,' I said, 'it wains like sitsty-seven,
And your song'll get so wet, it tant f'y up to Heaven.
Did you swallow it one day when you was a-dwinkin'?
Is it all the talk you've got, or only jus' your finkin'?
You fink songs come up an' spwout,
And wain makes 'em bwossom out?'

"Den de bird tame tlose to me—mamma, he did truly;
Said: 'I never told before, but I'll tell you, Luly.
One day Dod dot tired of Heaven an' de angels' singin',
Fought dere harps was out of tune, dey made such awful dingin',
So He sang a piece of song, and put some fevvers wound it;
Den He fwoed it in a twee, where a bird's name found it,
Den He mitsed de song an' name,
Till dey drew de very same.'

"Mamma, what's you smilin' at, hadn't you better hol' me?
I'll det tired sayin' froo what de birdie tol' me.
Dod sends word down by de wain, when He wants to hear him;
Dat is why de whisper drops, tinkle by so near him.
Sood you fink his song would lose? I tan tell you better;
It don' have so far to do, as my dranma's letter.
Earf an' Heaven's so tlose apart,
Dod tan tatch it in His heart.

"'Twas de win' dat turled my hair, did'n he fits it funny?
Tombed an' twisted it lite zis, z'out a spet of money.
'Where's my apron?' Let me see! I muss fink it over.
F'aid you've dot a naughty dirl for your Kitty Clover,
'Tause I dave dat to de bwook, wiz ze bid stones in it,
Where it has to wun acwoss, ev'wy little minit;
W'apped it all up dwy an' neat
So my bwook won't wet his feet!"

WILD OATS.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

When all the world is young, lad, and all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad, and every lass a queen,
Then fly for boot and horse, lad, and round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad, and every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad, and all the trees are brown,
And all the sport is stale, lad, and all the wheels run down,
Come home and take your place there the spent and maimed among;
God grant you find a face there you loved when you were young!

WHEN I AM MARRIED.

MONOLOGUE FOR A LADY.

[Room with two doors, centre and side; window, sofa, bureau with clock, table with mirror, writing materials, arm-chair and other chairs. Lamp burning on table, or, if not convenient, a candle. Enter ADELA, centre, with cloak and hood.]

THANK heaven, that is over! It must be very late. [*Looks at clock.*] Oh, dear! it is after midnight! But I can't help it; I should have been only too happy to come away earlier — indeed I should — even at ten. I'm none too fond of those people; a set of regular old gossips! It was enough to drive one frantic. First they stirred their tea, then they talked a little, then they read a book — but only the title page! I might have had a better time if he — if my — well, if Ernest had been there.

[*Goes to table to take off ornaments.*] What's this! A letter? [*Hastily.*] From him? It is not addressed! and open, too! Who can have put it here? It is strange. [*Opens note hesitatingly.*] So daintily folded, and such fine paper! I don't know what to wish or hope. [*Looks in.*] What! [*Reads.*] "Mr. and Mrs. Green have the honor to announce the marriage of their daughter, Augusta, to Joseph Black." No! this is too dreadful! [*Reads again.*] Augusta Black, Augusta Green! I can't believe my eyes — Augusta married; that stupid Augusta married before me! Well, I am engaged myself, and my Ernest is a doctor, too, while she has only got an apothecary, who will always have to make up the prescriptions that my husband writes. But it makes me angry to think that she will imagine I am angry about it. Oh! I'm sure she imagines I am; I know her! I angry? Indeed! Such an idea would never enter my head; nobody could begrudge her a paltry druggist! Who knows that she won't regret it? But I wish her all happiness [*turns away*]. [*As she goes, with sarcastic pity.*] Gracious! he may be only a clerk in the shop, after all!

[*Turns back and takes up note again.*] It won't be long; only six short months, then I shall be married, too, and a doctor's wife into the bargain! I might have been married before now; he would

have taken me any time, but he said he must get a little larger practice first. How many things a man has to think of before he can think of the most important of all — marriage! We women don't have to wait for anything before we can get married.

But I've already provided one very important item, a thing for which many a girl longs. [*Runs to bureau, takes out something and comes back holding it behind her.*] To be sure I can make no use of it at present, but it gives me such a foretaste of the happiness and contentment of those who are [*puts on cap*] already entitled to wear it. I must see how I look in the glass. I'm not a bit sleepy now! How different one feels, so dignified, so, so — important! As soon as I am married I shall order three dozen caps out of pure gratitude! Dear me! I shall have to have a great many drawers to keep them all in; perhaps I had better keep this bureau. No, I must put the piano here; I can't do without a piano, for where would a young couple be without music? Evenings I shall play on the piano something soft and sweet and sentimental.

But there's one question that I must consider seriously — how shall I behave to others when I'm married? I must not be too gay, too proud, or else everyone will say: "What a goose she makes of herself about that man. What is there so wonderful about him?" If I am calm and reserved — that won't do either; then they will say: "Goodness! there must be something wrong. I pity the poor thing; I always thought that match would turn out badly!" Oh! why should I worry about all these things! The chief thing will be to keep my husband's love. But how? Why, I must to-day be capricious and full of whims; to-morrow, all amiability, but never two days alike, and always contradictory and a puzzle. Yes, that's the secret; I must be a puzzle to him! If a man once solves the enigma, all interest is gone.

But suppose instead of puzzling his brain he prefers to ignore it! What then? If we should really quarrel, then there will be a touching reconciliation! For instance, suppose I sit at home waiting for him to come to dinner. He lets me wait. I sit by the window, so. [*Acts out her words.*] Mr. Robinson passes; I bow very affably, of course, oh, most affably. But all this don't help me.

He doesn't come, and it is long past the dinner hour. Oh, it is shameful! to hurt me so in the very first months of our marriage! The soup will be stone cold — cold, cold as his heart! I sit down again by the window. Ah! at last, here comes my lord and master. Shall I rise or remain seated? No, I can keep my seat no longer. I rise to hide my distress. [*Walks up and down without raising her eyes.*] Here he is; he says "good evening."

[*Considers.*] I make no answer. He looks at me in surprise.

"What is the matter with you?"

"With me? Oh, nothing. I suppose you have dined?"

"Oh, no, only taken a little luncheon at a friend's house."

"Oh, indeed, I am glad you have such an amiable friend, with such a very amiable wife." [*Aside.*] That makes him angry. He casts an annihilating look at me and jerks a chair furiously.

"Please, please don't break the chairs!"

"They are my chairs; I can do as I like with them!"

"Oh, no; we own them in common, and I have as much right to them as you! [*She turns over a chair.*] So there!"

[*Aside.*] If he loves me, he will pick it up.

"Madam, control your temper; I am very hungry, but I have had my fill of such behavior!"

He calls me madam! Oh, this is too much; he calls me madam already. [*More and more agitated.*]

"Sir! you are my husband, you understand me!"

What! he takes his hat — he leaves the house! [*Acts as if about to call him back.*] "Ernest ——"

[*Turns back.*] Stay, I have done nothing to apologize for. But he is really going! Oh! he has gone; he has broken my heart; what a wretched woman I am! [*Falls sobbing into arm-chair.*]

He does not return; what shall I do? [*Resolutely.*] I will go, too! But first I will write to him — oh, I will write him a proper letter, and strew sand on it, sand enough for him to bury himself in! [*Takes paper and pen.*] There! [*Writes.*] "Sir! your conduct convinces me that we are utterly unsuited to live together. We must part" — yes, I will put it down in black and white — "part. It is very painful to sit and wait dinner" — and to-day,

to-day [*weeps*] we had calf's head soup — "Is that the way you reward my love? After what has happened we can never be reconciled. You have killed my happiness, have killed me, and I am, Respectfully yours" — no, no longer yours — "Respectfully, Adela." There! and now let me add a postscript. "Farewell forever! Shame upon you!"

[*Lays down pen and sits thinking.*] Oh, that it should have come to this! a widow so soon, and to-morrow is my birthday. I was looking forward to it with such pleasure. Oh! what will Augusta say, she and her druggist! I shall never survive this disgrace. [*Hides her face and sobs. After short pause, chorus of male voices is heard outside.* ADELA *listens in surprise, looks up, and gradually coming to herself, looks delighted. Toward end of song puts out light hastily. Any serenade desired may be sung.*]

[*After song.*] I don't know what to think. Am I awake, or is this a dream? No, no; I am awake, and I have been dreaming. To-morrow — no, to-day is my birthday, and this is a serenade from Ernest. Oh, yes; I recognize his voice! I wonder if I can see anything! [*Goes cautiously to window and looks out.*] Yes — lanterns — there he is, my dear, loving, attentive Ernest, my doctor! [*Steps quickly away from window.*] I wonder if he saw me? Thanks, thanks, and good-night. And, oh! what a silly goose I am to make myself so unhappy about nothing! Well, when he comes to-day I'll tell him all, and promise to do better when the happy day has really come.

WOMAN'S WAY.

THEY sat together side by side, absorbed in Cupid's mission;
"Dear John, please tell," she softly cried, "what was my pa's decision?"
"Alas!" said he, "I greatly fear" (his voice began to quaver),
"My suit is not regarded, dear" (he heaved a sigh), "with favor.
Your pa says he can't see at all" (he sadly smoothed her tresses),
"How I, with such an income small, can even buy your dresses."
"I think," she answered (and her eye in trust to his was carried),
"I might lay in a good supply before" (she blushed) "we're married."

MOTHER'S LULLABY.

MAMIE T. SHORT.

IN sight of home, the dear old home!
The vine-embowered porch I see
Where, years agone, my mother sat
And held me fondly on her knee.
Again the rocker's steady creak
Falls lullingly upon my ear;
Again the sound of mother's voice
As in the olden days I hear:
"*Bye O baby, go to sleepy,*
Bye O baby, go to sleep."

What's this that's rolling down my cheek?
'Tis memory's gift — a boyish tear;
The world-worn man grows young again
And vanished hours and days draw near.
Against this old tree's mossy trunk
I'll rest me now a little space,
And while the dusk comes stealing on,
I'll view at length the old home-place.

Yes, there's the muslin-curtained pane
That graced my little attic room;
The quaint old garden-bed below,
That wafted up a sweet perfume.
The well — a gourd upon the wall,
The crooked bough where hung a swing,
And birds still nesting 'neath the eaves;
At early dawn they used to sing.

Just yonder stands the little church
With green graves clustered all about;

To that still place from door of ours,
  How many have been carried out!
I mourn the day I left this spot
  O'er foreign lands and seas to roam;
And now I fear some stranger voice
  Shall say: "No more is this your home."

Then point me to the church-yard near;
  "You seek your kindred? There they are."
But see — the front door sudden moves,
  And stands a little way ajar.
With eager footsteps I advance
  Then pause, before a knock I dare,
And listen to a sound within —
  The creak of some old rocking-chair!

And then — O joy — I hear the voice
  That often stilled my fretful cry,
Sing softly, as in days of yore,
  The dear old-fashioned lullaby:
    "*Bye O baby, go to sleepy,*
    Bye O baby, go to sleep."

I rush within; upon the floor
  I fall beside those aged knees;
I clasp her sobbing to my heart,
  All dark forebodings set at ease.
And when the shadows darker grow,
  My head upon her lap I lay,
And bid her croon my cradle song,
  And soothe me — just her dear, old way.

A mother's smile illumes her face;
  She strokes my hair with trembling hand,
And sings to me in sweeter tones
  Than ever rang from angel band:
    "*Bye O baby, go to sleepy,*
    Bye O baby, go to sleep."

MY FIDDLE.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

MY fiddle? Well, I kind o' keep her handy, don't you know?
Though I ain't so much inclined to tromp the strings and switch the bow
As I was before the timber of my elbows got so dry,
And my fingers was more limber-like and caperish and spry.
Yet I can plonk and plunk and plink,
And tune her up and play,
And jest lean back and laugh and wink
At every rainy day.

My playin's only middlin'—tunes I picked up when a boy—
The kind o' sort o' fiddlin' the folks call corduroy;
"The Old Fat Gal," and "Ryestraw," and "My Sailor's on the Sea,"
Is the cowtillions that I saw when the ch'ice is left to me.
And so I plunk and plonk and plink,
And rosum up my bow,
And play the tunes that makes you think
The devil's in your toe.

That's how this dear old fiddle's won my heart's endurin' love!
From the strings across the middle to the screechin' up above,
From her apern, over bridge, and to the ribbon round the throat,
She's a wooin', cooin' pigeon, singin' "Love me" in every note!
And so I pat her neck and plink
Her strings with lovin' hands,
And list'nin' clost I sometimes think
She kind o' understands.

YOUNG DONALD.

GEORGE ROY.

TWO fishermen stood on the beach, the types of youth and age;
They gazed in awe upon the sea, thrilled by its furious rage.
A pause, and then the young man said, "'Tis grand! 'tis very grand!"
"Yes," said the old man, with a smile, "when seen here — safe on land.

"But oh! God help the luckless craft that sees its grandeur there."
The young man's heart gave warm response unto the old man's prayer.
"Have you e'er seen," the youth inquired, "the sea so madly wild?"
"Yes," said the old man, "once I did; you then were quite a child.

"'Twas then your foolish father went — but you know all the story."
"My foolish father! Say not so; he died a death of glory.
In deep distress, a poor frail barque sought succor from the shore;
My father launched — could man do less? and man could do no more.

"I know that I should do the same if I, as he, were tried."
"Hold, hold! look, look!" the old man now in tones excited cried.
"Far out among yon clouds of spray that rise upon the blast,
Deep, 'mid the boiling, broken waves, I see a single mast;

"But she, I fear, must take her fate — no man can help now give,
For in that sea there is no boat that could one minute live.
To put from shore were certain death" — the youth's face wore a frown;
He said: "We stand here, at our ease, and see those souls go down!

"No, no," and lightly off he sprang, and to the village ran,
And, with a passing knock and shout, brought forth each stalwart man.
"The life-boat must be manned, and I shall quickly choose my crew;"
With passing touch he counted off his heroes brave and true.

'Twas then young Donald's mother came, with looks of silent woe;
She spoke 'mid sobs, and yet her words were, "Go, my brave son, go!"
Another voice now caught his ear, from lips of maiden beauty;
Those silvery tones distinctly said, "My Donald, do your duty."

Fair Jean had lost a brother dear amid the rude sea's strife,
And then had almost made a vow to be no seaman's wife;
What rapture came, then, with the words to Donald now addressed!
He hears in them a tender love by her at length confessed.

Now lightly Donald sprang on board, with heart that knew no fear;
The crew are seated now, and now they launch her with a cheer!
Away she bounds, 'mid foam and spray; each oar is stoutly plied,
While Donald's steady, skilful hand is there her course to guide.

She's lost to sight — now proudly she rises to the swell;
Each oar is plied with matchless skill, and Donald steers right well.
"No boat was ever better manned," the cautious old man said;
"And yet -- and yet," he muttered low, "I'm very much afraid."

The boat is now but dimly seen, though eager eyes are strained;
"The sloop will sink," the old man cries, "before she can be gained."
And so it is; she's settling down, yet flies the boat with speed;
Down, down she goes; oh, gracious Heaven! assist her in her need.

The sloop is lost to sight, and now the boat is seen no more.
The old man cries, "I fear, I fear, they'll never reach the shore."
The clouds of spray now clear away, the life-boat's full in view;
Says he who views her through a glass: "They're picking up the crew;

"There's one — two — three — and there's a fourth, but he has slipped the cord;
Oh, folly, madness!" loud he cries, "young Donald's overboard!
All's well — he's saved the drowning man, he's now on board and waving."
Again they're hid 'mong foam and spray, the sea is madly raving.

On, on they come; but see that wave that rises mountain high —
If 't break, she's gone. "It breaks, it breaks! all's lost!" they frantic cry.
"No, no; she's bravely floating still; the land she's swiftly nearing."
There's joyous shouts from all on shore, there's hearty sailor cheering.

At once they lift her from the sea, 'mid shout and joyous cry;
And high and dry upon the beach, boat, crew and rescued lie.
But why do those who stand around now start with strange surprise?
There's one amongst that rescued crew whom all can recognize.

'Tis Jean's lost brother, found again! ay, and by Donald found.
I need not tell that soon with joy the village homes resound;
And that young Donald, wedding Jean, takes home a faithful wife,
And that they now, on Scotland's coast, do lead a happy life.

A BOY'S MERCY.

BESSIE G. HART.

MAMMA, I saved a life to-day, such a tiny, tiny life!
I tried first with a blade of grass, then with my pearl pen-knife.
'Twas a tiny, greenish bug, mamma, he was in the pool by the shed,
He must have thought it an ocean, and the poor bug was almost dead.
The blade of grass bent down, mamma, so I took out my new pen-knife,
And opened it quick as ever I could, and saved the poor bug's life.
And the bug was *so* glad to get out, mamma! When his tiny wings had dried
They shone like silver in the sun, and I felt *so* satisfied
To think I had been his friend in need and saved the poor bug's life!
Then I took him by the wings, mamma, and cut him in two with my knife!

BEFORE THE GATE.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

THEY gave the whole day long to idle laughter,
To fitful song and jest,
To moods of soberness as idle, after,
And silences as idle, too, as the rest.

But when at last upon their way returning,
Taciturn, late, and loth,
Through the broad meadow in the sunset burning,
They reached the gate, one fine spell hindered both.

Her heart was troubled with a subtle anguish
Such as but women know
That wait, and, lest love speak, or speak not, languish,
And what they would, would rather they would not so.

Till he said—manlike, nothing comprehending
Of all the wondrous guile
That women won win themselves with, and bending
Eyes of relentless asking on her the while,—

"Ah, if beyond this gate the path united
Our steps as far as death,
And I might open it!—" His voice, affrighted
At his own daring, faltered under his breath.

Then she—whom both his faith and fear enchanted
Far beyond words to tell,
Feeling her woman's finest wit had wanted
The art he had that knew to blunder so well—

Slyly drew near a little step, and mocking,
"Shall we not be too late
For tea?" she said. "I'm quite worn out with walking;
Yes, thanks, your arm. And will you—open the gate?

SORROW.

FROM THE DANISH OF CHR. WILSTER, BY JOHN VOLK.

ONE day, while Jupiter, the great Olympian,
Sat list'ning to the glorious hymns of mirth
Ascending thro' the fleeting clouds beneath him,
A maid rose to Olympus from the earth.
Upon her shoulders fell her night-black tresses,
Pale was her face and full of tears her eye;
Her graceful head hung down upon her bosom,
As slowly she the god of gods drew nigh.

"Despair not, child," quoth Jupiter, the mighty,
"Come lay thy burden down before our throne;
In vain thou shalt not seek for consolation,
Unfold thy heart and make thy trouble known.'

Then she, her eyes uplifting: "I am Sorrow,
I dwell among the children of the dust;
My peace has gone: I long for rest and solace,
And hope in thee, for thou alone art just.
Fate destined me to live among the mortals,
To bring forth woe, and mingle grief with mirth,
And, therefore, though a daughter of a goddess,
I have no worshipper upon the earth.

Behold! from hills and halls and mighty temples,
Sweet incense is ascending to the skies;
To every god and demi-god and goddess
Doth mankind offer up a sacrifice.
But me they hate, avoid: and I must wander
All sore at heart, forsaken and alone;
Therefore I left the earth, rose to Olympus,
And humbly here I kneel before thy throne.

Then Jupiter arose and softly answered:
"O Sorrow, listen, and in peace arise!

Thou shouldst not envy us our halls and temples,
  Not e'en the incense rising to the skies.
To thee a purer sacrifice is offered,
  To thee do Love and Mercy yield the tear,
A mother's tear, shed for her dying infant;
  A maiden's tear, shed at her lover's bier.

"This sacrifice, O maid, was never offered
  From vanity; it needs no sacred hall;
The tears which from the depths of hearts are flowing,
  Make sacred every place on which they fall.
And therefore was no temple consecrated
  To honor thee, but thou receiv'st no less;
For young and old bestow on thee, O Sorrow,
  The noblest gift, the purest they possess."

HER LAUGH IN FOUR FITS.

AT 10 a blithesome little maid,
  Restrained by naught but nature's law
Went romping o'er the glassy glade
  And laughed a merry
    Haw Haw Haw.

At 20 she was bright and fair;
  But now, restrained by fond mamma,
She only tossed her golden hair
  And laughed a rippling
    Ha Ha Ha.

At 30 she was more sedate,
  And, still from wedded bondage free,
She said her time was growing late,
  And laughed a yearning
    He He He.

At 40 she despaired of joy,
  For none had come her heart to woo;
She sighed for either man or boy,
  And laughed a doleful
    Who Who Who.

A BALLAD OF THE WERE-WOLF

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

[A were-wolf is a human wolf, or, rather, a person that imagines himself to be a wolf and imitates its actions. The belief was specially prevalent in the sixteenth century. The wolf was believed to be very ferocious, devouring even human beings.]

THE gudewife sits i' the chimney-neuk,
An' looks on the louping flame;
The rain fa's chill, and the win' ca's shrill,
Ere the auld gudeman comes hame.

"Oh, why is your cheek so wan, gudewife?
An' why do ye glower on me?
Sae dour ye luik i' the chimney-neuk,
Wi' the red licht in your e'e!

"Yet this nicht should ye welcome me,
This ae nicht mair than a',
For I hae scotched yon great gray wolf
That took our bairnies twa.

"'Twas a sair, sair strife for my very life,
As I warstled there my lane;
But I'll hae her heart or e'er we part,
Gin ever we meet again.

"An' 'twas ae sharp stroke o' my bonny knife
That gar'd her haud awa';
Fu' fast she went out owre the bent
Wi'outen her right fore-paw.

"Gae tak' the foot o' the drumlie brute,
And hang it upo' the wa';
An' the next time that we meet, gudewife,
The tane of us shall fa'."

He's flung his pouch on the gudewife's lap,
I' the firelicht shinin' fair,

Yet naught they saw o' the gray wolf's paw,
  For a bluidy hand lay there.

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
  Wi' the red licht in her e'e,
Till she stude but a span frae the auld gudeman,
  Whiles never a word spak' she.

But she stripped the claiths frae her lang right arm,
  That were wrappit roun' and roun';
The first was white, an' the last was red,
  And the fresh bluid dreeped adown.

She stretchit him out her lang right arm,
  An' cauld as the deid stude he.
The flames louped bricht i' the gloamin' licht
  There was nae hand there to see!

LOSERS OF MONEY.

"PARDON me for troubling you, sir, but did you drop a twenty dollar gold piece?" asked a man, with an earnest look on his face and a memorandum book in his hand, of a well-dressed individual on the street corner.

The man addressed ran his hand nervously into various pockets and replied—

"Well, now I declare! Can it be possible that I was so careless as to drop that coin? Yes, it's gone. I must have lost it right here, near where we stand."

The man opened his memorandum book, took from his vest pocket the stub of a lead pencil and said—

"Will you favor me with your name and address?"

They were given, and the questioner started on, when the well-dressed man cried—

"Hi, there! Where's the money? Give me my gold piece."

"Oh, I didn't find any money. I took a notion this morning that in a city like this, where thousands and thousands of dollars are handled every hour, there must be great losses, and started out to investigate the matter. Between here and the river I found seven men that lost twenty dollar gold pieces, and I expect to run the list up to two hundred before I reach the City Hall. Good-day, sir."

WHAT OLD MRS. EMBER SAID.

[*Mrs. Maunder* is costumed in a plain black silk skirt, tight waist, three-cornered white kerchief, powdered hair, cap and apron. She is setting the table when *Mrs. Chatter* enters, attired in old-fashioned walking costume, any ordinary figured dress, talma, and as huge a bonnet as available. Both sit down to tea.]

MRS. MAUNDER. Oh, Mrs. Chatter—dear, dear—do sit down. I am glad to see you. I was just a-saying to myself, I wish Mrs. Chatter would come in. If there's anybody that ought to know the rights of that affair between Sally Ember and Billy Barker, it's her; and if there's anyone that can tell her all about it, it's me. The way I came to know, I and my old man went over to old Mrs. Ember's one night, and says I, "Mrs. Ember, you and me are old friends; now I'd like to have you tell me—" there, the kettle is boiling over. I must draw tea. Things are on the table, and it's all ready; just sit up.

MRS. CHATTER. I—really you must excuse me—I—

MRS. M. Oh, do—do now. You see it is a long story—won't take *no* for an answer. Sit down and have a cup of tea, and make yourself comfortable.

MRS. C. Well, if I must, I s'pose I must. [*Sitting.*]

MRS. M. [*Officiously.*] That's right. Now do help yourself, for I shall go straight along and talk, and I shan't bother myself handing things. Anyhow, I think it makes a body more to home like, you know, to just reach over and take what they want, than it does to have somebody saying, "Do take some more butter," "Don't forget the cake," "You ain't eating nothing," and all that—don't you?

MRS. C. Yes—that is if the table is small and everything in reach.

MRS. M. I hev been where you couldn't get nothing for yourself, and everything was at the further end, and I was that aggravated I could have spoke out and said, "Where's your manners?" Once I know there was a tea company at Miss Palmer's, and there was cold chicken, and I am fond of cold chicken. When

I'm fond of a thing I don't deny it. A healthy appetite is a sign of a good conscience, and the best of folks eat most.

MRS. C. Why, yes, indeed. There was our minister, old Dr. Talker; I tell you he used to eat — and if ever there was a good man he was one — a shining light; not like the young men that go gallivanting about, flirting with the gals and behaving like anybody else; wouldn't know they were clergymen, unless you asked 'em.

MRS. M. Of course you don't mean our minister. I knew his father when he was a boy; had the bronchitis dreadful; died of it at last, they tell me. It's a dreadful thing. I had an uncle that used to have it every winter for forty years; didn't kill him either — he went to sea, and was drowned.

MRS. C. Well, what did Mrs. Ember say?

MRS. M. [*Going on regardless of Mrs. C.'s interruption.*] The ship went down in the middle of the ocean, and there was never anything found but a bottle with a letter in it, saying they were all going to the bottom.

MRS. C. But what did Mrs. Ember say?

MRS. M. It was a dreadful thing for my aunt, with nine children and no property; she often said so.

MRS. C. But —

MRS. M. Oh, I declare, where have I got to? I started out to tell you about Sally Ember and Billy Barker. Well, me and my old man we went over to old Mrs. Ember's one night, and says I, "Mrs. Ember, you and me are old friends." So we are, Mrs. Chatter. Why, if you'll believe it, we went to school together, and before ever Dave Ember proposed to her — she was Polly Lumpkins, then—he asked me and I refused him.

MRS. C. Refused? You did! Why, he's rich.

MRS. M. [*Fanning vigorously.*] I didn't like *him*. He was sort o' silly. Never thought he'd get on in the world. Wouldn't either, if it hadn't been for having something left him. His Aunt Diligent left it to him, and he got up on that. When a man's rich, folks gets a better idee of him.

MRS. C. That's true; for there's old Singlebury — why, he's

respected because he's got a lot of property. Do you think he came by it honestly?

MRS. M. I know he didn't, the old cheat. I could tell you, if I chose. [*Very confidentially, swaying her body and head.*]

MRS. C. O, do — dear Mrs. Maunder — do.

MRS. M. Maybe I will some day. [*Pause.*] Well, he managed the widow Wicket's property, and she was very old — and he buttered his bread finely, I can tell you. Our Tom was in his office once. Dollars and dollars that should have been the widow's he pocketed. And *he* made her will, you know. Oh, pshaw, where am I? I mustn't go off like that or I'll never get through. Well, me and my old man ran over to Mrs. Ember's one evening, and says I: "Now, Mrs. Ember, you and I are old friends, and I'd like to have you [*rather loud*] tell me what all this is about Sally and Billy Barker." I had to speak loud.

MRS. C. Why, is she deaf?

MRS. M. As deaf as a post. It's in the family. Fast as they get on in years, they get deaf. It's a great affliction. I'm troubled that way myself, now and then; but what I always do is to get a plug of ham fat, big at one end and pinted at [*gesticulate*] the other, and put the pinted end in my ear. It's in my family, too; hereditary, the doctor says.

MRS. C. Well, such things are queer. There's the Smiths — the Todkins Smiths — down in Lumpkin's Lane. Bless you, six toes is hereditary in that family. Their mother showed me all the children in their beds one night — five boys and five girls — eight of 'em twins, and every one with six toes on each foot. "But there's something to be grateful for," she says; "I never lie down o' nights without thanking Providence it wasn't noses instead of *toeses.*"

MRS. M. Dew tell! But did you ever see the Siameses twinses?

MRS. C. No.

MRS. M. Well, I *am* surprised you didn't see 'em. They were the *curiousest* sight ever you saw — fastened together and coming sideways at you. Gracious sakes! skeered you awful — did me anyhow. I do declare, I have gone off again. Now I'll just go straight ahead this time.

MRS. C. Well, I trust so; for poor Mr. Chatter is suffering for his supper, and I must be off. [*Starts to go, making desperate attempts to adjust her bonnet.*]

MRS. M. Wait, do, and I will come to it in a minute. It's all the fault of my having too active a brain, don't you see—so many idees occur to me one after the other. I had my head examined by a phrenologist once, and he told Mr. Maunder I was a *wonderful* woman—had more idees than most folks and a most active brain.

MRS. C. You are going off again, Mrs. Maunder.

MRS. M. Well, so it is—I told you so. Maunder often says, "Martha Jane, hold on—give us one of 'em at a time." He is a very witty man, is Maunder—enough to kill you when he lets out; and as for puns, they'd amuse you—he-he-he.

MRS. C. If you have no objections, I should like to know something about—[*Mrs. M. interrupting.*]

MRS. M. Well, you shall. You see one evening, Maunder and me went over to see old Mrs. Ember, and says I, "Now, Mrs. Ember, we're old friends, and I'd like you to tell me what all this is about Billy and Sally." Well, when you say anything to old Mrs. Ember, first thing she says is "My!" She hollered it out so sharp that I nearly jumped out of my chair. She always did speak sharp. I don't know but she gives it to Ember sometimes. Some says he's always been henpecked. He looks it, and he never has dared stay out after nine o'clock. 'Tisn't a good thing for a man to do anyway, and I don't blame her for stopping it. It's better to be henpecked than dissipated, and staying out is the worst thing for that. Maunder never stayed late but once, it was when—

MRS. C. Off the track again, I do declare.

MRS. M. Oh, yes—Sally and Billy. Well, me and my old man, as I have been telling you, went over to Mrs. Ember's one evening—and he forgot to lock the door, and some one got in and stole the spoons. It was a wonder that that was all they took. I can't account for it.

MRS. C. Plated ones?

MRS. M. Oh, yes. But you miss spoons, plated or not. Nobody

wants to lose anything. I'd rather give a dollar than lose five cents. Wouldn't you?

MRS. C. I'd rather you'd proceed with your story, for —

MRS. M. Well, to start fair, me and my old man went over to Mrs. Ember's, and says I to her: "Now, Mrs. Ember, you and I are old friends, and I want you to tell me what all this is about Sally and Billy Barker," and says she "My!" Says I: "About your Sally and her young man, Billy Barker." Then Maunder says —

MRS. C. But what did she say to you?

MRS. M. Then Maunder says, "I'll just go smoke my pipe on the porch, Mrs. Ember, along with Jack." He likes a smoke, Maunder does, and Jack Ember is as fond of it as he is. They do say Jack went to bed with a pipe in his mouth one night, and went to sleep and set fire to the sheets. I often sit up in the night and [*she sniffs and sniffs*] sniff and snuff, and think I smell smoke. We're insured though. We were talked into it by an agent. He came and came and came, until one day we took and did it to get rid of him. Now he's after our lives. He'll get 'em, too, I expect. I saw him sitting on the fence a-waiting for us, at daylight this morning.

MRS. C. But about Mrs. Ember.

MRS. M. Oh, yes; well, where had I got to? We'd gone over, hadn't we?

MRS. C. Yes.

MRS. M. And I'd said to Mrs. Ember, "We're old friends, and I'd like to know what this is about Billy Barker and your Sally." And she said "My!" and Maunder he went out to smoke with Jack; and I just sat down alongside of the window and repeated the question. I wasn't the only one wanted to know what had happened. We all knew they were engaged, and now they didn't speak. "'Tisn't idle curiosity," says I, "but I'd like to know about Billy and Sally. I'm not a curious woman; nobody can say that. People that have known me all my life would tell you Mrs. Maunder isn't one to ask questions." What's that? [*Hears a loud rapping outside.*]

MRS. C. Some one at the door.

MRS. M. [*Goes to door.*] Oh, it's your husband, Mrs. Chatter. He says supper isn't ready, and Peggy isn't to be found, and Peter fell into the well, but they've rescued him, and Mary Ann caught her dress a-fire, but they've put it out. And your uncle and aunt, from New York, have come to stay a week, and brought their family; and the kitchen fire has gone out, and he can't find the baby [*Mrs. C. starts at this, rushes across the stage, but suddenly remembers not having heard the news*], and you must come home. I'm real sorry to have you go. Do come again, soon.

MRS. C. Yes; but what did Mrs. Ember say was the matter between Sally and Billy!

MRS. M. I was coming to that, only Mr. Chatter startled me so, knocking at the door. She [*slowly*] turns around, and she turns around and she turns around—

MRS. C. And what? [*Impatiently.*]

MRS. M. And she just says to me, says she: "Mrs. Maunder, it's nobody's business." [*Emphatically.*]—*Baltimore Elocutionist.*

PLAYING FOR KEEPS.

NETTIE H. PELHAM.

THROUGH my open window, summer breezes straying,
Bring the shouts of school-boys with their marbles playing.
Watch that little fellow; hear him gaily jest;
He is very lucky, winning from the rest.

I hear a girl's voice saying: "Tom, you must not play
And keep the marbles that you win. What will mamma say?"
"Oh," replies young Tommy, with a happy smile,
As he adds more marbles to his growing pile,
"Nobody's a-cheatin', we're all a-playin' fair,
And I'm almost certain mamma wouldn't care."

Tommy's luck is changing, and the happy smile
Leaves his face as quickly as the marbles leave his pile.
Now the game is ended, and he counts the cost:
Crockeries, mibs, and agates, all, oh! all are lost!
"Give me back my marbles!" Tommy wildly weeps;
"Mamma says it's wicked when you play for keeps!"

THE LADY OF GEDÖ.

Adapted from the Hungarian by MARY J. SAFFORD.

IN Count Fülek's halls there's wild revel and gay,
Night is given to wassail, to slumber the day.
'Tis midnight—as slow through the hall each stroke rings,
Loud rattle the dice in the cup the count swings.

"I'll wager my stud and my staunch pack of hounds!"
"Done!" cries Gedö. "Won!" instant the count's answer sounds.
"Who grieves, let him drown all his sorrow in wine.
Drink, Gedö! Still more must be lost—mine or thine!"

"Now castle 'gainst castle and liege men so stout!"
"Done!" cries Gedö. "Won!" gaily the count's voice rings out.
"Who grieves, let him drown all his sorrow in wine.
Drink, Gedö! Still more must be lost—mine or thine!'

"What, still more? Thou art lying! Thou'rt plucking me bare!"
Swift the count interrupts: "And thy lady so fair?
Stake thy wife, my lord Gedö, my broad lands will I,"
Gedö stakes—she is lost by the cast of a die!

Swift speedeth a runner, the nimblest of foot,
Gedö's lady in Count Fülek's name to salute:
"Fair rose that doth bloom on the cliff's barren height,
Thy husband—in gaming—hath lost thee to-night."

Silent listens the lady, cold, rigid, and still:
"What! Am I a steed to be bartered at will?"

"Aglow with love's ardor, my lord bids me say:
'Wilt thou come? Shall I seek thee? Thy will I'll obey.
In thy tresses' gold net my soul thou dost snare,
And my wife, by that soul, thou shalt be, I swear.'"

"One may capture a woman by force—if he can;
But to win her by gaming: 'tis shame to a man!"
The proud lady answers. "Hence! to thy lord say
From this night we are dead to each other for aye!"

Count Fülek doth listen in merriest mood:
"Ha! knave! Frank confession is that, by the rood;
The voice of her heart she but seeks to disguise.
Where is my Lord Gedö?" "'Neath our table he lies."
"Quick, saddle my steed! To my love I'll fare forth!
By Heaven! She hath not her equal on earth."

Within Gedö's halls vassals move to and fro,
Without night reigns and horror, — wild, wailing winds blow.

"I greet thee, my dearest, fair queen of my heart."
"Hast thou come for thy winnings?" "Save thyself I seek naught."
"Sir Knight, thou'rt mistaken, thy trouble is vain,
Thou'rt too late and too early — thy suit I disdain.
Though won by thy gaming, my heart thou didst lose,
Wilt thou try once again — and for dice the sword choose?
In the armor-hung hall there is many a knight
Who, my cause espousing, will give thee fair fight."

Mute stand the mailed warriors — men and maids whisper low,
Without night reigns and horror, — wild, wailing winds blow.

The torches' red glare lights the high, vaulted hall,
The shadows of plumed knights glide over the wall.
With the clanking of arms rings the long corridor
As through the arched door Gedö's leal vassals pour.

"My good blade is trusty, of steel my cuirass,
My sword the red blood of the foeman shall taste.
Where lingers the lady? My prowess I'll show,
You knight with closed visor shall soon be laid low.

His weapon he waves—sparks from our blades dart" —
"Alas! 'tis the second time — thou hast pierced — my — heart."

Falls the silence of death — men and maids whisper low,
Without night reigns and horror, — wild, wailing winds blow.

"Haste! Bring nearer the torches! Ho, varlets, take care!
The second time, sayst thou? Yet wot I not — where?"
The helm he unclasps — a shriek rings through the night
As, pallid and wan in the flickering light,
Count Fülek a woman's fair face doth behold,
The Lady of Gedö's — with long locks of gold!

LOST.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

'Twas a summer ago, when he left me here —
A summer of smiles with never a tear.
Till I said to him, with a sob, my dear,
"Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!"

For I loved him, oh, as the stars love night!
And my cheeks for him flashed red and white
When first he called me his heart's delight —
"Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!"

The touch of his hand was a thing divine
As he sat with me in the soft moonshine,
And drank of my love as men drink wine -
"Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!"

But now, O Heaven! what an empty place
My whole heart is! Of the old embrace
And the kiss I loved there lives no trace —
"Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!"

He sailed not over the stormy sea:
And he went not down in the waves — not he,
But, oh, he is lost — for he married me
"Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!"

A LA MODE.

CLARA MARCELLE GREENE.

ONE loved her for her beauteous face,
  Oh, very fair was she!
With humid eyes, a lily's grace,
  And low and tenderly

Her rare words fell, set slowly round
  With her reluctant smile;
He knew not if or sight or sound,
  Held most his heart in guile.

The cross he gave she kissed, and wore
  Against her beating heart;
And inly promised nevermore
  From it, or him, to part.

One, silent, worshipped her afar,
  As he who looks above,
And only sees in heaven one star
  Exalted by his love.

For him she wore a circled ring,
  Unnamed and wordless sent;
She loved the shining, signal thing
  Her heart knew what it meant.

One moved her through her very soul,
  She knew her counterpart;
With strong and masterful control
  Swayed he her woman's heart.

Upon her white throat's tenderness,
  With passionate rubies set,

A glittering chain, with his caress,
  Defied her to forget.

Hast thou not seen rose petals curled,
  When half it seemed they knew
They held insphered the whole round world,
  In every drop of dew?

She? Oh, her heart was the heart of a rose,
  The gold and all were there:
And the drops of dew she drank — God knows!
  She was so fatal fair!

She died: her waiting-women came,
  And whitely shrouded her;
With gentle praises called her name,
  And softly did bestir

The clinging hair, which when they drew
  From off her fairest breast,
Love's mocking tokens, there in view,
  Lay shining and confessed.

The circlet gleamed upon her hand,
  Which they tenderly removed:
"True heart!" they sighed; so understand
  The loving the beloved.

One bowed above her white headstone
  His soul with anguish riven:
"Sweet saint! she loved me — me alone,
  She will be mine in heaven!"

One sighed, with blanched lip, under breath,
  "Yet nothing now debars
Her soul from mine; there is no death,—
  She's mine among the stars."

And one through half the empty world
  In very madness tore:
His storm of grief he reckless hurled
  On fate forevermore.

"Just Heaven," he cried, "her glowing soul
  Love fanned to flame with mine;
Shall death that truest heart control?
  She's mine—my love divine!"

Pink petals fall—the dew is spilled;
  The gold heart runs to seed;
The soul is mocked, and love is chilled
  The rose-bush is a weed!

IT'S HARD TO BE GOOD.

We stood in the moonlight's tender glow,
  And I thought her the daintiest girl
That ever lived; and I loved her so,
  She had set my brain awhirl!
For she was charmingly gay that night,
As we stood on the shore in the soft moonlight,
  And never a soul was nigh.

So I whispered low, "I love you dear,
  And you thrill me through and through!
As I look in your eyes, in the moonlight here,
  It is all that I can do
To keep from straining you close to me now,
And kissing your eyes and your lips, I vow—
  It's hard to be good," said I.

Then she looked up at me with a roguish glance,
  And a light was in her eyes
That made my blood leap and the whole world dance
  In a rapture of sweet surprise.
"I suppose it is hard," she roguishly said;
Then, softly, and turning away her head,
  She added, "What makes you try?"

WIDOW BROWN'S CHRISTMAS.

HIS window is over the factory flume;
And Elkanah, there in his counting-room,
Sits hugging a littered table.
His beard is white as the foam, and his cheek
Is weather-beaten, and withered and bleak
As the old brown factory gable.

Christmas is near; and he, it is clear,
Is squaring accounts with the parting year.
Thinks he, "It's a good round sum I make;"
But just as he gave his pen a shake,
He said, "Ha! ha!" and his lips drew in,
With a hard, dry, leathery kind of grin.

"I declare! there's Widder Brown,
In the cottage over in Tannery Town!
The family had the house rent free
As long as her husband worked for me.
But he died one day and left her there;
And I put the place in the parson's care.
I'll write a letter this very day
To jog the good man's memory."

The letter was straightway penned and sent,
And it preached hard times to a dreary extent.
"So you may, if you please, remit the rent
Jim's widder owes for the cottage!"

In two days' time the answer came.
"The parson is prompt. But—what in the name!"
He cried, as he opened and read.
"Dear, noble, generous, honored friend—"
Were terms he couldn't well comprehend.

He gasped and gurgled, and then burst out:
"He's crazy, without a shadder o' doubt!
A-writin' to me as if I was a saint!
Wa'al mabby I be, and then mabby I ain't.
An' what's his argyment? why, to be sure,
That I'm a marciful man to the poor,
An' he ain't sarcastical nuther.

"Blamed ol' blunderhead! couldn't he see
'T the poor I was marciful tu meant *me?*
But here he goes on in a gushin' mood,
To tell o' the woman's gratitude,
Because I give him the authority tu
Remit—remit—the rent that is due.
Remission—remit. Oh, drat the dunce!"
And he rushed for a dictionary,
It having occurred to him all at once
That the meanings of words sometimes vary.

Finger and eye ran down the page:
"Ra, Re"—he was flushed with rage:
"Remember—Remind—Remit!"—at last
The terrible talon had it fast;
"Send back," he read; but lower yet,
"To release, to forgive, as a sin or a debt!"
He quite forgot it was Christmas Day,
But swung on his ulster, and swooped away
Toward Tannery Town and the Widow Brown.

"It's pooty rough on a plain old gent
That never was known to give a cent,
Say nothin' o' seventy dollars' rent,
To anybody's widder!
An' I ain't one o' the kind that cares
To be boosted up in a woman's prayers
For a favor I never did her.

"Wa'al here I be!" With gathering frown
And firm-set teeth, old Elkanah straight
Took his way to the parson's gate.
But when this answer he received,
"Parson ain't to hum" — will it be believed? —
He felt like the very same man reprieved
At the moment of execution.
Wa'al, no, he wouldn't go in and wait.
A moment he stood at the parsonage gate,
Then he turned his feet up the snowy street,
And went to call on the widow.

A short, sharp ring, then a hurried noise
Of whispering, scampering girls and boys,
And the door was opened a little space,
Through which peered out with a bashful grace,
A timidly smiling, bright young blonde;
And Elkanah saw, in the room beyond,
Steaming dishes, and cream-white bread,
Cranberry sauce, and thick squash pies,
And the mother just bringing in, to crown
Her banquet, a beautiful, golden-brown,
Great roasted goose on a platter.

He said to himself, "Her means are spent,
An' she hasn't a penny to pay her rent,
While this is the way she gorges
Her ravenous tribe on the fat of the land!
I'll let her know that I understand
Whose money pays for the orgies!"
"Oh, sir," said the widow, "I'm glad you are here —
With a quivering lip and a starting tear—
"To see what happiness" (this was gall
To the stingy old wretch) "you have given us all!
Since you were so good —" "Not I," he cried;
"I never was good." But she replied,
With gentle, sweet insistence;

"It seems but a trifle to you, no doubt;
Such kindness as yours—" Here he burst out,
"I tell ye, woman, ye're talkin' about
A thing that has no existence."

"Ah, you may say that, since you have shown
A goodness which you are too good to own!"
"Ho! ho! wa'al, wa'al! that's a queer idee!"
"But your example—" "Example! I vow,
Mis' Brown," snarls Elkanah; but somehow
He couldn't complete the sentence.

"Your Christian example!" the widow cries,
"Who wants proof of it, there it lies"—
With a glance of pride at the great squash pies,
And the goose superbly basted.
"The goose was brought by the deacon's son,
And then it seemed as if every one
Must do as the deacon and you had done;
You see your charity was, indeed,
An example that wasn't wasted."

"My charity!" Elkanah groaned. "Well,
'Twas more of a blessing than I can tell,
For we have been dreadfully poor this year.
'Tis a hard, hard struggle to provide
For my five little ones since he died.
I stinted and planned, but still I found,
As often as Saturday night came round,
I had spared, when they were patched and fed,
Hardly enough for Sunday's bread.
'Tis a favor," said she, "I should greatly prize,
If you would sit by, and not despise
The bounty which Heaven through you supplies."
"Hem! wa'al! ye take me by surprise.
Don't know," the old man stammered.

She smilingly reached for his coat and hat,
"I think you will stay." "Wa'al, as to that,
I don't dine out very often;
I called to explain — but never mind —
Fact is, Mis' Brown, I haven't dined,
An' if you insist — sence you air so kind —"
He was rather surprised himself to find
His heart beginning to soften.

"Don't care 'f I du." And down he sat.
The goose was fragrant, the goose was fat,
The widow talked and told her plans;
The parson had got her boys a chance
To blow the organ the coming year;
"And so I have hopes that I yet may keep
My little flock together."

"Hem! wa'al Mis' Brown! it's a pooty tough case!"
He made a motion as if to place
His hand in his pocket, but drew it back,
"Though I must say, you've got a knack!
You're gittin' along, an' I'm dreffle glad!
No more, no, thank'ee, ma'am! I hain't had
Sich a dinner as this, I don't know when!"
Down went the uncertain hand again.
"Your children are well and growin';
Few years, your boys 'll be rich men—
Mabby they will, no knowin'."
Then tugged at his watch. "Ha! is it so late?
I'd no idee on't! train won't wait;
Guess I'll haf ter be goin'!"

"Must you, indeed? How the time has flown!"
The lonely old man had never known
So grateful a soul, a look and tone
So gentle and so caressing.
"I thought there was something he came to say,

To explain!" cries Jamie. "Ah, yes! by the way!
Says Elkanah slightly flurried;
"A leetle mistake—but that's all right!
The parson, he didn't take in, not quite,
My full intent regardin' the rent;
Don't be the least mite worried
'Bout that for sartin another year—
Bless me! I b'lieve it's the train I hear,
Good day!" And off he hurried.

"I'm beat if there ain't the parson now!
Good thing for some of the folks we know,
Me an' him didn't meet an hour ago."
The parson waylays and overwhelms.
The impatient old man, who cuts him short:
"No more o' that, please understand!
I've seen Jim's widder." This time the hand
Dives into the pocket, and brings out
A bright banknote: "Guess the' ain't no doubt
But what we'd oughter give her a lift;
An' here's a trifle, a Christmas gift,
I was pooty nigh forgitt'n';
Remit her rent the comin' year
An' I'd like to remit to her now this 'ere,
By the way!" drawls he, with a sidelong leer,
"Did j'ever notice—it's kind o' queer—
There's tew ways o' remittin'?"

HIGHLY EVANGELICAL OSCULATION.

"SUE," said Tom, "did you hear this?"—Could it be he meant to trick her?—
"The concussion of a kiss always makes the gas flame flicker."
Then experiments they tried in the interests of science,
And their lips as she complied soon had formed a close alliance.
After trials two or three, happy as a man in liquor,
"See it flicker, Sue!" said he; quoth the maiden, "Let it flicker!"

INDIGNANT POLLY WOG.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

A TREE-TOAD dressed in apple-green
Sat on a mossy log
Beside a pond, and shrilly sang:
"Come forth my Polly Wog,
My Pol—my Ly—my Wog—
My pretty Polly Wog;
I've something very sweet to say,
My slender Polly Wog.

"The air is moist—the moon is hid
Behind a heavy fog;
No stars are out to blink and wink
At you, my Polly Wog—
My Pol—my Ly—my Wog—
My graceful Polly Wog;
Oh, tarry not, beloved one!
My precious Polly Wog!"

Just then away went clouds, and there
A-sitting on the log—
The other end, I mean—the moon
Showed angry Polly Wog.

Her small eyes flashed, she swelled until
She looked almost a frog;
"How dare you call me, sir," she said,
"Your precious Polly Wog?

"Why, one would think your life was spent
In some low muddy bog;
I'd have you know to strange young toads
My name's Miss *Mary* Wog."

One wild, wild laugh that tree-toad gave,
And tumbled off the log;

And on the ground he kicked and screamed,
"Oh, Mary, Mary Wog;
Oh, Ma! oh, Ry! oh, Wog!
Oh, proud Miss Mary Wog!
Oh, goodness gracious, what a joke!
Hurrah for *Mary* Wog!"

THE SCARECROW.

WALLACE E. MATHER.

It was a regular scarecrow man
Made on the old and well-known plan—
A cross of sticks in a garb forlorn,
That stood on guard in that field of corn.
And, indeed, it made the old farmer smile
As he put it up, and whistled the while;
It would look to the crows so very ferocious,
So truly astounding and atrocious
That it tickled his fancy to think how they
Would catch a glimpse and flutter away.

Well, two black crows sat off on a tree;
And the young crow said to the old one, "See!
Now, what is that frightful thing out there?
It's enough any honest crow to scare!"
But the old crow chuckled and then looked wise,
Shook in his feathers and winked his eyes;
Something tickled *his* fancy, but if t'was a joke
His voice didn't show it a bit when he spoke,
As looking down at the younger crow,
He said: "What is it? Ah! don't you know?

"Why, that, as we wise ones all suppose,
Is the special patron saint of the crows;
We watch for his coming every year
To tell when the Feast of the Corn is here.
See how he stands with his arms stretched out!
He is calling the crows from all about!
Such a kind invitation is most alluring—
So very cordial and reassuring!
I think we had better accept—don't you?"
And down to the field of corn they flew.

SAINT CECILIA.

LEWIS MORRIS.

ONCE in old Rome, long centuries ago,
There lived a pair, noble in rank and soul,
Who, though the Pagan idols still bare sway,
Knelt not to them, holding the faith of Christ.
And one fair girl was theirs, Cecilia,
Nourished on thoughts of virgin purity
Which filled her cloistered gaze. No earthly love
Might touch her pure pale soul, which always viewed
The cold, clear peaks of soaring duty's height.
For evermore to her rapt eyes the skies
Stood open; evermore to her rapt ear
Celestial music came, and strains unknown
To mortal sense amid the throng of life
Hushed all the lower tones and noise of earth
With heavenly harmonies; and the high notes
Of the angelic chanting seraphim
Would occupy her life, until her soul,
Rapt by the ravishing sound, would seem to 'scape
Between the rhythmic wings of harmony,
Even to Heaven's gate, and was transformed and lost
Its earthly taint; and sometimes on her lips
Thin traces of the heavenly music dwelt,
Which bound the listener fast, and of her skill
Some half-remembered echoes, faint yet sweet,
Were born again on lute or pipe, and linked
The world with Heaven, with golden links.

Now, when this maiden lost in dreaming thought
Bloomed in full age, her father bade her wed
A noble Roman youth, Valerian,
A Pagan yet; but she, whose filial love

Constrained her to obey, beneath her robes
Of marriage hid a robe of penance still,
And to her husband, whom indeed she loved
With wifely love, she told her wondrous tale—
How night and day, whether she slept or woke,
A mystic guardian, standing at her side,
Kept watch and ward, unfailing. And when he
Asked sight of him, and proof, she bade him seek
The saintly Urban in the catacombs,
Where he lay hid, and he consenting went,
And rose converted from his old unfaith
And was baptized; and when, a Christian now,
He sought his home again, he heard within
Enchanting music sweet, and strains divine;
And long time listening rapt, at last he came
To his wife's chamber, and beheld, indeed,
His eyes being opened by his faith, a form
Celestial standing by her, with a crown
Of roses in each hand, in scent and hue
Immortal, and the angel as they knelt
Crowned each with them—the crown of martyrdom.

But when the Pagan Lord Almachius,
The prefect, heard these things, he bade him cease
To call on Christ, and when they would not, sent him
To prison dungeon foul, and thence to death.

Last, when Valerian died, his pitiless rage
Summoned Cecilia. Her, with threats of pain
And horrible death, he bade do sacrifice
To the false gods. She, with a smile of scorn,
Denied him; and the people round who heard
Her constancy, wept for the fate they knew
Waited the fair girl-wife, and, bathed in tears,
Confessed themselves to be like her, of Christ,
Till the fierce prefect, mingling rage with fear,
Spake thus: "What art thou, woman, who dost dare

Defy the gods?" And she, with lofty scorn:
"I am a Roman noble." He in wrath,
"I ask thee of thy faith?" And she: "Oh, blind!
See these whom my example drew to Christ,
And be thou answered."
Then with panic haste
A headsman sent he whose keen axe should end
That high, undaunted courage. He, with fear
And trembling hand, upon her slender throat
And quiv'ring breast planting three cruel strokes,
Fled, leaving her for dead. But three days yet,
Three precious days she lingered, strengthening all
Her converts in the faith, and to the poor
Vowing her wealth; and last of all she sent
For Urban, and besought him of his grace
That of her palace they should make a church
For Christian worship.
Then she raised her voice
In soaring hymns of praise, and with her sang
The quire of angels, chanting row on row.
When her voice soared no longer, but was still,
Fair dying echoes fainter and more faint,
Stole downward from the skies, and then were lost
Within the heavens—the music of a soul
Which swells the eternal concert and is blest.

And still where once she sang, the unfailing grace
Of music rises heavenward, day by day;
For, as she would, they built a stately church
Above her. There, when centuries were past,
The Pontiff Paschal found her body lie,
Wrapt in a tissue of gold, and by her side
Her husband and his brother.
And, again,
After long centuries they built a shrine,
And in it laid an image of the saint
In Parian marble. On her side she rests

As one asleep; the delicate hands are crossed,
Wrist upon wrist; a clinging vestment drapes
The virgin limbs, and round her slender throat
A golden circlet masks her cruel wound.
And there she lies for all to see; but still
Her voice is sounding in the eternal psalm
Which the church singeth ever, evermore,
The church on earth, the church of saints in Heaven.

THE MAN IN THE FUSTIAN JACKET.

GEORGE MOGGRIDGE.

SOON after I came to live in this house, as I was painting the palisades of my front garden, a man in a fustian jacket stopped at the gate. "You have a pretty little garden here, sir," said he, "and it looks all the better for the fresh paint. I live just round the corner, and if you should ever want colors of any kind I should be happy to supply you. I have ivory-black, drop-black, blue-black, and lamp-black; very good browns, purple, Spanish, and Vandyke, and though I say it, nobody has better blues, ochres, and umbers. Those who deal with me say I'm famous for my gamboge, king's yellow, and chrome yellow; and as for vermilion, both English and Chinese, white lead and flake-white, Brunswick-green, emerald-green, and mineral-green, there is none better than mine to be had."

No sooner had I told him that no color of any kind was wanted by me, than he thanked me civilly, and went on. "I wish," thought I, "that he would keep his gamboge, king's yellow, and his vermilion to himself; what do I want with his colors?"

The next morning, as I stood in my garden, again came by the man in the fustian jacket, carrying a jar.

"How nice and fresh last night's shower has made your garden, sir," said he; "I am taking a jar of my neat's-foot oil to one of your neighbors. If anything in the oil way should at any time be wanted, linseed or boiled, common train, seal, sperm, or Florence

in flasks, I shall be happy to serve you; I live only just round the corner."

"What does the man mean?" said I when he was gone, "pestering me with his linseed and boiled oil. I want none of it. I am not to be compelled against my will, I hope, to buy his greasy oils!"

"Rather warm, sir," said the man in the fustian jacket as he paused, in the middle of the same day. "Rather warm, sir! Not exactly the day for hot joints, but better suited for cold meat and pickles. I am running with a pot of pickles to the house with the green blinds yonder. If you are fond of pickles, sir, my capers and cucumbers would just suit you; but I have all sorts—olives, both French and Spanish; onions, gherkins, walnuts, French beans, cabbage, capsicums, and cauliflower. I live rather handy for you, sir—only three doors round the corner."

"Yes," thought I, "you live handy enough to torment me! One would think it would be quite time enough to tell me all about your capers and your cucumbers, your capsicums and your cauliflowers, when I ask you; but that will be some time, I promise you."

On the evening of the same day, just as I was entering in at my garden gate, once more went by the man in the fustian jacket. "Almost time to light up, sir," said he; "I somehow forgot, when I was out with my basket this morning, to leave four pounds of moulds at one of my customer's, and so I am taking them now. If you should want candles of any kind, sir, you will find my store dips, fine wax, spermaceti, cocoa-nut, composite metallic wicks, excellent. Perhaps, sir, you will give me a trial some day; for I am, as I may say, a sort of neighbor of yours, my shop being only just round the corner."

Hardly could I keep my temper while he was talking. "He will be a daily plague to me, and I wish that I had never come into the neighborhood, or that he and his tallow candles were a hundred miles off."

I was pulling up weeds on the following day, as Betty came out to sweep the steps, and at the same instant I heard the voice of the man in the fustian jacket who, as usual, was on his way to take some article to his customers.

"You keep things nice and tidy, sir," said he. "Your girl, there, knows how to handle a broom, I see. I sell brooms, sir, and brushes of all kinds; best shoebrushes in sets, scrubbing-brushes, stove, furniture, tooth, clothes, and hat brushes, as well as mops, and hemp and wool mats. I supply everything in the kitchen way; housemaids' gloves, black-lead, servant's friend, bees'-wax, turpentine, scouring-paper, emery, fuller's-earth, whiting, pipeclay, paste in pots, hearthstones, knife-bricks, mason's dust, firewood, and matches; I think I told you, sir, that I live just round the corner?"

"Yes, you did tell me," said I. And I had a great mind to tell him something. Hardly could I stir out into my front garden without being annoyed with a long catalogue of oils, pickles, candles, and kitchen articles; but of one thing I was determined, that neither oil, pickle, nor candle, from his shop, should ever come into my house.

Not a day passed without my seeing the man in the fustian jacket. At one time, coming up as Betty brought in a fish, he told me that he kept the best of fish sauces, and, indeed, sauces of all kinds, anchovy, Burgess' essence, ketchup, mushroom, walnut, Indian soy, and currie powder; as well as all kinds of spices, nutmegs, cinnamon, pimento, cloves, ginger, mace; peppers, both black, cayenne, Chili, long and white. At another time, when I had hung up my canary, there he stood by the gate, calling it a pretty creature, and telling me that he sold birdseed of every sort, and birds' sand. On a third occasion he overtook me just as I stepped across to the post-office with a letter.

"We are both on the same errand, sir," said he, "for I have a letter to put in the office myself. It was directed by my son. See, sir, what a beautiful hand he writes!" and then he told me that he sold writing-paper, good ink, sealing-wax and wafers, and excellent black-lead pencils; not forgetting to remind me that his shop was only just round the corner. In short, morning, noon, and night, I never seemed secure from having the man in the fustian jacket at my elbow. Again and again he enumerated the articles he sold, and again and again he informed me that he lived just round the corner.

His perseverance prevailed: I tried him, liked him, and from that time to this, all the colors, oil, pickles, candles, kitchen articles, sauces, spices, birdseed, writing-paper, ink, sealing-wax, wafers, and black-lead pencils that I have required, have been bought of him, nor have I ever regretted the circumstance of his shop being only three doors round the corner.

THE LAST STRING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GUSTAV HARTWIG.

"OFF with it, old fellow, before you start!
A glass of good wine will cheer your heart.
The night is cold, you have far to go,
And deep on the track lies the drifted snow.

"Good-night!" Out from the revel swarm,
His trusty fiddle tucked under his arm,
Out from the room, hot, steaming, low,
Stepped the fiddler — round him all ice and snow.

"Great heaven, what cold! It chills me so!
Body and bone! Through the wood I'll go!
Many's the time that I at dead
Of night that self-same road have sped."

The fiddler, a merry man is he,
For he hears in his pocket clink the fee
His fiddle for him has so dearly bought,
And already he is at his home in thought.

Like countless arms the trees they throw
Their branches out, all swathed in snow,
Into the night, a ghostly clan,
Weird-like and blanched in the moonlight wan.

"Hark! What stirs there in the thicket deep?
A hare, belike, I have scared from sleep,"
The fiddler thinks, and on he hies.
Lo! glaring before him two flashing eyes!

"A dog! and starving too — that he
Dares show his teeth that way at me.
Be off! What's this? One, two, three — how!
Fierce eyes all round? God help me now!

"A pack of wolves, and far and nigh
No help! All, all alone am I!"
Through the forest his cries of horror ring,
"Is there no one, no one, that help will bring?"

His hair stands on end, his eyes they swim,
He quakes, he totters in every limb,
He is like to fall. From jaws flung wide
He sees death threaten on every side.

He pulls himself up; in his trembling hand
The bow across the strings is spanned,
And they moan, and they groan, and they wail and sing:
"Is there no one, no one, that help will bring?"

The wolves, with eyes half blinking, gaze
At the strange, strange man in a blank amaze;
They have hedged their helpless victim in.
Huzzah! Let the merry Czardas begin!

What an eldritch din, what a hell-like strain!
He plays, his face writhing with fear and pain —
Fiddling to wolves! One moment's pause,
And he would have been in their ruthless jaws!

Never beggar poor drew such bow as he;
'Twas now a roistering melody,
Then a grunting, groaning, agonized thing,
Then a piercing note. Crack went a string!

A stream of fire runs through every limb;
He shudders; still there is that circle grim.
One string broken — but three remain!
"Woe is me!" A second snaps in twain!

Like a beast that down to death hunted lies
With frantic bounds, and with hungry eyes,
The wolves around the fiddler close,
And fainter and fainter the music grows.

And died with its dying tones away
The spell that had kept the wolves at bay;
Round their helpless victim more near they drew;
One stroke! and a third string snapped in two!

"There's but one left! All's up!" Like the cry
Of a soul in its death-throe agony
Is the sound from the one poor string he wrung.
His arm shook, dropped, and there nerveless hung.

With the sounds that away into silence went
The howl of the hungry wolves is blent.
Over his eyes falls darkness; and dumb
Grow his quivering lips. The end has come!

"Great God, in Thy hands my soul I lay!"
With this the poor fellow swooned away.
The victim lay senseless on the snow,—
A demoniac howl! a flash! a blow!

A shot! a second! The hand that drew
On that bevy of howling wolves was true!
Laden with death, both charges told,
And down in their blood two wolves were rolled.

The rest dash off with might and main,
As comes a sledge with hunters twain.
The fiddler's notes of anguished fear
Far through the forest reached their ear.

And following swift the eerie tone,
That from the heart came like a moan —
In time, thank God! a life to save,
Robbed of its triumph is the grave!

A CANARY AT THE FARM.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

FOLKS has been to town, and Sahry
Fetched 'er home a pet canary —
And of all the blame, contrary,
Aggervatin' things alive!
I love music — that's I love it
When it's *free*, and plenty of it;
But I kind o' git above it
At a dollar eighty-five!

Reason's plain, as I'm a-sayin';
Jes' the idy, now, o' layin'
Out yer money, and a-payin'
Fer a willer-cage and bird
When the meader-larks is wingin'
Round you, and the woods is ringin'
With the beautifulest singin'
That a mortal ever heard!

Sahry's sot, tho' — so I tell her
He's a purty little feller;
With his wings o' creamy yeller,
And his eyes keen as a cat;
And the twitter o' the critter
'Pears to absolutely glitter!
Guess I'll haf to go and git her
A high priceter cage 'n that —
Fer jes' hear the critter sing!

[Here bird-tones may be given with excellent effect. If, however, the reader is unable to give bird-trilling, the last line of the recitation should be omitted.]

THE EMPTY POCKET.

C. F. LUMMIS.

[In mining parlance, a pocket is a small, specially rich deposit of ore occurring in a vein of the metal.]

PWIST! here, Rover; we *must* be going;
Sundown and nothing to eat all day;
Ten miles back to the camp, and blowing.
But what's the odds, when we've "struck the pay?"

Glory! old boy, it's hard to quit it,
Even to leave it for over night.
Clinch it, porphyry, where we hit it,
With hard, black fingers stingy and tight.

That little seam that means salvation—
Hope for me, and a home for Sue—
Four lonely years of half starvation
Butt their heads into that streak of blue.

Ugh! how the cold snow-flour is sifting!
Curse on the wind, that it comes just now;
Only my tracks for trail, and drifting,
And fourteen inches is tough to plow.

Hard work? That's what it is, old Rover,
That mile was swelled to four times its size;
Trail plum gone, and the daylight over,
And wind that cuts like steel in the eyes.

Whining, Rover? But that won't mend it.
Come, we must take it like men, you know.
One stop here in the cold would end it;
Our only safety is on the go.

Think who's praying in old Pequawket.
To-morrow the wires will tell her: "Come!

Struck it rich in the Empty Pocket!"
  See her laughing and crying? Well, *some!*

What? You *won't* move? Then on my shoulder
  I'll have to pack you, you rascal, you!
Nn-h! you're a load! I'm getting colder;
  There's a ton of lead in either shoe.

Down! O God! But we've *got* to make it!
  Ah-h! How this pinion keeps off the storm!
Drowsy—drowsy—I cannot shake it—
  And this is so soft and so warm!

What should life and its cares be won for?
  Sleep, the Forgetter, is kindliest.
Come, old dog, we are done for!
  Here—we—will—rest.

BEFORE THE MIRROR.

MONOLOGUE FOR A LADY.

[Room with door centre; in right foreground a full-length mirror. Enter LISA centre.]

"TO-DAY, my dear child," said mamma just now, "to-day you are sixteen years old. This is a turning-point in your life; try to understand this clearly." With tears in her eyes she told me that, henceforth, I am no longer a child; I am a grown-up young lady! I could hardly help crying myself, and exclaimed: "I, grown up? Mamma, that seems strange!" But it must be so, for mamma always speaks the truth; and she banished my last doubt with these words: "Look at yourself in the glass!" Well, I will do as mother bade me.

[*Steps to glass.*] Now, here I stand and look into the glass. Really, yes! What I have so often mourned was all a mistake. I am not short or small; and then my complexion, which so distressed me, now looks much pinker and whiter. My eyes, too,

which I used to cast down so shyly, now look frankly about! How singular! The mirror shows me that I am, indeed, a child no longer. An emotion, that I cannot describe, thrills me. I am conscious of my dignified position as a young lady, and I know that much will be required of me. I am conscious of my worth, and, since I have awakened to it, I have lost all fear. And then, mamma is right; it is high time to be looking about me; a girl of sixteen should be thinking of doing something. We all know the future of a girl without money; money is the first thing that men think of; and she who has the most — pleases! Mother was right to warn me: "Don't hope for a husband, but learn some business, be it what it may. Then you will be your own mistress."

What can we women do to earn a living? I am not strong enough to wash and iron, and when one has been educated, she prefers something higher. A teacher? I might give lessons to small children; such a position is easily found. Teach the piano, singing, talk French, and walk out with the little ones afternoons. Oh, yes; I should like that! I'll go to the office at once, and inquire if there is such a place vacant, even if the wages are but small. [*About to go, then returns.*] And yet — suppose the children should be regular plagues; the mother be proud and disagreeable, blind to her children's faults? 'Twould be better for me to consider the matter a little longer; for a friend of mine, who was a governess, often complained to me of her hard lot.

Stay! now I know! An idea strikes me; I cannot fail! I'll choose, as many girls have chosen who have not half my looks and scarce a thread of voice. Yes, that will be exactly to my taste. What do you say? I'll be — an artist! I don't mean a poet or a painter; no, what flashed so suddenly through my head was the idea to devote myself to the stage, and become a priestess of Thalia! It is so easy to rise in the dramatic profession! You only have to look up a couple of parts that suit you and they will play themselves. There's no trouble about producing an effect. The wardrobe is the principal thing. A silk gown that costs several hundred dollars goes much farther than genius or talent; so some one told me who knows all about it. Then you must be a

bit coquettish. Just glance at the men in the house; whether they're old or young, they all like it, and when the curtain goes down they will be sure to call you out to show their gratitude. How delightful! to be called out! What if that were to happen to me; what if I should be applauded! Perhaps some one might even throw a bouquet! I — quite distracted with pleasure and excitement — would wipe from my eye [*shrewdly*] a stage tear, and stammer in bashful confusion something about kind indulgence, and promise to do my utmost in the future to deserve such favor. Then would follow a very low courtesy, and then would come thunders of applause, and then — yes, then — the play would be over.

[*Sighs.*] And yet I fear 'tis somewhat dangerous to go on the stage, and I almost regret my resolve to devote myself to the drama. Theatrical life is full of envy and malice. I had forgotten this. How stupid! First, I'll be this, then that—I am, indeed, a child!

Are there no other occupations? For instance, in a candy store they often need a woman to wait on customers. Honest labor is no disgrace. I will go to the proprietor of a shop, bow politely, and tell him that I am good at writing and figuring, and extremely honest, for this last is very essential. And while I am talking, in an instant I am engaged!

But let me not exult too soon. There is always a bitter drop in the cup. My employer wants me to smile on every customer, to make myself attractive to all alike. No! In spite of good wages, I will seek another place. Shall I try a flower stand? Could I stand such publicity? Oh, no! Nothing seems to suit. I find objections to everything I name; it is hard to decide.

Stay! I have it now! The best thing for a girl to do is to get married as soon as she can. And it can't be hard to succeed. There is a book—I can't recall the name—that tells just how the art may be acquired. The author describes just what you must do to win a man's love. [*Goes to glass again.*] The art consists of only this: You must be a pretty, neat girl! You must—how shall I put it?—be able to look in the glass without blushing. That is, don't misunderstand me, I mean not only in *this* mirror

here in which I am looking now—oh, no; don't think so ill of me! A young girl who would marry must be able to look into the mirror of her soul and see a clean image, a warm, true, loyal heart; a kindly spirit; a contented nature, sweet and domestic. If she sees all these qualities in this inner mirror, then she is truly fair; then a man may safely place his happiness in her hands; then she is fit for marriage!

So, dear girls, take my advice: Be always as coquettish as I am, and spend much time in gazing into that glass. But if you see no image there such as I have just described, then do not venture to fall in love. Gaze into the mirror of your soul each day, and scan the picture well; and if you find your image fair, then take a husband! That is Lisa's frank advice!

THE LAST OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THERE were thirty million English who talked of England's might,
There were twenty broken troopers who lacked a bed for the night.
They had neither food nor money, they had neither service nor trade;
They were only shiftless soldiers, the last of the Light Brigade.

They felt that life was fleeting; they knew not art was long,
That though they were dying of famine, they lived in deathless song;
They asked for a little money, to keep the wolf from the door;
And the thirty million English sent twenty pounds and four.

They laid their heads together, that were scarred and lined and gray;
Keen were the Russian sabres, but want was keener than they;
An old troop sergeant muttered, "Let us go to the man who writes
The things on Balaclava the kiddies at school recites."

They went without band or colors, a regiment ten-file strong,
To look for the master-singer who had crowned them all in his song;

And, waiting his servant's order, by the garden gate they stayed,
A desolate little cluster, the last of the Light Brigade.

They strove to stand to attention, to straighten the toil-bowed back;
They drilled on an empty stomach, the loose-knit files fell slack;
With stooping of weary shoulders, in garments tattered and frayed,
They shambled into his presence, the last of the Light Brigade.

The old troop sergeant was spokesman, and "Beggin' your pardon," he said,
"You wrote o' the Light Brigade, sir. Here's all that isn't dead.
An' it's all come true what you wrote, sir, regardin' the mouth of hell;
For we're all of us nigh to the workhouse, an' we thought we'd call an' tell.

"No, thank you, we don't want food, sir; but couldn't you take an' write
A sort of 'to be continued' and 'see next page' o' the fight?
We think that some one has blundered, an' couldn't you tell 'em how?
You wrote we were heroes once, sir. Please write we are starving now."

The poor little army departed, limping and lean and forlorn.
And the heart of the master-singer grew hot with "the scorn of scorn;"
And he wrote for them wondrous verses that swept the land like a flame,
Till the fatted souls of the English were scourged with the thing called Shame.

O thirty million English that babble of England's might,
Behold, there are twenty heroes who lack their food to-night;
Our children's children are lisping to "honor the charge they made,"
And we leave to the streets and the workhouse the charge of the Light Brigade!

WHAT SHOULD A YOUNG MAID DO?

BYRON W. KING.

NOW what should a young maid do?
If, when walking in the lane,
There should come a gust of rain,
And she met a lad she knew,
With an umbrella good and new,
And just wide enough for two—
Now what should a young maid do?
Yes, what should a young maid do?

Now what should a young maid do?
If his arm should be misplaced
And should wander round her waist;
And when walking two by two,
Safe and dry and hid from view,
He should whisper, "I love you"—
Now what should a young maid do?
Yes, what should a young maid do?

Now what should a young maid do?
If, when too much dashed to speak,
He should kiss her crimson cheek,
And a thousand vows would give her,
Saying he would love her ever,
And protect her ever, ever—
Now what should a young maid do?
Yes, what should a young maid do?

Now what did the young maid do?
Why, she waited in the lane
Till the young man came again,
And she kissed him for his mother,

And he kissed her for her brother,
And she gave him still another.
What else could the young maid do?
What else could the young maid do?

AGATHA.

WILL HUBBARD KERNAN.

AGATHA! Agatha!
Here in the desolate shadows and silence I cry unto thee,
As out of the tombland there cometh the ghost of thy glory to me.

Agatha! Agatha!
The low, yellow moon in the purple of heav'n lit tower and tree,
As there in thy splendorful,
Wistful and tenderful
Beauty my soul was surrendered to thee.

Mine, mine in thy truthful,
Brave, questionless, youthful
Devotion, till death threw its portals ajar;
Mine, mine in the vernal
Sun valleys supernal,
Beyond the pale shroud and the palpitant star.

But the battle-drums beat, and I bade thee farewell,
To fight for a rag of a flag, and a cause
That had its roots down in the undermost hell,
And its flowers and fruits were the lies we call laws.

Like devils we fought a fell, desperate fight,
Till our vexil in victory flashed on the height

Of the last shattered bulwark, and then with my sword
Uplifted to Heaven, I knelt to the Lord.
I knelt to the Lord on that wild battle plain
Beside a dead youth that my rifle had slain;
Beside a dead youth; with a sharp, sudden cry,
I turned the bright brow from the dust to the sky.
O God! with a terrible thunderbolt smite
Me out of Thy love and Thy life and Thy light!
It was Agatha! clad in the garments of war;
In her hand was a sword, on her shoulder a star.
In her breast was the bullet my rifle had sped,
The bullet that struck my whole universe dead!

THE BALLAD OF SPLENDID SILENCE.

E. NESBIT.

[Written in memory of Ferenz Renyi, the patriot who suffered death in Hungary in the year 1848.]

THIS is the story of Renyi, and when you have heard it through,
Pray God He send no trial like his to try the faith of you.
And if his doom be upon you, then may God grant you this;
To fight as good a fight as he, and win a crown like his!

He was strong, and handsome, and happy, beloved, and loving, and young,
With eyes that men set their trust in, and the fire of his soul on his tongue.
With mother, and sister, and sweetheart, his safe, glad days went by,
Till Hungary called on her children to arm, to fight, and to die.

"Good-bye to mother and sister; good-bye to my sweet sweetheart;
I fight for you — you pray for me, we shall not be apart!"

The women prayed at the sunrise, they prayed when the skies grew dim;
His mother and sister prayed for the cause, his sweetheart prayed for him.

For mother, and sister, and sweetheart, but most for the true and the right,
He low laid down his own life's hopes and led his men to fight.
Skirmishing, scouting, and spying, night-watch, attack and defeat;
The resolute, desperate fighting, the hopeless, reluctant retreat;

Ruin, defeat, and disaster, capture and loss and despair,
And half of his regiment hidden, and only this man knew where!
Prisoner, fast bound, sore wounded, they brought him roughly along,
With his body as weak and broken as his spirit was steadfast and strong.

Before the Austrian general — "Where are your men?" he heard;
He looked black Death in its ugly face, and answered never a word.
"Where is your regiment hidden? Speak — you are pardoned straight.
No? We can find dumb dogs their tongues, you rebel reprobate!"

They dragged his mother and sister into the open hall:
"Give up your men, if these women are dear to your heart at all!"
He turned his eyes on his sister, and spoke to her silently;
She answered his silence with speaking, and straight from the heart spoke she:

"If you betray your country, you spit on our father's name;
And what is life without honor? And what is death without shame?"
He looked on the mother who bore him, and her smile was splendid to see;
He hid his face with a bitter cry, but never a word said he.

"Son of my body—be silent! My days at the best are few,
And I shall know how to give them, son of my heart, for you!"
He shivered, set teeth, kept silence. With never a plaint or cry
The women were slain before him, and he stood and saw them die.

Then they brought his lovely beloved, desire of his heart and eyes:
"Say where your men are hidden, or say that your sweetheart dies."
She threw her arms about him, she laid her lips to his cheek:
"Speak! for my sake who love you! Love, for our love's sake speak!"

Long he looked at his sweetheart, his eyes grew tender and wet;
Closely he held her to him, his lips to her lips were set.
"See! I am young! I love you! I am not ready to die!
One word makes us happy forever, together, you and I."

Her arms round his neck were clinging, her lips his cold lips caressed;
He suddenly flung her from him, and folded his arms on his breast.
And still he stood, and his silence, like fire was burning him through,
The muskets spoke once, and were silent, and she was silent, too.

They turned to torture him further, if further might be— in vain;
He had held his peace in that threefold hell, and he never spoke again!
The end of the uttermost anguish the soul of man could bear
Was the mad-house where tyrants bury the broken shells of despair.

WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME YES?

MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

My little girl ran in and out, uneasy at her play,
To beg for this and sue for that, in childhood's restless way;
And every favor which she asked was one I could not grant,
'Twas "No, my dear, it isn't best," and "No, my child, I can't."
Till, wearied, I exclaimed at last: "I wish you'd stay or go,
I'm tired of so much run about, and tired of saying 'No.'"
My little girl made answer then, with pretty sauciness,
"If you are tired of saying no, why don't you tell me yes?"

TELL HER SO.

[The italics indicate bird-notes to be chirped out rather than spoken.]

I WALKED with the beautiful Marcelline
At eve in the scented clover;
The nightingale sang to the rose and moon
A sweet song over and over.
The nightingale sang and he sang, "*I know,*
Tell her! tell her you love her! I'd tell her so!

"*Tell her you love her; it's easy to say*
Just here in the scented clover."
So I told her the sweetest story there,
I told it over and over.
But at moonlight, music, and what I said,
My beautiful Marcelline shook her head.

Next day I walked with the exquisite girl
In the streets of the crowded city;
She was daintily clad in silk and lace,
She was gracious, wise and witty.
I spoke of jewels, of houses and gold,
Of lands to be bought, and bonds to be sold.

I showed her my bank book there and then,
And she whispered, "Really, Harry,"
"And Marcelline, darling, all shall be yours
Whenever you choose to marry."
So on and accordingly things were said,
And the beautiful Marcelline bowed her head.

Moonlight and music and that sort of thing
Are rated as foolish or funny;
If you're in earnest your wooing to speed,
Talk to a girl of your money.
Tell her, "I'm worth—so and so;" then a kiss;
Bet you the wedding-ring that she'll say "Yes."

THE ROAD TO HEAVEN.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

HOW is the boy this morning? Why do you shake your head?
Ah! I can see what's happened — there's a screen drawn
round the bed.
So! poor little Mike is sleeping, the last long sleep of all;
I'm sorry — but who could wonder, after that dreadful fall?

Let me look at him, doctor — poor little storm-tossed waif!
His frail barque's out of the tempest, and lies in God's harbor safe;
Didn't you know his story? Ah, you weren't here, I believe,
When they brought the poor little fellow to the hospital Christmas eve.

'Twas a raw, cold air that evening — a biting Christmassy frost —
I was looking about for a collie — a favorite dog I'd lost.
Some ragged boys, so they told me, had been seen with one that night
In one of the bridge recesses, so I hunted left and right.

I fancied the place was empty, but, as I passed along,
Out of the darkness floated the words of a Christmas song,
Sung in a childish treble — 'twas a boy's voice, hoarse with cold,
Quavering out the anthem of angels and harps of gold.

I stood where the shadows hid me, and peered out until
I could see two ragged urchins, blue with the icy chill,
Cuddling close together, crouched on a big stone seat —
Two little homeless arabs, waifs of the heartless street.

One was singing the carol, when the other, with big, round eyes —
It was Mike — looked up in wonder, and said: "Jack, when we dies
Is that the place as we goes to — that place where ye'r dressed in
white?
And has golden harps to play on, and it's warm and jolly and bright?

"Is that what they mean by Heaven, as the misshun folks talks about,
Where the children's always happy and nobody kicks 'em out?"

Jack nodded his head assenting, and then I listened and heard
The talk of the little arabs — listened to every word.

Jack was a Sunday scholar, so I gathered from what he said,
And sang in the road for a living—his father and mother were dead;
And he had a drunken granny, who turned him into the street;
She drank what he earned, and often he hadn't a crust to eat.

Mike'd a drunken father and mother, who sent him out to beg,
Though he'd just got over a fever, and was lame with a withered leg;
He told how he daren't crawl homeward, because he had begged in vain,
And his parents' brutal fury haunted his baby brain.

"I wish I could go to Heaven," he cried, as he shook with fright;
"If I thought as they'd only take me, why I'd go this very night.
Which is the way to Heaven? How d'ye get there, Jack?"
Jack climbed on the bridge's coping, and looked at the water black.

"That there's *one* road to Heaven," he said, as he pointed down
To where the cold, dark water surged muddy and thick and brown.
"If we was to fall in there, Mike, we'd be dead; and right through there
Is the place where it's always sunshine, and the angels has crowns to wear."

Mike rose and looked at the water; he peered in the big, broad stream
Perhaps with the childish notion he might catch the golden gleam
Of the far-off land of glory. He leaned right over and cried —
"If them are the gates of Heaven, how I'd like to be inside!"

He'd stood but a moment looking, how it happened I cannot tell,
When he seemed to lose his balance, gave a short, shrill cry and fell —
Fell over the narrow coping, and I heard his poor head strike
With a thud on the stonework under; then splash in the waves went Mike.

We brought him here that evening. For help I had managed to shout —
A boat put off from the landing, and they dragged his body out;
His forehead was cut and bleeding, but a vestige of life we found;
When they brought him here he was senseless, but slowly the child came round.

I came here on Christmas morning — the ward was all bright and gay
With mistletoe, green, and holly, in honor of Christmas Day;
And the patients had clean, white garments, and a few in the room out there
Had joined in a Christmas service—they were singing a Christmas air.

They were singing a Christmas carol when Mike from his stupor woke,
And dim on his wandering senses the strange surroundings broke.
Half-dreamily he remembered the tale he had heard from Jack —
The song, and the white-robed angels, the warm, bright Heaven came back.

"I'm in Heaven," he whispered faintly. "Yes, Jack must have told me true!"
And as he looked about him, came the kind old surgeon through.
Mike gazed at his face a moment, put his hand to his fevered head,
Then to the kind old doctor, "Please, are you God?" he said.

Poor little Mike! 'Twas Heaven, this hospital ward, to him —
A haven of warmth and comfort, till the flickering lamp grew dim;
And he lay like a tired baby in a dreamless, gentle rest,
And now he is safe forever where such as he are best.

This is the day of scoffers; but who shall say that night,
When Mike asked the road to Heaven, that Jack didn't tell him right?
'Twas the children's Jesus pointed the way to the kingdom come
For the poor little tired arab, the waif of the city slum.

DEMETRIUS.

CONSTANCE FAUNT LE ROY RUNCIE.

I DO not understand. Why am I here?
A prince of Macedonia in prison thrust?
Imperial Rome! hath she a hand in this?
No—no—I will my king and father trust.

He loves me! Why, 'twas but this very day
I felt his large heart beat, and saw a tear
Race down his cheek, as in his arms I lay
Wrapped in a close embrace; I will not fear,

But sleep in peace. Yet, first I thank thee, gods,
That once again I breathe my native air,
Once more have felt my mother's gentle kiss,
And met, once more, my love with golden hair.

This is my dungeon! let me for the night
Feel what it is in prison low to lie;
Should I become a king, I then may know,
And spare unhappy souls brought here to die.

Yes, I will rest me here; this couch of straw
Shall be to me a paradise of dreams;
My Zoë, I will fondly think of thee,
How in thine eyes the holy love-light gleams.

Ha!—hark, that grating noise—see! in the lock
The rusty key slow turns. It must be he,
My father and my king—he loves me true,
And comes at last to set Demetrius free.

Thou! Perses! Thou! my brother, is it thou?
Where is the king? Why send me from the ranks?

Our royal father waits?—Come, let us go—
  Thou bringest my release? Thanks, Perses, thanks.

Why, what is this? You wear no friendly smile.
  Am I, the prince, a prisoner of the state?
What means this, brother? Speak! and let me know
  What have I done deserving of this fate?

You tender me the cup? Ha! this means death!
  The king decrees I shall drink this to-night?
My brother! are you mad? I—the prince,
  And Macedonia's heir?—Hear I aright?

The king, my father, orders me to die?
  'Tis 'gainst all nature! Perses, with me bear,
For I am dazed—my poor brain reels—I know
  Not what I say—I—I stifle—give me air!

'Tis passed! Hand me the cup! This weakness ill
  Becomes the prince Rome taught self to deny.
The king decrees? Enough! His wish is law;
  Go take this word: Demetrius will die.

He's gone!—I am alone and facing death:
  I will compose myself, kneel here and pray.
Farewell to all this world holds dear to me;
  O king, farewell; thy son shall well obey.

Now, who comes here in this my last sad hour!
  Once more the bolt withdraws! Oh, it must be,
The king sends a reprieve!—I live!—I live!
  I thank thee, gods—'tis rapture to be free!

Almighty powers! Zoë—thou, love—thou?
  Or is my brain all crazed, and I behold
An angel in my prison? Not till now
  Did I know all the anguish hearts can hold.

What's this my Zoë whispers soft and low?
"Demetrius, fly! O fly with me, my own!
For I must die if thou art brought to death;
I cannot live and meet the world alone.

"The gaoler has been won by me with gold,
Haste! haste! in agony of soul, I pray,
And, on my knees, beseech thee fly with me;
Demetrius, my love, haste, haste away."

Now may the gods on high give me the strength,
Enchantment to resist. This is mine hour
Of mortal anguish. Zoë, my own, my sweet,
Try not Demetrius beyond his power.

Wouldst thou have me betray my princely word?
I promised to the king that I would die:
But then! just Heaven! those tears burn up my soul.
'Tis more than I can bear—I yield—I fly—

But halt! My heart, cease thy full beat of life,
And stab with pain no more, for I must die;
One kiss, my own—go! hide those tears from me,
Lest I should yield again, and with thee fly.

O gods! Stay, Zoë, stay! What hast thou done!
Drank of that cup? 'Tis poison swift, 'tis death—
Help! help! she dies! O gaoler, she is gone!
Didst hear? She blessed me with her dying breath.

Give me the cup. Where pressed she her sweet lips?
Show me the spot, and on my knees I'll drink—
My Zoë—angel!—thou hast died for me,
And where thou goest thy lover will not shrink.

So—I have drained the very last dark drop,
And fiery serpents in my veins leap high:
Is this the king? Too late—yet this is joy!
My father, on thy heart, now let me die!

A COMBINE.

SHE came here from the middle west
And yet she had, be it confessed,
An air of Boston round her;
A figure slight, a forehead high,
An earnest look, a clear gray eye;
And so for her I came to sigh,
And wise and charming found her.

But as to press my suit it came,
Full oft she smothered all my flame
By asking curious questions:
The wrongs of woman; the state and land;
What social changes Ibsen planned,
She'd ask me to discuss off-hand,
And give her my suggestions.

Did I agree with Henry George?
Would selfish capital disgorge
The share that toil demanded?
How could the indigent be fed?
Should criminals be allowed to wed?
Did tariffs raise the price of bread?
She begged me to be candid.

And when at last the race had gained
The highest point to be attained
By growth or revolution,
What would the last great victory be,
The final goal that men should see?
What did Utopia mean for me—
The end of evolution?

And as I heard I grew more dazed,
Until, at last, my courage raised
To point of desperation:
"Utopia means for me," I said,
"The social contract when we wed.
We'll form a trust—" She shook her head:
"Call it co-operation!"

FAREWELL.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

MY fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

NOTES ON AUTHORS.

Of the fifty-two authors whose writings combine to make Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 2 one of the finest collections of recitations ever issued, the majority are now living; and, further, the majority are men and women in the prime of life, and are representative of the younger school of writers. Excellent as their work has been, we may expect productions from them far superior to anything that they have yet given to the world. It is a pleasure to call attention to them as persons that not only are influencing literary taste, but are proving that "The pen is mightier than the sword."—EDITOR.

Adeler, Max.—Charles Heber Clark, a Philadelphia journalist.

Archibald, Mrs. George (see Palmer, Anna C.).

Bacheller, Irving (1859—).—Born at Pierrepont, N. Y., Sept. 26. He was educated at St. Lawrence University, N. Y., and was graduated from there in 1882. Most of his poems and stories have been written under assumed names. The first thing published under his own name was a poem entitled "Jo's Search for Santa Claus," appearing in the *Cosmopolitan*. He is the founder of the Bacheller Newspaper Syndicate as well as its editor. His writings are clever and entertaining.

Barr, Amelia Edith (1831—).—Mrs. Barr, née Huddleston, is a native of Ulverton, Lancashire, England, where she was born March 29. In 1854 she came, with her husband, a Scotch clergyman, to America, where she has achieved her reputation as author. Her literary work was begun in 1871, after the death of her husband and three sons with yellow fever. "Romance and Reality," her first book, was published in 1872. Other of her works are: "Young People of Shakespeare's Time," "Scottish Sketches," "Jan Vedder's Wife," "Between Two Loves." One of her daughters, Lillie E., is a writer of clever verse and magazine articles.

Bland, Mrs. Hubert.—This writer, known more widely under her pen-name of "E. Nesbit," is an Englishwoman about thirty years of age. She is a vigorous socialist and a member of the Fabian Society. Her poems are exceptionally strong. They are published in two volumes, "Lays and Legends" and "Leaves of Life." She is an unusually handsome woman, with a face that is said to remind one of the pictures of the Italian angels.

Boker, George Henry (1823-1890).—Born in Philadelphia Oct. 6, Mr. Boker was graduated from Princeton in 1842, and at once began the study of law, which, however, he did not practise. In 1847, immediately after his return from Europe, his first volume, "The Lesson of Life and other Poems," was issued, followed, in 1848, by "Calaynos," a tragedy, successfully played in England. Among his other plays are: "Anne Boleyn," "Leonor de Guzman," "The Widow's Marriage," and "Francesca da Rimini," the last having been staged by Lawrence Barrett, who took the role of *Lanciotto*. Of his poems "The Ivory-Carver," "The Podesta's Daughter," "Dirge for a Soldier," are prominent. His last work is a collection of sonnets, published in 1886. Leigh Hunt called him one of the foremost living sonneteers. As a prose writer he is vigorous. His dramas and many of his poems are decidedly classical in style and treatment. In 1871 he was appointed minister to Turkey by President Grant, and in 1875 was transferred to Russia, from which mission he resigned in 1877. He died in Philadelphia, Jan. 2.

Brooks, Fred Emerson (1850—).—Though Mr. Brooks is known as "the California poet," because all of his work has been done in that state, he is a native of New York state, being born at Waverly, Dec. 5. Of New England ancestry, his father was engaged in woolen manufacture, and is the inventor of the process of pressing felt hats from one piece of material. This inventive genius shows itself in the son in his poetry. He was graduated from Madison (now Colgate) University, N. Y., in the class of '73. He went immediately to California, where he remained till 1890, when he came to New York city to live. His first writing was done in Arizona, and was a Fourth of July poem, which he recited before an enthusiastic audience. This led to other work, until, for the last five years, he has devoted himself to this profession. His poems are numerous, and cover a wide range. Among those best known are: "The Tramp and the Cur," "Yosemite," "Shall Bess Come Hame," "Foreign Views of the Statue," "Barnyard Melodies," "The Miracle of Cana." His poems have a strong touch of nature, and are unusually well adapted for recitation. He is collecting them for publication in book form, to be issued by Edgar S. Werner. Mr. Brooks makes a specialty of reciting his own poems. He has a magnificent voice and fine stage presence, which, together with the fact of his reciting his own works, makes him one of the most entertaining persons now on the platform.

Butterworth, Hezekiah (1839—).—Born Dec. 22, at Warren, R. I. The reputation of this author has been achieved in the New England states, and from there has spread across the ocean. In 1871 Mr. Butterworth became assistant editor of *Youth's Companion*, subsequently becoming its editor. In addition to his editorial duties he has written several books, the first one, "Story of the Hymns," appearing in 1876. Subsequent works are: "Zig-zag Journeys," in several volumes, covering a period from 1876 to 1886, "The Prayers of History," "Great Composers," written for Chautauqua readings, "Wonderful Christmases of Old," besides numerous poems for periodicals, the cantatas

"Under the Palms," of which 15,000 copies have been sold in America and 30,000 in England, "Faith," and "Faith Triumphant." Some of his books have been republished in England.

Carleton, Will (1845—).—This popular author was born in Hudson, Mich., Oct. 21. He was graduated from Hillsdale College in 1869, and immediately began lecturing. In 1878 and in 1885 he visited Europe. His poems deal almost entirely with domestic events, and he is particularly apt in depicting western life, especially early frontier scenes. His published books are: "Poems" and "Farm Festivals," 1871; "Farm Ballads," 1873; "Farm Legends," 1875; "Young Folks' Centennial Rhymes," 1876; "City Ballads," 1885. Mr. Carleton is one of the few authors that make a specialty of reciting their own poems in public. His delightful lecture, "The Golden Horse," brings in many of the poems that are universal favorites. His work is in demand by all magazines. Several years ago he moved to Brooklyn, where he now resides.

Clemens, Samuel Langhorne (1835—).—"Mark Twain," the pen-name of this author, was born in Florida, Mo., Nov. 30. He was apprenticed to a printer when 13 years old. In 1851 he became a pilot on the Mississippi river boats, and in 1861 went to Nevada as private secretary to his brother. In 1862 he accepted the position of city editor of the Virginia City *Enterprise*, and signed his contributions "Mark Twain," a memento of his career as pilot on the Mississippi, where, in sounding a depth of two fathoms, the leadsman sings out to "mark twain." He was in San Francisco for a short time, and tried mining but without success. In 1866 he visited the Hawaiian islands, and on returning began to lecture. In 1867 "The Jumping Frog" was published. Immediately after its issue, he started on a trip through the Mediterranean, Egypt and Palestine, the result of which was the famous "Innocents Abroad," that sold 125,000 copies in three years. He was for a short time editor of the Buffalo, N. Y., *Express*. With Charles Dudley Warner he wrote "The Gilded Age," which was dramatized and staged in 1874, with John T. Raymond as *Col. Sellers*. This famous character is a pen portrait of Mr. Clemens's father, who is said to have been as visionary as the colonel. Other well-known works are: "Roughing It," 1872; "Adventures of Tom Sawyer," 1876; "A Tramp Abroad," 1880; "Huckleberry Finn," 1885; "The Prince and the Pauper;" "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court."

Cook, Marc (1854-1882).—The son of a Universalist clergyman, Mr. Cook, born at Providence, R. I., March 1, in his short life gained an enviable reputation. He entered Hamilton College at the age of 16, but did not graduate. Prior to entering college he established and edited "The Boy's Companion," a semi-monthly paper, and soon after started "The Enterprise," a monthly of considerable pretention. In 1874 he began in earnest his career as journalist, but was soon attacked by consumption. In 1879, after a stay of 17 months in the Adirondacks in the hope of recovering his health, he published "Camp Lou," which he subsequently enlarged into "The Wilderness Cure," 1881. He wrote quite a number of society poems, which were gathered into a book after his death, which occurred October 4.

Dallas, Mary Kyle.—This gifted writer was born rather more than 40 years ago in Philadelphia. Her father, Joseph Kyle, was a rising young artist, who had come to that city from Kentucky to study with Bass Otis and

Sully. He there married the daughter of Mrs. Harriet Muzzy, the poetess, who was one of the little clique of literary people of her day among whom were George Morris, N. P. Willis and Samuel Woodworth. Little Mary was thus in a literary atmosphere, the result of which was that as soon as she could use her pen she began to write. Her poems and sketches were already widely copied when she was 12 years old. At 14 she wrote a song which was set to music, entitled "When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home." She was educated by her mother, who was a thorough classical scholar. From her earliest years she decided to make writing her profession. At 16 she was married to J. A. Dallas, a young artist who had won approval for his graceful designs; but after a few months he died. It was then that Mrs. Dallas began to write professionally, and being proud of her family name, has always used it as her signature. Her first article was written for the Philadelphia *Sunday Times*, and was so well liked by the editors that she was engaged to write a series of articles that ran a year, under the title of the "Psalter Papers." She also wrote for leading periodicals, and about five years from the beginning of her career she received the offer of an exclusive engagement from the New York *Ledger*. While this engagement lasted it forbade her to write for any other publisher. The contract ceased in 1887, when Mr. Bonner resigned control of the *Ledger*. Since then she has written for miscellaneous periodicals. Her first book was "The Adventures of Charity Grinder," 1876. Since 1887 she has published "Adrietta" and "The Devil's Anvil."

Dole, Nathan Haskell (1852—).—Born in Chelsea, Mass. After his father's death he went with his mother to her home in Maine, where, and in Exeter and Andover, he was fitted for college. He was graduated from Harvard University in 1874. After several years of teaching, he became literary and musical editor of the Philadelphia *Press*, where he remained till 1887, resigning to become assistant editor of the *Epoch* in New York. For the last three years he has been literary adviser to the publishing house of T. Y. Crowell & Co. With the exception of a "Young Folks' History of Russia" and poems contributed to various periodicals, Mr. Dole's literary work has consisted largely of translations, many of them being important works. Among them are: "Anna Karénina," "War and Peace," from the Russian, "Maximina," from the Spanish. The number of his metrical translations set to music is large.

Eytinge, Margaret.—Mrs. Eytinge, who is perhaps better known by her pen-name of "Madge Elliot," was born in New York city, and educated at Rutgers Female College. The first poems that first brought her into notice were "Baby Louise," a dainty bit of verse which has been included in Bryant's Selections, and "Footsteps on the Other Side," which appeared first in the New York *Home Journal*. She has contributed to the leading periodicals. Her first book, "Stories in Prose and Verse," was published in 1883. Besides this, some fifteen Christmas booklets have been published by her under her pen-name. She is at present on the editorial staff of the Detroit *Free Press*, conducting the juvenile department. She is the wife of the well-known artist Sol Eytinge, with whom she does much work, she writing and he illustrating.

Field, Eugene (1850—).—This talented journalist, born in St. Louis, September 2, is the son of R. M. Field, who was the attorney for the negro

in the Dred Scott case. After a college education he spent six months in Europe, and gained such a knowledge of the French language that he was called upon to serve as interpreter for Coquelin and Mme. Hading during their stay in Chicago. His first newspaper work was reporting for the St. Louis *Evening Journal*, in 1873; and shortly after he became city editor of the paper. Later he was engaged on the Kansas City *Times*, and his work on the Denver *Tribune* gave that paper a national reputation. He is at present engaged on the Chicago *News*. His poetry is not only excellent verse, but it has a certain popular quality, that, without injuring its literary value, gains many readers. The poems have been collected and published in two volumes, "A Little Book of Western Verse" and "A Little Book of Profitable Tales," in 1890.

Frost, Thomas (1857—).—Mr. Frost was born at St. John's Wood, London, England, and educated at Chestnut House Academy, Nottinghamshire, one of the best private schools in England. His ancestors were the pioneers of the famous lace trade in Nottinghamshire. He came to America twelve years ago, and is now a citizen. Of an artistic nature, his career was originally planned to be that of art and literature, but through the persuasion of an uncle he turned his attention to mercantile affairs. At 19 he engaged in newspaper work, and also wrote "Herod," a tragic drama, the manuscript of which was praised by English critics. It was stolen from him in 1878 by a person who claimed to be conducting a "Bureau of Literature." In connection with Mr. F. O. Wilson, of New Jersey, he wrote a comic opera, "The Half Moon, or Name and Gnome," which has been favorable spoken of by competent judges, and will doubtless be produced. He has written a number of short stories, but is most widely known as a poet. The first poem that attracted attention was "Death and the Rider." Other poems are: "Who's Dead? "Blind," "The Old Mansion," "The Little Tin Cup," "Nieuw Amsterdam," "Mistress Sunbeam," "Lydia's Ride."

Greene, Clara Marcelle.—This author, whose pen-name of "Kate Kendall" is widely known, is a native of Buckfield, Maine, and the daughter of Dr. David Farrar. Rocks, mountains, rills, and all woodland charms were the inspiration of the young girl, who early sent out lines of thought into the world of literature. But until 1886 the identity of the writer was covered by her assumed name. She began teaching at the age of 16, but was obliged to abandon it on account of impaired health. Shortly afterward she opened an art-studio in Portland, which was successful. Orders for her work came from all parts of New England, from Oregon, and even from London. Three years later she was married to Mr. Wyer Greene. She has two children. On her mother's side Mrs. Greene comes of a literary family, the brilliant Seba Smith being a near relative. She is very fond of music, and her home is always open to those interested in all branches of art. Her early literary work is mostly verse, but she has written stories, sketches and letters. Her tastes are dramatic, and her writing is specially suited for recitation. In 1889 a volume entitled "The Magdalen and other Poems" was published by her.

Hageman, Miller.—An American author of decided originality and great talent. By profession he is a clergyman. He is the founder of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Contemporary Club, of which he was for some time president. His work has received the commendation of critics, and has been

praised by Longfellow. He published a volume of his poems in 1887. "The Cobra," written for and appearing in the "Delsarte Recitation Book," is one of the most weirdly strong productions ever offered to the public, rivalling Poe's wildest flights of imagination. He has for years devoted himself to the study of bird-song, and has written many poems describing or embodying, as far as words may, the character and thoughts of a large number of these, to quote his own words, "gentle angels of the air." He is still a young man, As a reciter of his own poems he is one of the best of platform entertainers. his imitations of birds being remarkable.

Hamilton, Eugene Lee (1845—). — This author is a native of England, having being born in London in January. He received most of his education in France and Germany, entering the University of Oxford in 1864. In 1869 he entered the British diplomatic service, and was subsequently appointed secretary in the British Legation at Lisbon. He was obliged to resign this position in 1873 on account of a cerebro-spinal ailment, which has since confined him to his back. He is unable either to read to himself or to permit anyone to read to him. His only diversion is verse-making. He has published three volumes of poetry, his latest work being "Imaginary Sonnets," 1888.

Hart, Bessie G.—This young woman has written largely for children. She is always in sympathy with her little readers, and her stories are genuine child stories told naturally.

Harte, Francis Bret (1839—).—In Albany, N. Y., August 25, was born one of the most original writers this country has produced. After an ordinary education, Mr. Harte went to California in 1854, and, following in the footsteps of his father, opened a school. It was not successful, and he tried successively mining, type-setting and editorial work. Drifting to San Francisco, in 1857, as compositor on the *Golden Era*, he began to contribute anonymous sketches that soon attracted notice. His three years' life in the mining districts were turned to account in the clever tales that he confided to the types with his own fingers. The authorship of the sketches was discovered, and Mr. Harte was invited to join the corps of writers. Shortly afterward he became interested in the *Californian*, a short-lived weekly, and published in it his inimitable "Condensed Novels." In 1864 he was appointed secretary of the United States mint in San Francisco, which office he held for six years, writing, at odd moments, for the San Francisco journals. In 1868 the *Overland Monthly*, with Mr. Harte as editor and founder, was started. In its second number appeared "The Luck of Roaring Camp," speedily followed by "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Miggles," "Tennessee's Partner," etc. He was appointed professor of modern literature in the University of California in 1870, but in 1871 resigned that position and his editorial work and came to New York. He was United States consul to Crefeld, Germany, in 1878, and was transferred to Glasgow in 1880, where he remained till 1885. He is still abroad. His first book, "Condensed Novels," appeared in 1867. Other works are: "East and West Poems," 1871; "Mrs. Skaggs's Husbands," 1872; "Gabriel Conroy," 1876; "The Twins of Table Mountains," 1879; "Echoes of the Foot Hills," 1879; "A Millionaire of Rough and Ready," 1887. His collected works are published in five large volumes.

Howells, William Dean (1837—).—Mr. Howells, of Welsh Quaker parentage, was born at Martin's Ferry, O., March 1. Before his twelfth year

he composed verses and put them in type himself in his father's printing-office. He inherited literary tastes, and his father's excellent library did much to foster them. His father's paper, the Dayton *Transcript*, failing, the family lived for a year in a log house, on the borders of civilization. This gave young Howells a glimpse of a new life, which he has utilized in a sketch of his boyhood. At 19 he became the Columbus correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, and at 22 the news editor of the Ohio *State Journal*, at Columbus. During this time he wrote poems for the *Atlantic Monthly*. His first book was a life of Lincoln, published in 1860, from which he received $160. With this he visited Boston and met James Russell Lowell and Holmes. President Lincoln appointed him consul to Venice in 1861, where he resided till 1865, devoting his leisure to the study of Italian and literature. The result was a series of papers, "Venetian Life," published in book form in England. On his return to America he wrote editorially for the New York *Times* and the *Tribune*, and in 1866 became assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, succeeding James T. Fields as editor in 1871, retaining the position till 1881. His first story is "Their Wedding Journey." Since 1881 most of his work has appeared first in the *Century* and in *Harper's Magazine*. In 1886 he took charge of the "Editor's Study," in *Harper's*. Among his farces "The Sleeping-Car," "The Parlor Car," "The Register" and "The Elevator" are well known. Among his more elaborate works are: "Italian Journeys," 1867; "A Chance Acquaintance," 1873; "A Foregone Conclusion," 1874; "Life of R. B. Hayes," 1876; "Dr. Breen's Practice," 1883; "The Rise of Silas Lapham," 1885; "April Hopes," 1887. The titles of many of his novels are chosen from Shakespeare, as "A Foregone Conclusion," from "Othello;" "A Woman's Reason," from "Two Gentlemen of Verona;" "A Modern Instance," from "As You Like It."

King, Byron W. — This author was graduated from Mt. Pleasant College, Pa., in 1877, and received the honors of his class. He was at once appointed professor of mathematics in Jefferson College, and subsequently taught elocution at Washington College, and was professor of Latin and Greek for a year at Mt. Pleasant Classical Institute. He traveled for several years, teaching in some sixty schools in the central states. In the spring of 1885 he began his present school of elocution. In his youth he stuttered so badly that he was obliged to write all of his lessons; and it was from a special course of instruction for his impediment of speech that his attention was turned to elocution. He is the author of a book on elocution, "Practice of Speech," published in 1888. The recitation "What Should a Young Maid Do?" used in this collection, is from a play written a few years ago, which was stolen from him, and has since been used under various titles.

Kingsley, Charles (1819–1875).—An English clergyman, born at Holne, Devonshire, June 12. At the age of 20 he entered King's College, but left and went to Magdalen College, Cambridge. In 1844 he was given the living of Eversley. He had always been interested in the cause of the poor, and immediately on entering upon his duties as rector, delivered "Twenty-five Village Sermons" intended specially for that portion of his congregation. Further inquiry into the condition of the working-classes led him to assist in the establishing of co-operative associations for laborers. At this time, 1850, he published "Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet," a novel dealing with the subject so dear to his heart. Prior to this, 1848, "The Saint's Tragedy" had appeared, and had been much discussed on account of its supposed Christian socialistic tendency. In 1872 he became editor of *Good Words*. He was also

made canon of the Church of England. In 1873 he visited the United States on a lecture trip. Among his best known writings are: "Hypatia," 1853; "Westward Ho!" 1855; "The Heroes, or Greek Fairy Tales," 1856; "Hereward," 1866; "The Hermits," 1867; "At Last: a Christmas in the West Indies," 1871. He died Jan. 23.

Kipling, Rudyard (1865—).—Born at Bombay, India, Dec. 30. No English writer is the subject of so much attention to-day as is this young man. He was educated at Westward Ho, and returning to India, began at once to write articles and verses for the local papers. In 1889 he went to England by way of America. His work is marked by peculiar originality, and it is said that for the first time Indian life is painted as it really is. As one critic puts it: "He seems to have seen and known and been able to make real and vivid the existence of all classes in that continent." Nothing superfluous ever appears in his work; everything is condensed to a nicety, which adds greatly to the virility of his sketches. A volume of his poems is soon to be issued. Many of his prose writings have been gathered in "Plain Tales from the Hills," published both in England and in this country. "The Story of the Gadsbys," "Studies in Black and White," "Under the Deodars," were issued in India. Mr. Kipling set up the type, printed and published his first book himself in India; it had a sale of about 500 copies. Personally he is rather small, square, with a pale skin, brown hair and eyes, and wears spectacles.

Lummis, Charles Fletcher (1858—).—Born at Lynn, Mass., March 1. He received his early education at home. Entering Harvard, he was obliged to leave college before completing the course, on account of illness. When 12 years old he made several mythical translations, and while at school was a regular contributor to the college press. His first book, "Birch Bark Poems," appeared in two volumes in 1878–9, and was printed by himself on birch bark. It had a sale of 14,000 copies. In 1886 he was with Gen. Crook, and later in the campaign that resulted in the sending of Geronimo to Florida. "The Home of Ramona" and "The Old Missions of California" appeared in 1889. His poems have been published in all the leading periodicals; he has also contributed stories and sketches to *Puck*, *Judge* and many weekly papers. In 1884 he walked from Cincinnati to Los Angeles by a circuitous route of 3,507 miles, probably the longest pleasure walk on record. He is connected with the editorial staff of the Los Angeles *Daily Times*. For three years he has been living in New Mexico among the Pueblo Indians, studying their language, customs and folk-lore. He has the use of but one arm.

Mather, Wallace E. (1849—).—This author, a Congregational clergyman by profession, was born at Concord, Mass., February 12. His writings, while not prolific, are fresh and dainty in style. They have appeared in *Wide Awake*, *St. Nicholas*, New York *Independent*, *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, *Lippincott's Magazine* and other well-known periodicals, and comprise stories, sketches and verse. As yet, they have not been collected in book form. One of his best productions is "The Sailor Boy;" other pieces are "Farmer John," "Coasting," and "Mountain Dance."

Miller, Cincinnatus Hiner (1841—).—This writer, better known as "Joaquin Miller," was born in Wabash District, Ind., November 10. In 1854 he moved with his parents to Oregon, and subsequently became a miner in California. He studied law, was express-messenger in the gold-mining

districts of Idaho, edited a paper which was suppressed for disloyalty, and finally became judge of Grant county, Oregon, during which office he began his literary work in earnest. He had written some while a boy, but the rhymes were poor grammatically and prosodically. Having published a paper defending Joaquin Murietta, a Mexican brigand, he adopted the first name of the brigand as a nom de plume. In 1870, while abroad, he published his first volume of verse. Returning to this country, he settled in Washington as journalist, but in 1887 removed to California. He is author of several plays, the most successful of which is "The Danites." Among his best known poetical works are "Songs of the Sierras," 1871; "Songs of the Desert," 1875; "Songs of Italy," 1878. His prose writings include "The Danites in the Sierras," "Shadows of Shasta," 1881; "Memorie and Rime," 1884. His literary merit was first recognized by England. He has been engaged for years upon "The Life of Christ" in verse, upon which he wishes his fame to rest.

Morris, Lewis (1833—).—Born at Carmarthen, South Wales. Educated at Sherbourne School, Oxford, graduating with first-class honors in 1855. He is an honorary fellow of Jesus College, Oxford; honorary member of Athenæum Club, and Jubilee Medallist, 1887. He comes of a family distinguished in the realm of letters. His great-grandfather was an antiquary and a poet of no mean skill. He practised law at Lincoln's Bar till 1880 and then retired to his estate in Wales. He is the author of numerous poetical works, chief among which are: "Songs of Two Worlds," 1871-5, which passed through 15 editions; "Epic of Hades," 1877, which passed through 30 editions. The poem "St. Cecilia," which represents him in this volume, is one of twenty poems which are to be shortly published in what he considers his greatest work, "A Vision of Saints." Other of his works are "Gwin, a Drama," 1878; "The Ode of Life," 1880. He is a friend and correspondent of Longfellow, Holmes and Lowell; also a friend of Tennyson. The excellence of his writings has not as yet been fully appreciated by Americans.

Nesbit E. (see Bland, Mrs. Hubert).

Norris, S. Walter (1868—).—Mr. Norris was born in Philadelphia, January 12, and was educated in that city. His writings have all appeared since 1888, and comprise both verse and prose. He has contributed chiefly to the *Century, St. Nicholas, Harper's Young People, Youth's Companion.* So far, his work has been chiefly for juvenile readers. Among his poems are: "Prince Tanglelocks," "A Query," "At Evening," "Vacation's Over." His writings have not yet been collected.

O'Reilly, John Boyle (1844-1890).—Born at Dowth Castle, Ireland, June 28. After a few years spent as compositor on and reporter for English journals, he returned to Ireland, and took an active interest in her affairs. He joined the Fenians, and also enlisted in the 10th Hussars. In 1866 his connection with the Fenians was discovered by the English, and he was tried for high treason and sentenced to be shot. The sentence was commuted, and after imprisonment he was sent to Australia in 1867. He escaped from that country in an open boat, and was picked up by an American vessel. He landed in Philadelphia in 1869. In 1870 he became connected with the Boston *Pilot,* finally becoming its editor and chief owner. He is the founder of the Papyrus Club, in Boston. He died suddenly August 10 from an overdose of chloral.

His work is marked by broad humanitarianism, as well as by strong sympathy for Ireland. "Songs of the Southern Sea," 1873; "Moondyne," 1879; "In Bohemia," 1886, are his chief published works.

Palmer, Anna C.—The literary reputation of this author has been achieved under her pen-name of "Mrs. George Archibald." She was born at Elmira, N. Y. At the age of 14 she was left an orphan, and two years later began to teach, following this profession for ten years. In 1880 she was married to George Archibald Palmer, and selected for her nom de plume her husband's first two names. She was educated entirely in the public schools. Her first book, "The Summerville Prize," was published in 1890. A serial story, "Lady Gay," to be published in *Little Men and Women* in 1891 was inspired by her oldest daughter, a child of 9 years. The serial will be published in book form later. Two other volumes soon to be issued are "A Little Brown Seed" and "Lady Gay and Her Sister." Several of her poems have been set to music by Dr. George F. Root, of Chicago. She is now editor of a family department in the Elmira *Telegram*, also editor of the *Young Men's Journal*, a monthly published by the Elmira Y. M. C. A., and called the second best publication of its kind in the world. Her poems have never been collected, but have circulated widely both in this country and in England, one appearing even in Japan. She is a woman of noble character, and devotes herself to her work because of the influence she can have through her pen. A lover of mankind, she is especially desirous of assisting those that are likely to be overlooked in the struggle of life.

Riley, James Whitcomb (1852—).—Mr. Riley is essentially a Hoosier poet, being a native of Greenfield, Ind. He left school while very young, and traveled considerably in the calling of a vagabond sign-painter, occasionally simulating blindness to draw custom. He alludes to this part of his life in a charming sketch called "An Adjustable Lunatic." He was for a time engaged in the theatre, and became adept in recasting plays and improvising songs. His first printed work appeared in 1875, since which time his poems and sketches have met with ready sale. Most of his work is in Hoosier dialect. There is a peculiar, subtle pathos in his writings that keeps the tear ever near the smile. His lectures in connection with Bill Nye were very successful. Perhaps the most widely known of his poems is "The Elf-Child." Among his other poems are: "The Old Swimmin'-Hole," "Coffee Like My Mother Used to Make," "Back to Griggsby's."

Runcie, Constance Faunt Le Roy (1836—).—Born at Indianapolis, Ind. Mrs. Runcie is the granddaughter of the celebrated Robert Owen, of Lanark, Scotland, and niece of Robert Dale Owen. Her English education was received in the well-known community of New Harmony, Ind. At 16 she went to Germany, where she studied music and the languages for 5 years. She began to compose music at the age of 7, and wrote her first poem when 11, her first story when 12. She returned to America in 1858, and was married to the Rev. James Runcie in 1861. Her first book, "Divinely Led," was published in 1880, and a collection of her poems appeared in 1888. For several years she has aided her husband in editing a parish paper, *The Little Monitor*. Mrs. Runcie is perhaps best known as a composer. Her music is of the modern classical school and shows the influence of Beethoven and Wagner. Among her musical compositions, which are both vocal and instrumental, are:

"Tone-Poems," "I Hold my Heart so Still," "I've Wandered Far," "Dove of Peace," "Zion March," "Yes, I Love You," "Sonata in D," etc. She is the only woman mentioned at length as a composer in "A Hundred Years of Music in America." Many of her poems have been arranged as songs.

Short, Mamie T.—Born in Illinois. She began her career as an elocutionist in California, and won immediate recognition as a dramatic reader. She came to New York in 1889 and at once secured an excellent position on the stage. She is a young writer of promise, and her verses are specially suited for recitation.

Sims, George Robert (1847—).—Mr. Sims, one of the most widely known of recent English writers, was born in London, Sept. 2. After completing his education at Bonn, he entered the ranks of journalism, where he has distinguished himself. He has written a large number of poems, many of which have been collected in book form, under the titles of "Dagonet Ballads," "Ballads of Babylon," and "The Life-boat and other Poems." For a time he wrote under the nom de plume of "Dagonet," which gave the name to his first book. He is author of several plays, prominent among which are: "The Lights o' London," "Romany Rye" and "The Merry Duchess;" also of a comic opera. As an illustration of his working power, one night when a new piece was produced at a leading theatre, he sat it out, and then returning to the office, wrote a column and a half of criticism in rhyme. As it was nearly time for the paper to go to press when he began, a boy took the article, verse by verse, to the composing-room, and was kept walking continuously for an hour.

Taylor, Bayard (1825-1878).—This brilliant writer was born at Kennett Square, Pa., January 11. He was of Quaker descent. Although christened James Bayard, he early dropped the first name. When fourteen years of age he studied Latin, French and Spanish, His first printed poem appeared in 1841 in the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*. A volume entitled "Ximena" was published in 1844, and sold by subscription. In that year, with $140, partly collected from the sale of some poems and partly paid to him in advance for foreign letters, he sailed for Liverpool. His stay of two years was accomplished only by the most rigid economy. All his travels through England, Scotland, Germany, France and Italy were entirely on foot. From his writings during this time he received $500, his sole income for two years. His letters were collected and published in a volume, "Views Afoot, or Europe with Knapsack and Staff," having an enormous sale. He was engaged on the literary department of the New York *Tribune*, and in 1849 was sent to California to report on the gold discoveries. Afterward he revisited Europe in the interest of the *Tribune*, joining later Perry's expedition to Japan. On July 4, 1876, he delivered the famous Centennial Ode in Philadelphia. In 1877 he was appointed Minister to Berlin by President Hayes, where he died December 19. His works cover a wide range, and are remarkable for delicacy and finish. Besides numerous books of travel, he wrote "Handbook of Literature and Fine Arts," 1852; "The Story of Kennett," 1866; "Beauty and the Beast" and "Tales of Home," 1872; "The Masque of the Gods," 1872; "Lars, a Norway Pastoral," 1873; "The Prophet, a Tragedy," 1874; "The Echo Club," 1876, and a large number of minor poems. He translated Goethe's "Faust," making the best metrical version ever produced.

Tilton, Theodore (1835—).—Mr. Tilton was born in New York city, October 2, and is a graduate of the New York Free Academy. In 1856 he became connected with the *Independent*, finally occupying the editorial chair. He was editor of the Brooklyn *Union* in 1871, and in 1872 founded the *Golden Age*, which he edited till 1874. He was a popular lecturer, and an exceptionally fine and impressive orator. His first book is "The American Board and Slavery," published in 1860. Other works are: "The Sexton's Tale and Other Poems," 1867; "Sanctum Sanctorum," 1871; "Tempest-Tossed," a novel, 1875, besides numerous scattered poems and pamphlets. His poem, "Great Bell Roland," is a very popular recitation. He is at present living in Paris, and has recently been made Master of the Anglo-American Masonic lodge, the first American that ever held a similar position in an English lodge.

Tomson, Graham R. (1860—).—This writer, whose poems are becoming well known in this country, was born in London, October 6, and educated at home by governesses. She is the wife of Arthur Tomson, one of the most promising of young landscape painters. Her pen-name is made up of her husband's middle name, R for her own name of Rosalind, and her married name, Tomson. She has contributed to a large number of periodicals among which are, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Wide Awake*, *Longman's*, *Macmillan's*, *Scots Observer*, *Atalanta*. The *Independent* was the first American journal in which her poems appeared, about five years ago. Her first and only book of poems is "The Bird-Bride, a Volume of Ballads and Sonnets," published in 1889. She has edited "Border Ballads" and "Selections from Greek Mythology" for the Canterbury Series.

Twain, Mark (see Clemens, S. L.).

Wallace, Lewis (1827—).—This author, whose name is as widely known as that of any American author, was born at Brookville, Ind., April 10. At the beginning of the Mexican war he volunteered and entered the army as first lieutenant. In 1848 he resumed his law practice, and served four years in the state senate. When the civil war broke out he was appointed adjutant-general of Indiana, and soon after became colonel of the 11th Indiana volunteers. He was made brigadier-general of volunteers in 1861, and participated in many famous encounters. He was second member of the court that tried Lincoln's assassins. He was mustered out in 1865. From 1878 to 1881 he was governor of Utah, which position he resigned to become minister to Turkey, where he lived till 1885. He is the author of "The Fair God," 1873; "Ben-Hur, a Tale of the Christ," 1880; "Life of Benjamin Harrison," 1888; "The Boyhood of Christ," 1888. He was led to write "Ben-Hur" by a conversation with Col. R. G. Ingersoll. The colonel asked Gen. Wallace if there was a future life, saying "I don't know, do you?" Wallace replied that he had never thought much about it. "You surprise me," said Ingersoll. "It is a vital matter; I have studied it, and every man ought to." Wallace was so annoyed at his seeming ignorance that he at once began careful study, and his reply to Col. Ingersoll was "Ben-Hur."

Webb, Frederick George.—An English writer of verse that is specially suited to recitation. He is himself an elocutionist, and has published a book on elocution that is now in its second edition.

Wilster, Christopher.—A Danish writer of graceful verse. The poem "Sorrow," selected for this book, deals with mythological characters, and is an excellent study piece.

To renew the charge, book must be brought to the desk.

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